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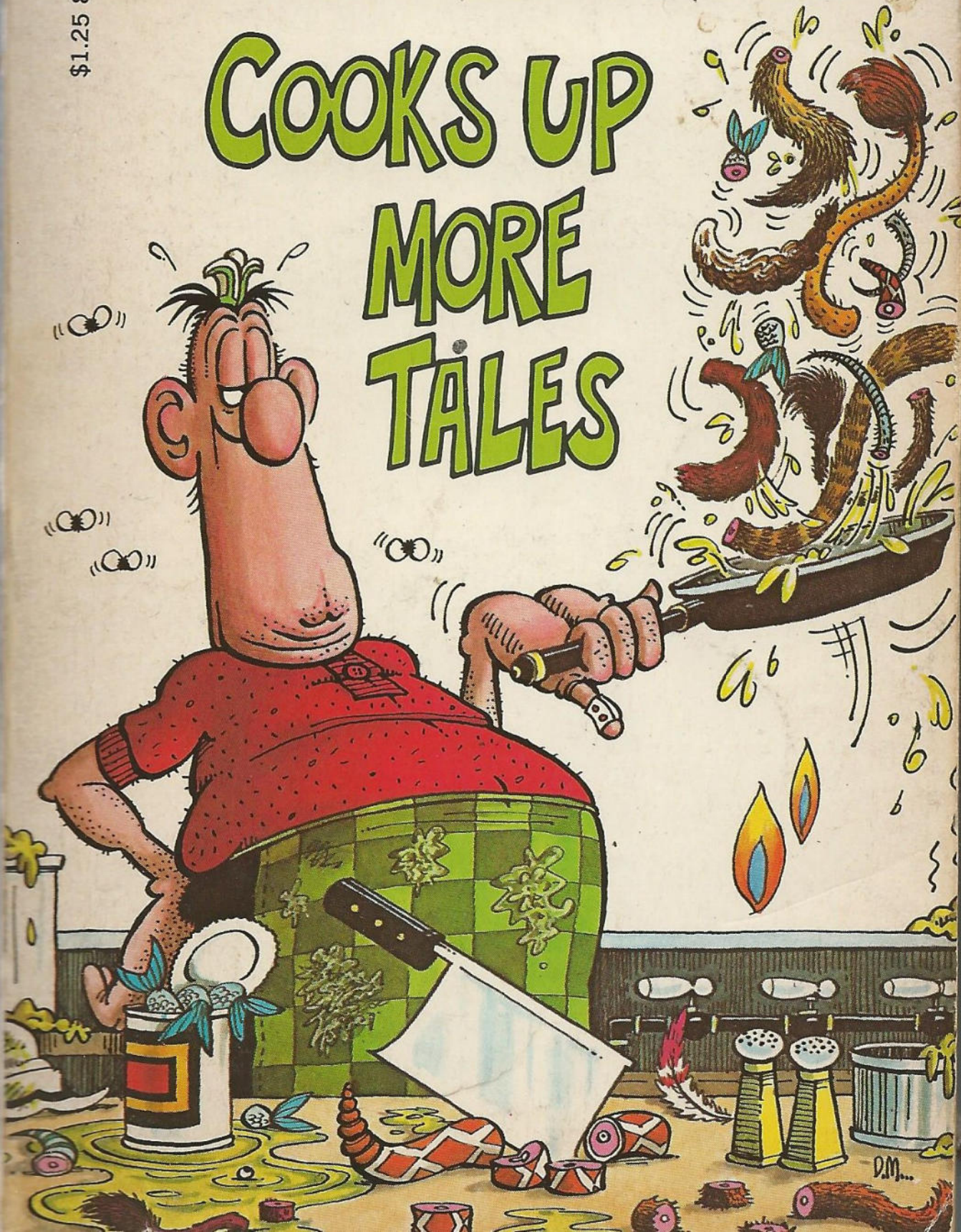
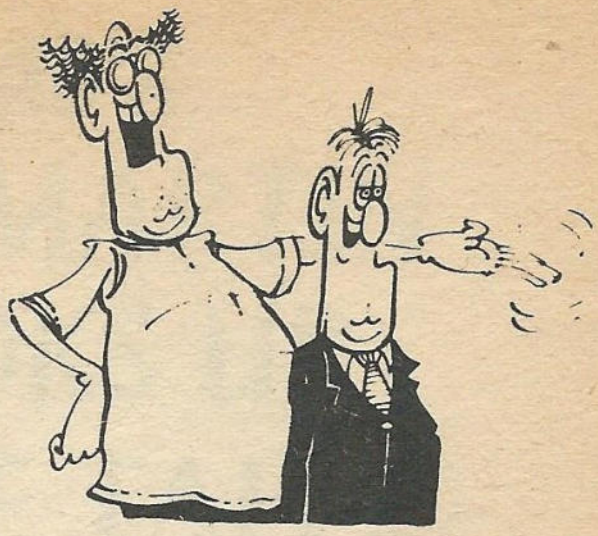
MAD'S®

DON MARTIN

COOKS UP MORE TALES



In this...
his fifth
book...



DON MARTIN
COOKS UP MORE TALES

...and includes everything from

SOUP
...to
NUTS
(like you!)

MAD'S DON MARTIN COOKS UP MORE TALES

Written and drawn by

DON MARTIN

"Leap Into Life" and "Singing Wings"
written by Dick De Bartolo

EDITED BY ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN

WARNER BOOKS

A Warner Communications Company

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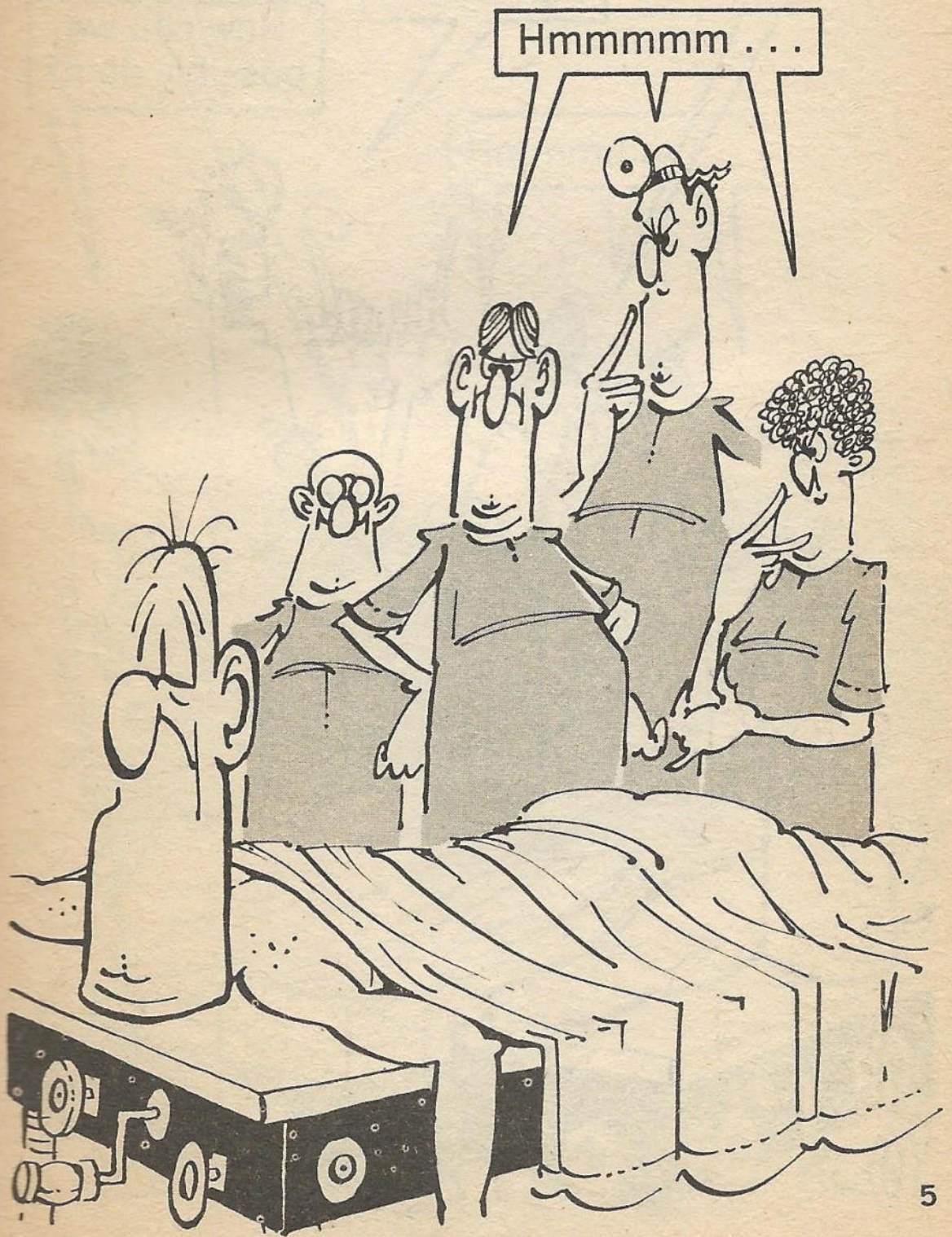
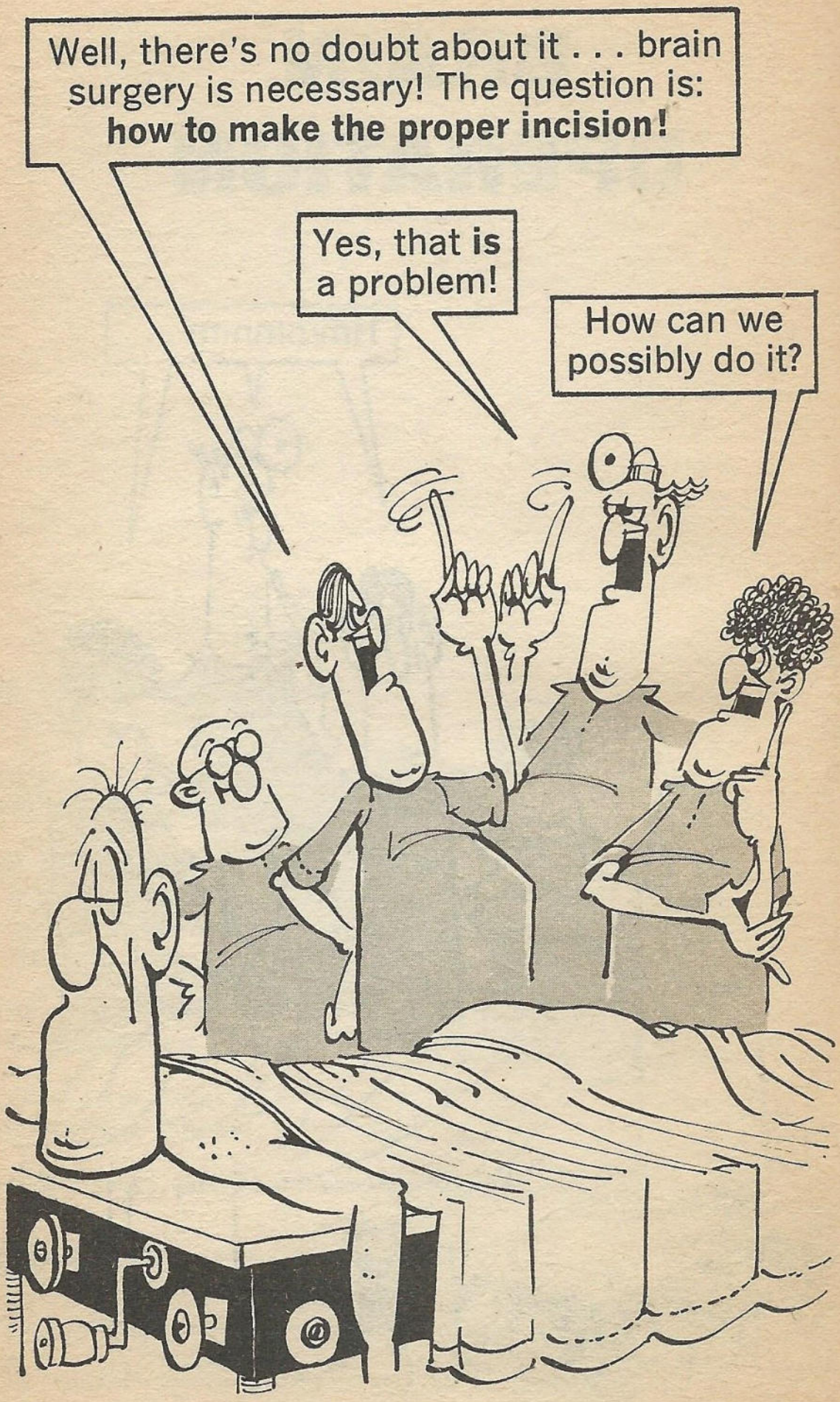
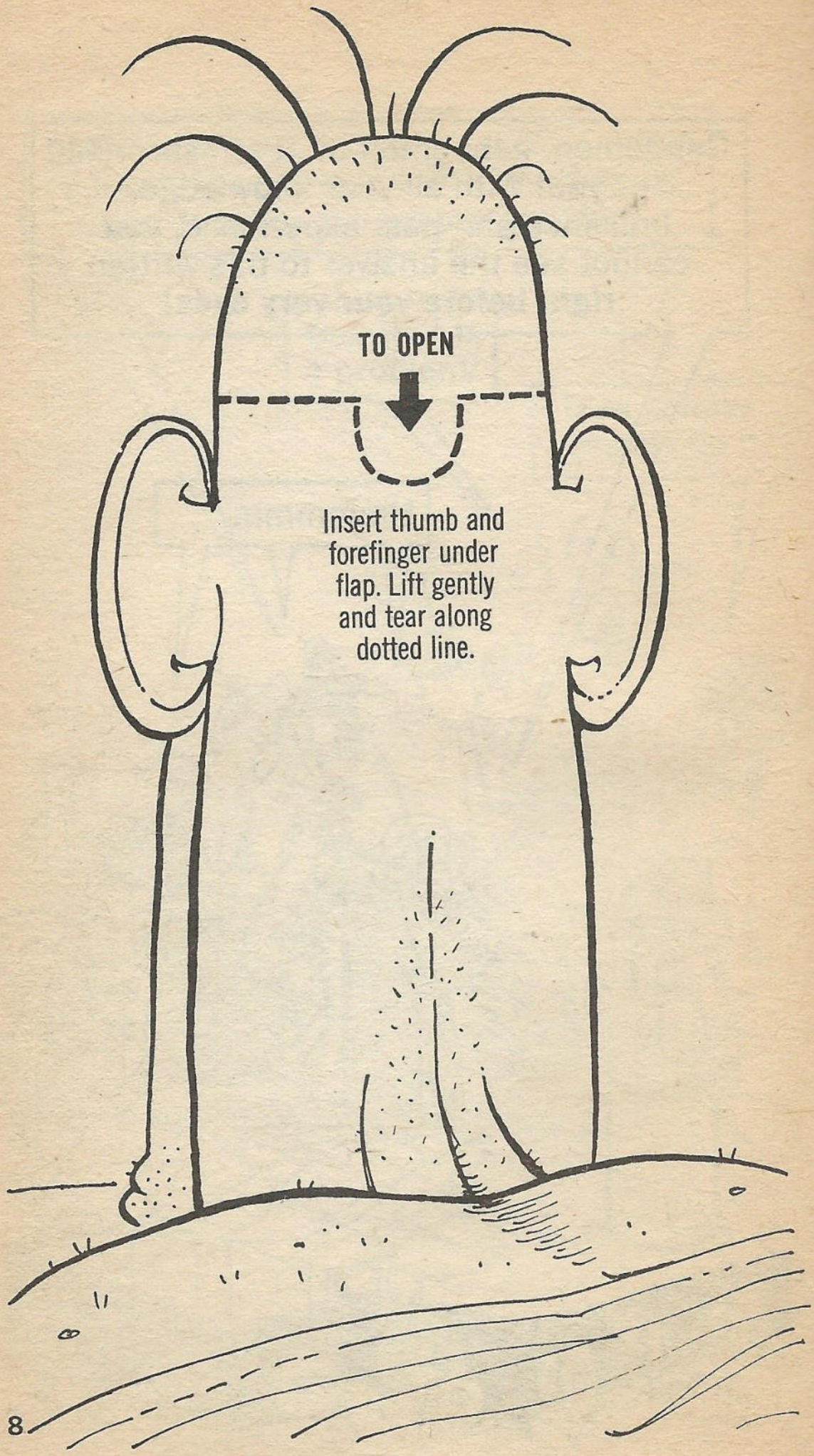
A BRAIN OPERATION

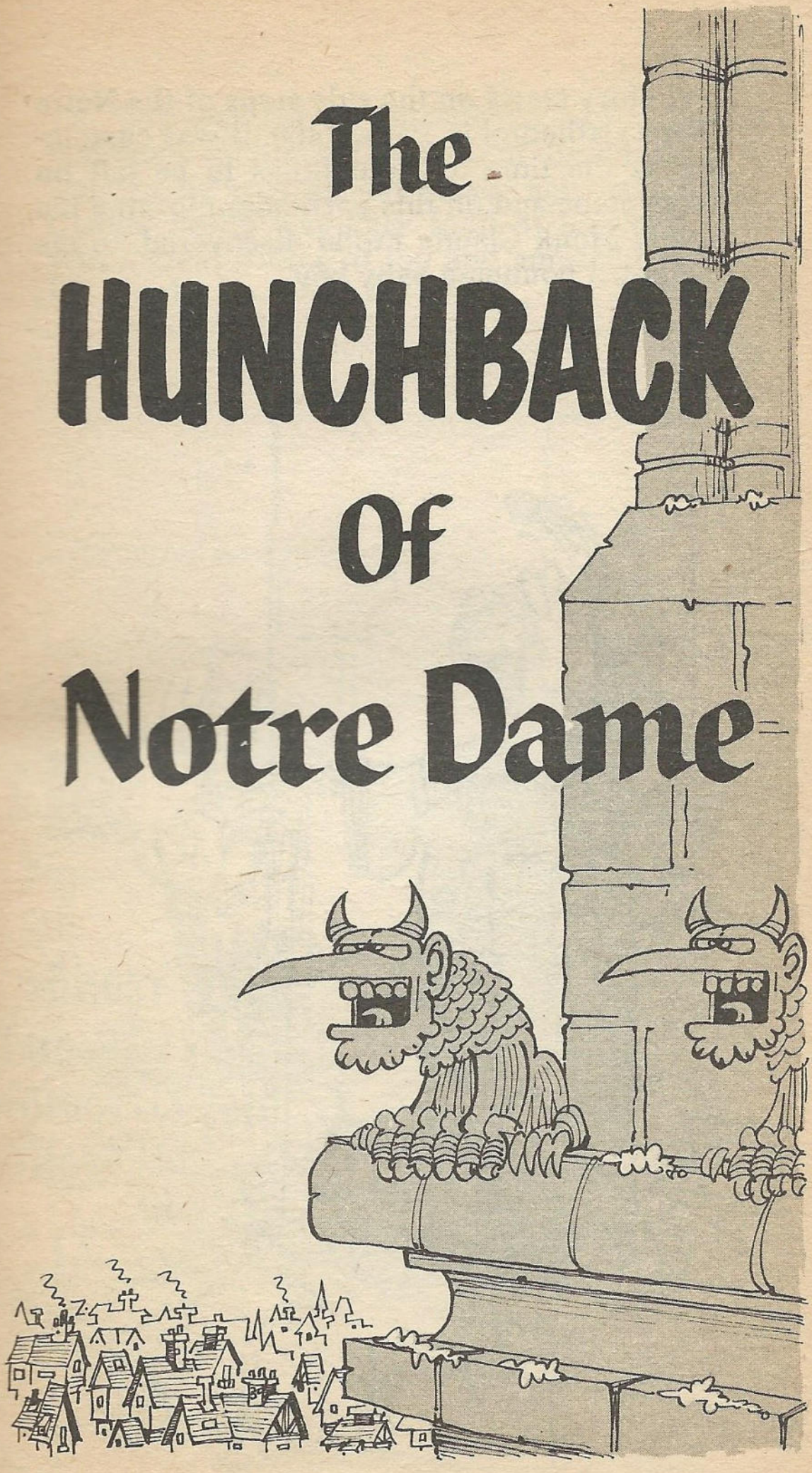



Well, there's no doubt about it . . . brain surgery is necessary! The question is: **how to make the proper incision!**
Yes, that **is** a problem!
How can we possibly do it?

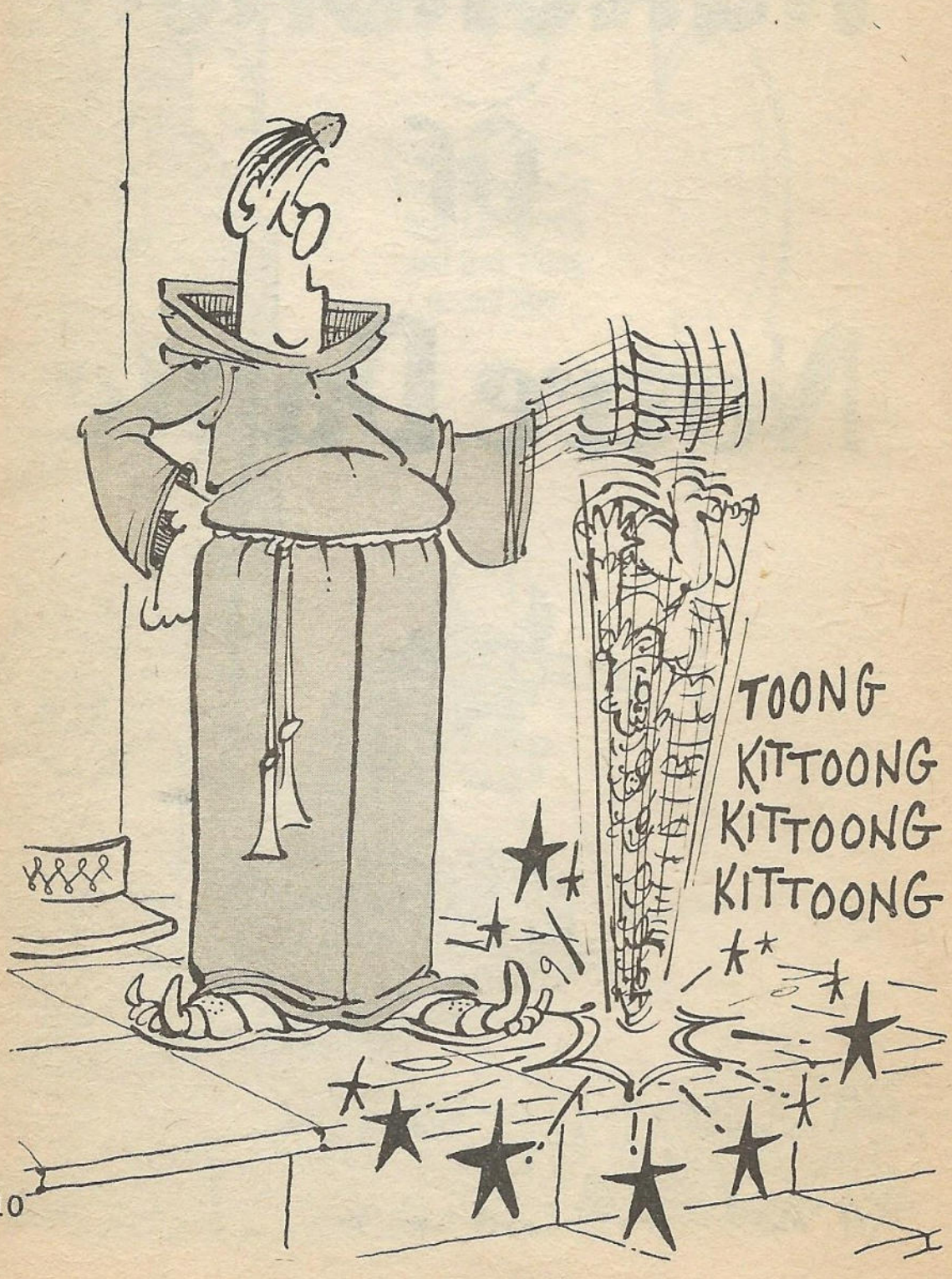
Gentlemen, gentlemen . . . I am surprised at you! With all your knowledge, brilliance and past experience, you cannot see the answer to this written **right before your very eyes!**
Hmmmmm . . .


TO OPEN
Insert thumb and forefinger under flap. Lift gently and tear along dotted line.

The HUNCHBACK Of Notre Dame

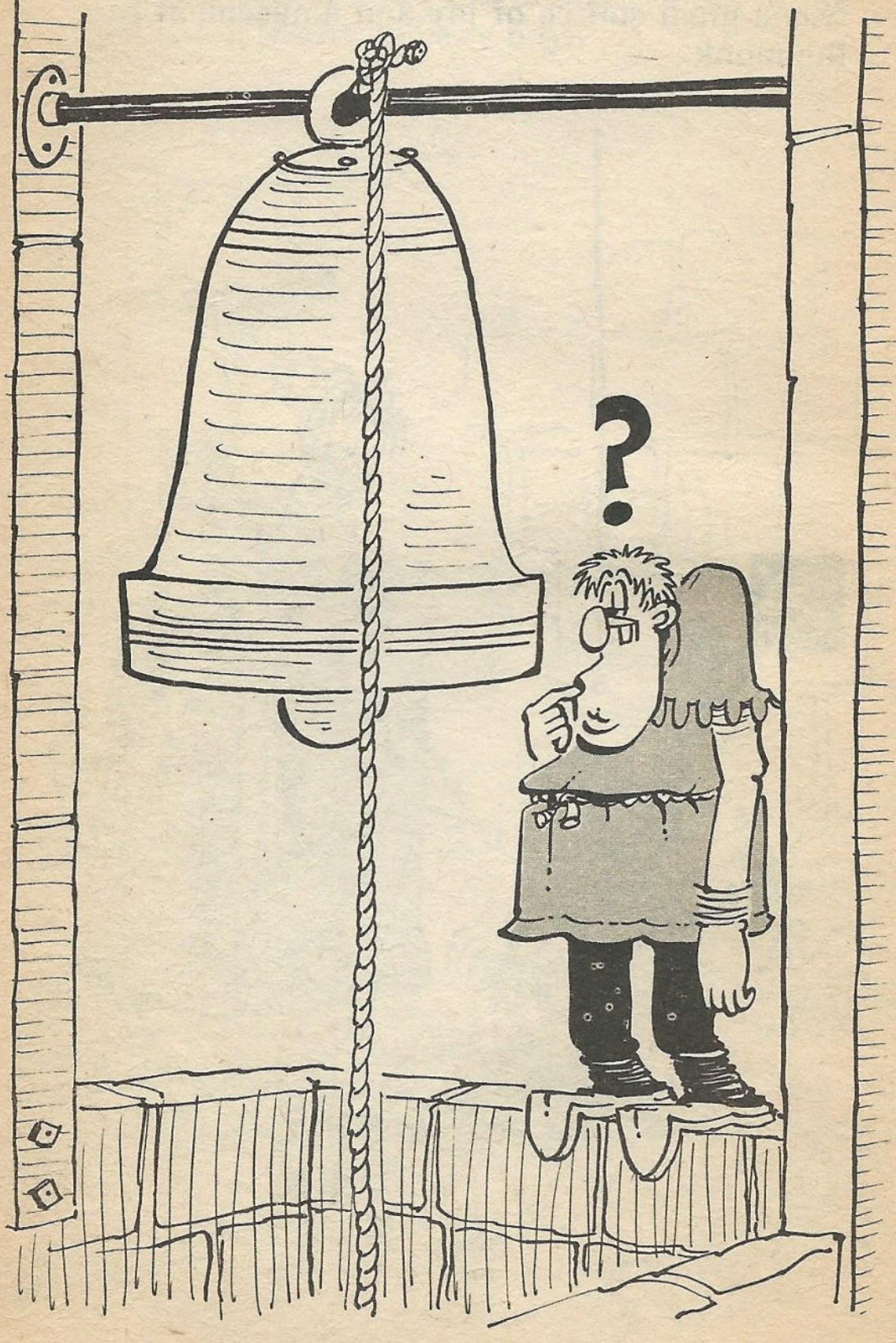


Our story starts on the side steps of the Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris, 1466. It was customary at the time for foundlings to be left on these steps and on this particular morning the young Monk Claude Frollo discovered, to his delight, a bouncing baby boy.

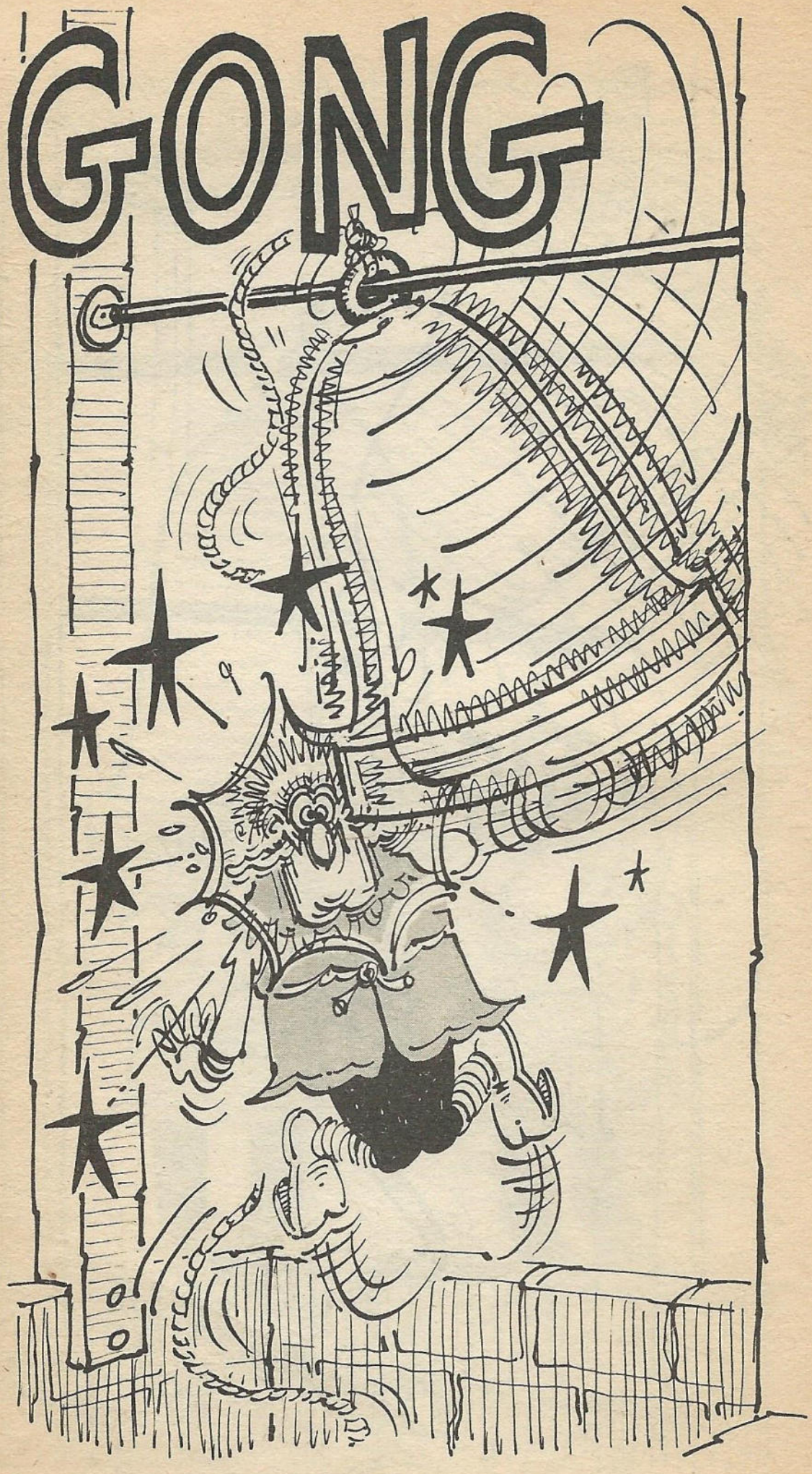


The boy was named Quasimodo and a place was made for him in the cellar of the cathedral. Though he was an extremely ugly creature, Claude Frollo was very fond of him and he was a great source of joy and amusement for the monk.

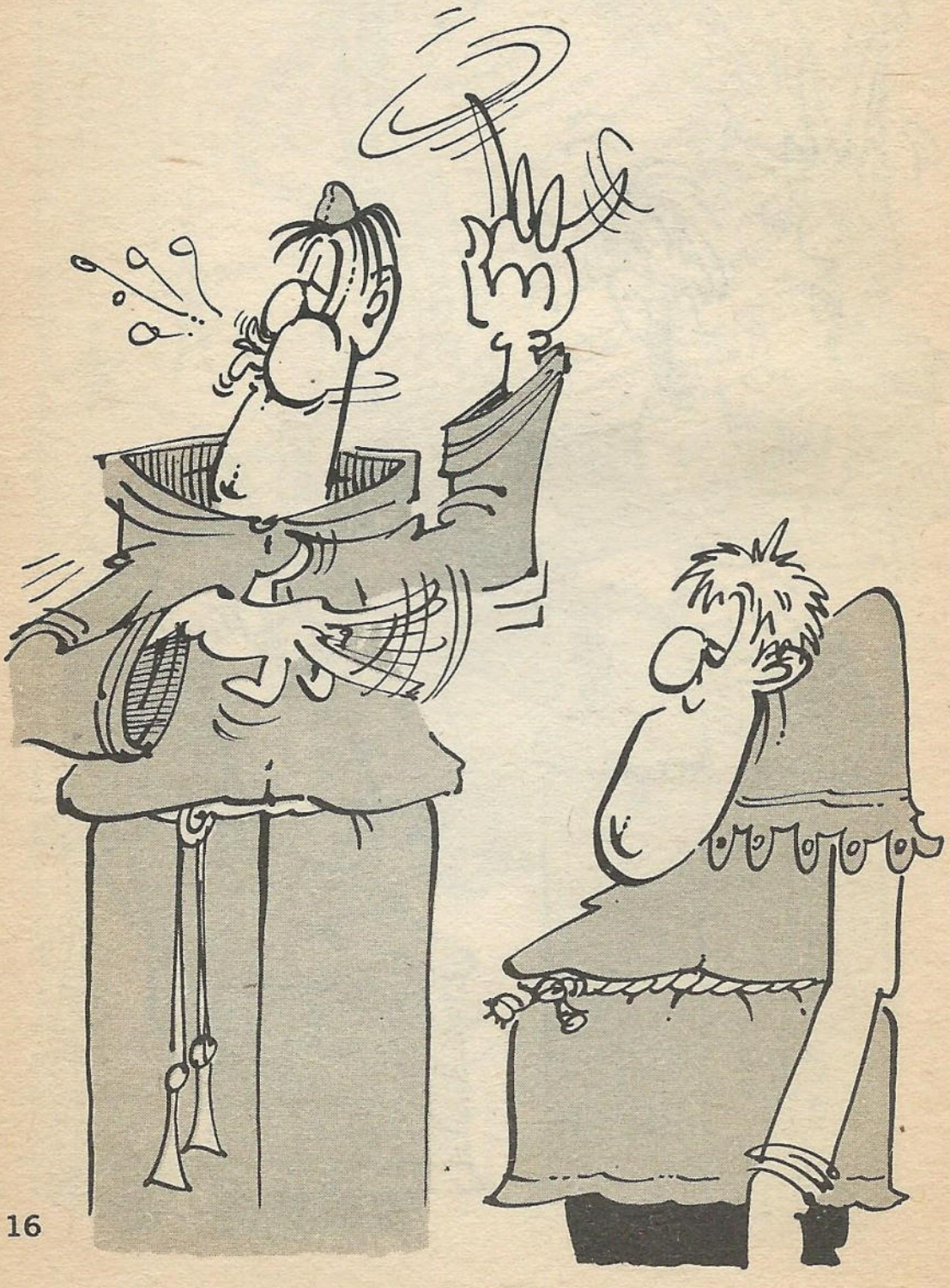
At the age of 14, the misshapen Quasimodo began to ring the bells in the cathedral tower. It was because of these huge bells that he broke his eardrums and became deaf.

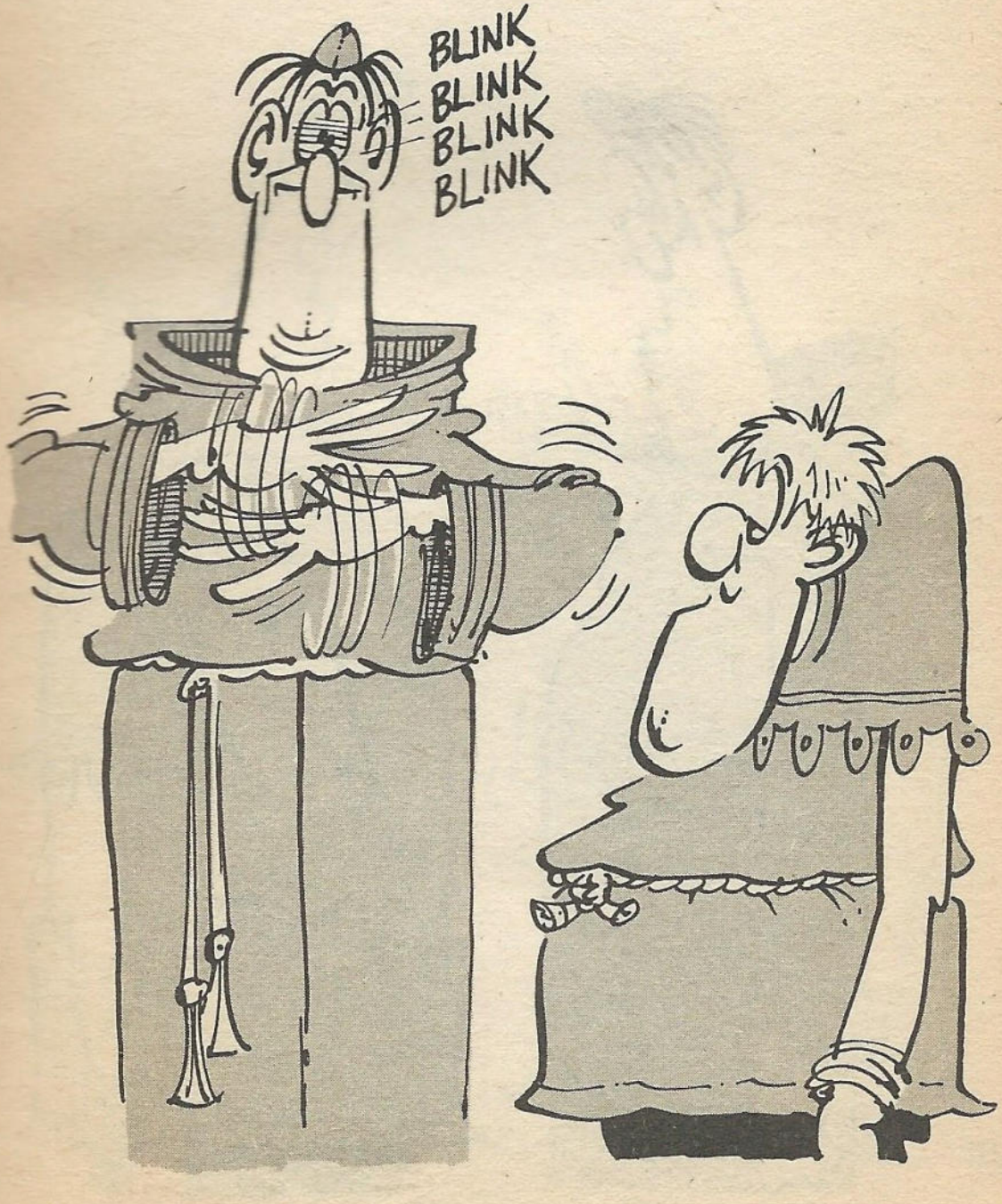


TUG


GONG

In the years that followed, Quasimodo and Claude Frollo became inseparable. They worked out a strange sign-language between them and were thus able to communicate with each other.

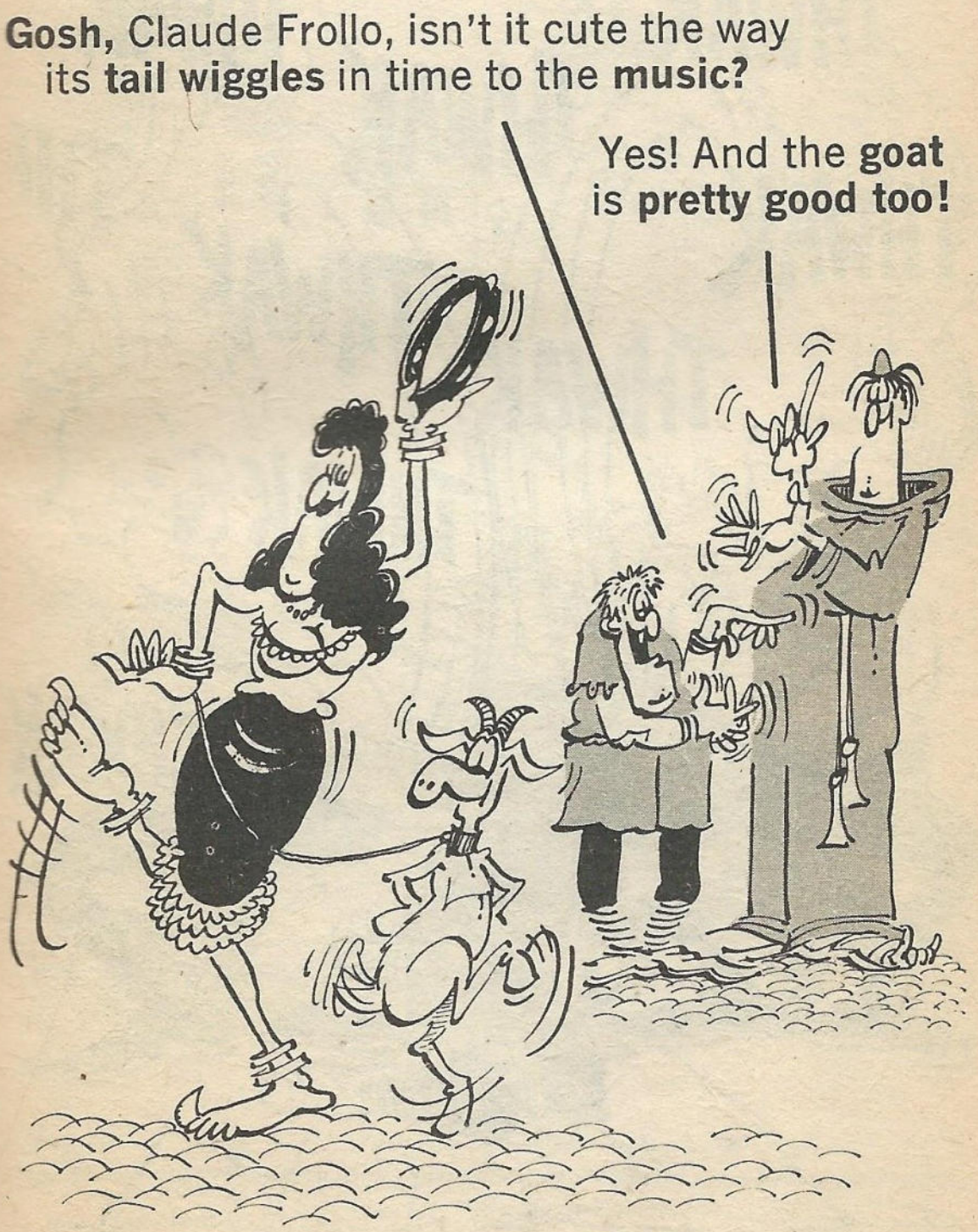



BLINK
BLINK
BLINK
BLINK

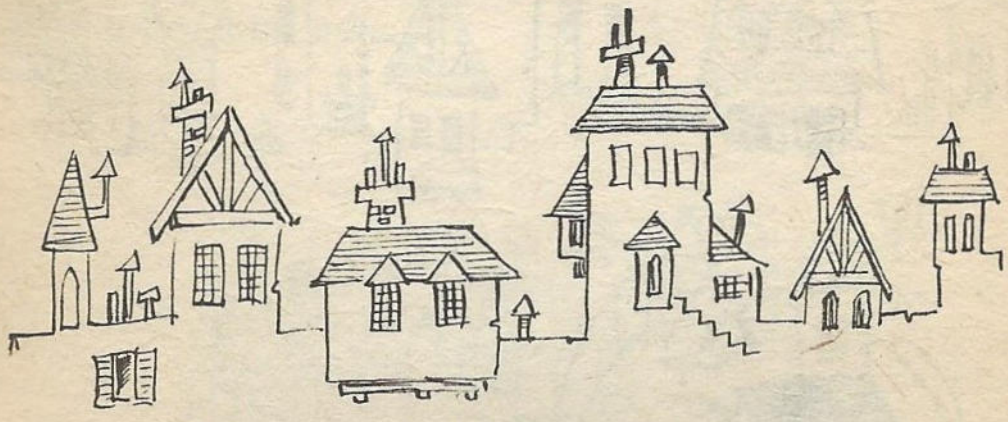
TRANSLATION:

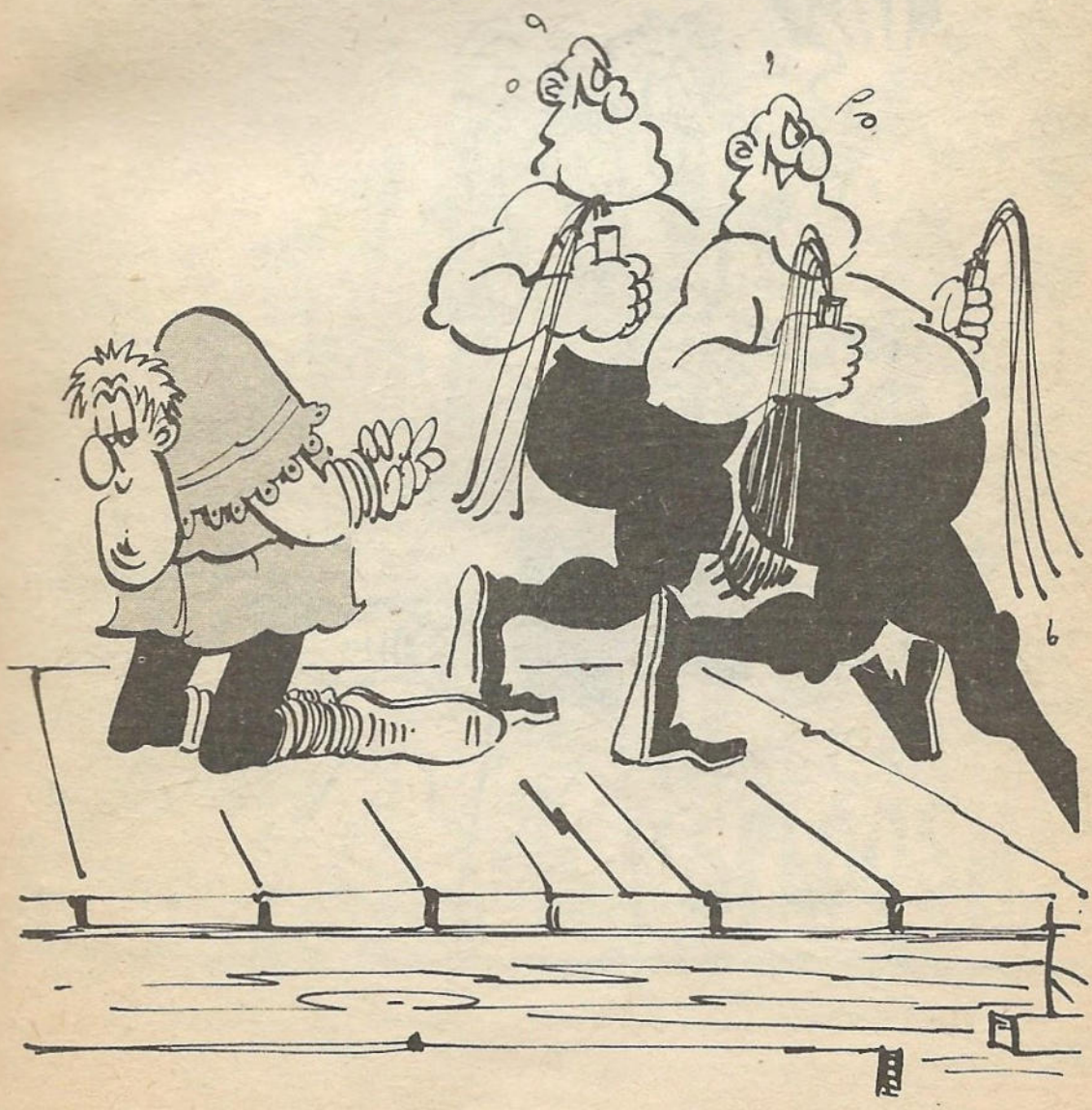
That's a very severe tic you've developed, Claude Frollo.

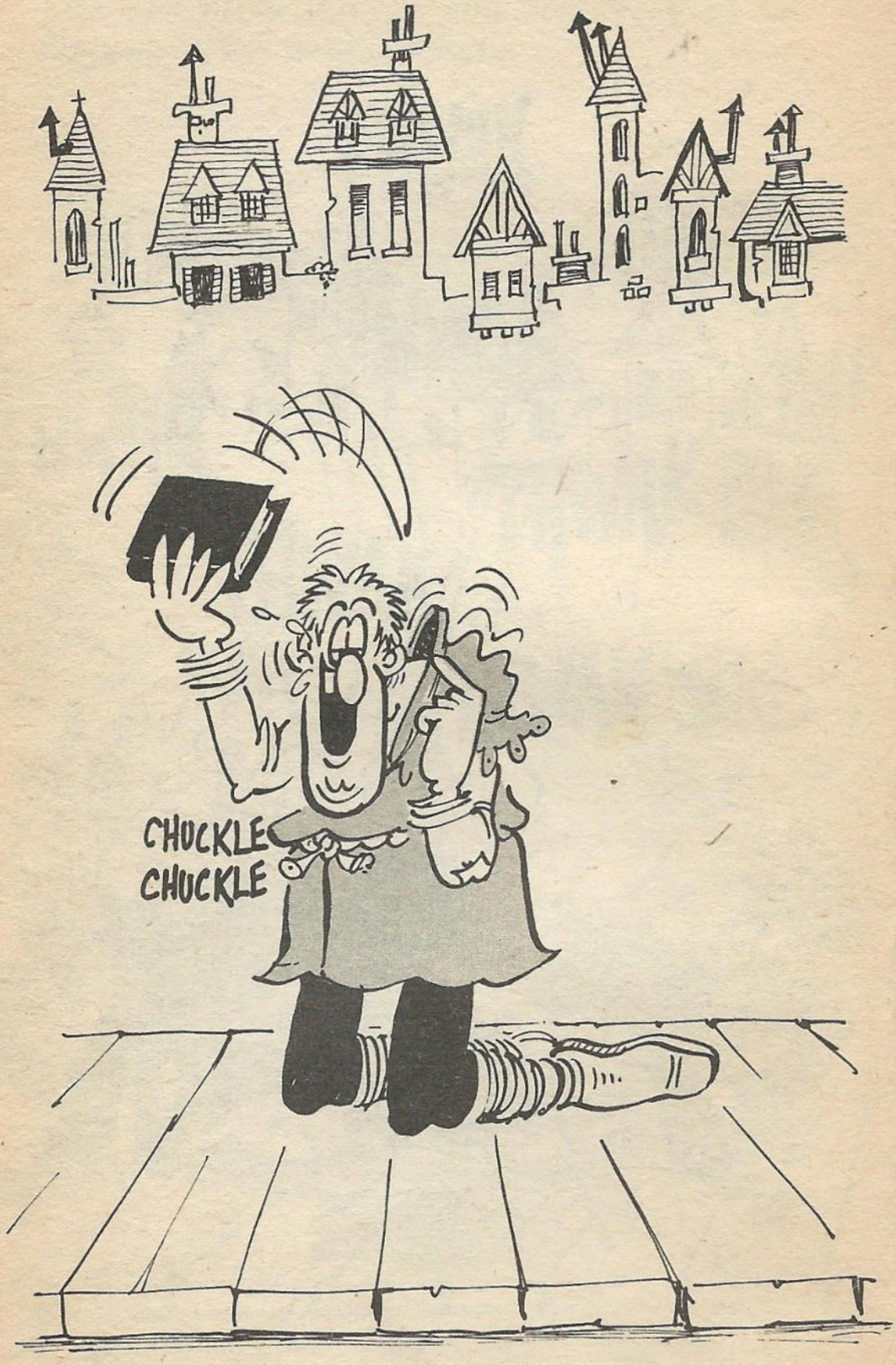
One day, on one of his rare visits outside the cathedral, Quasimodo was fascinated by a trained goat dancing in the street with its apparent owner, a young Gypsy girl named Esmeralda.



Frollo became enchanted by Esmeralda, and ordered Quasimodo to kidnap her and bring her back to the cathedral. The poor hunchback was caught in the act and sentenced to be flogged in the public square.

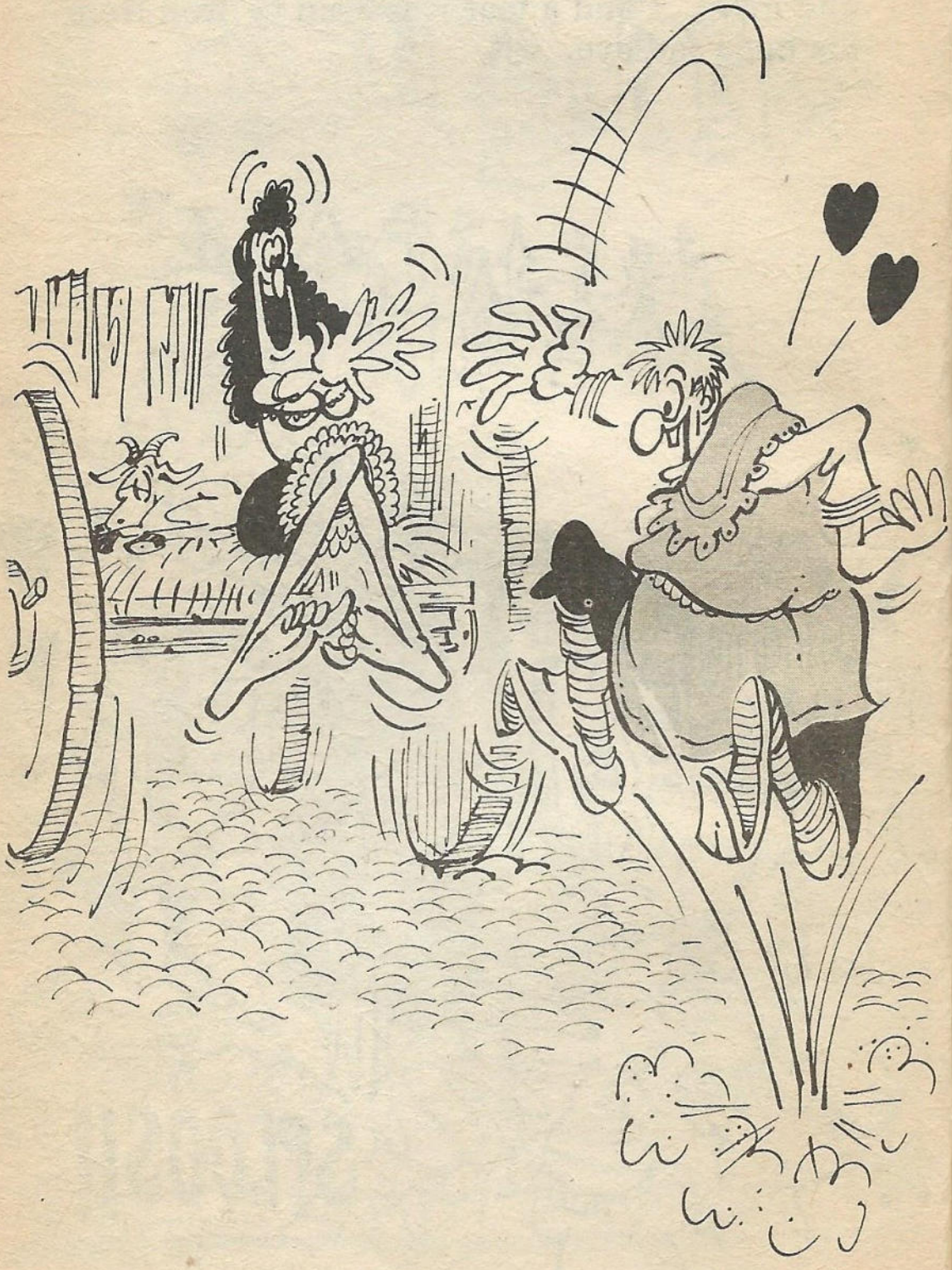





CHUCKLE
CHUCKLE

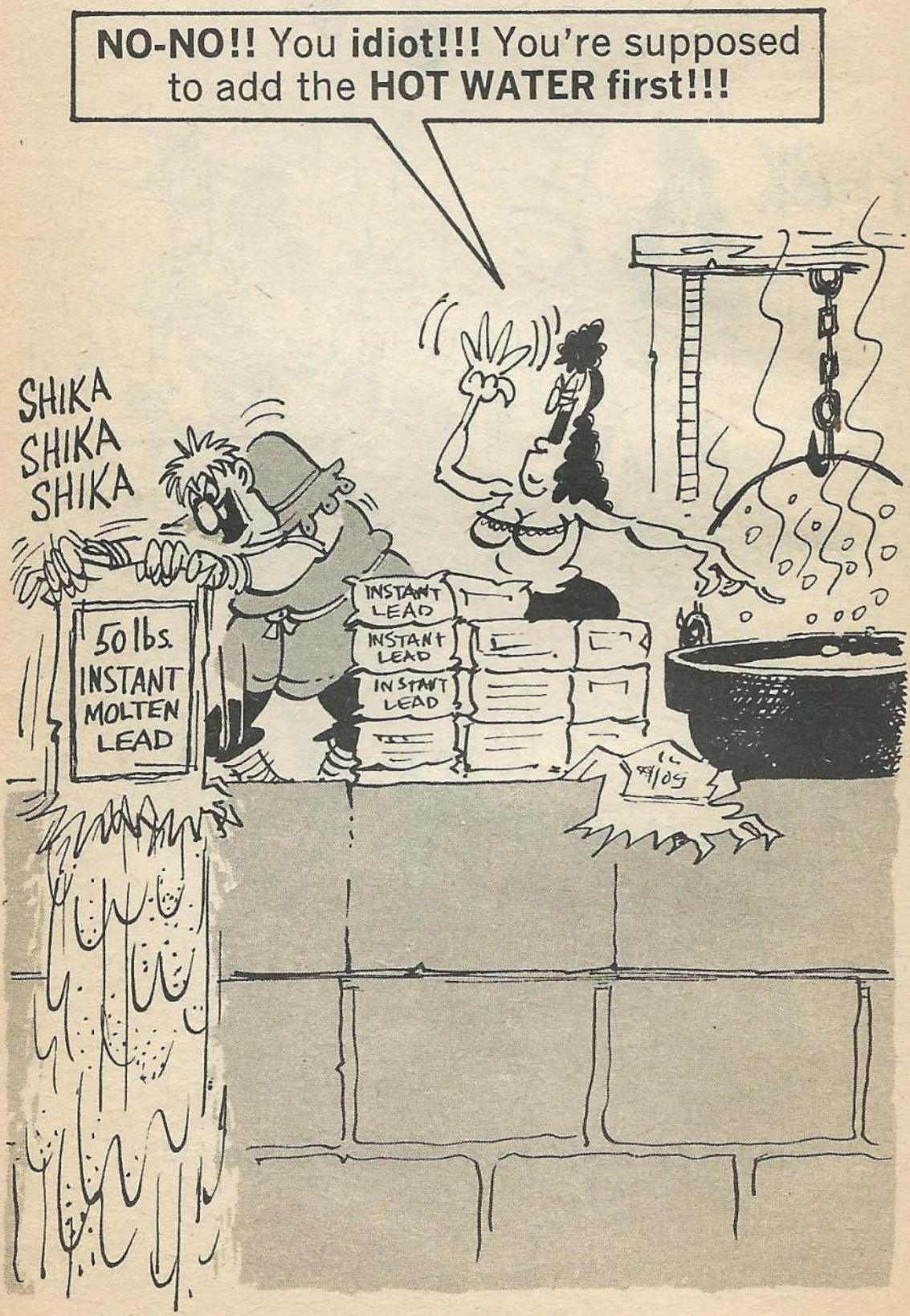
Meanwhile, Esmeralda had been in love with a young soldier named Phoebus, which made Claude Frollo insane with jealousy. He murdered Phoebus and made it look like Esmeralda had done it. She was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. As the cart bearing Esmeralda made its way through the crowds to the gallows, Quasimodo's heart filled with tenderness and love . . . and a tear was seen to drop from his huge sad eye.

Then . . . with a muffled cry, he leaped from the crowd and with his mighty hand made a grab for the idol of his adoration.

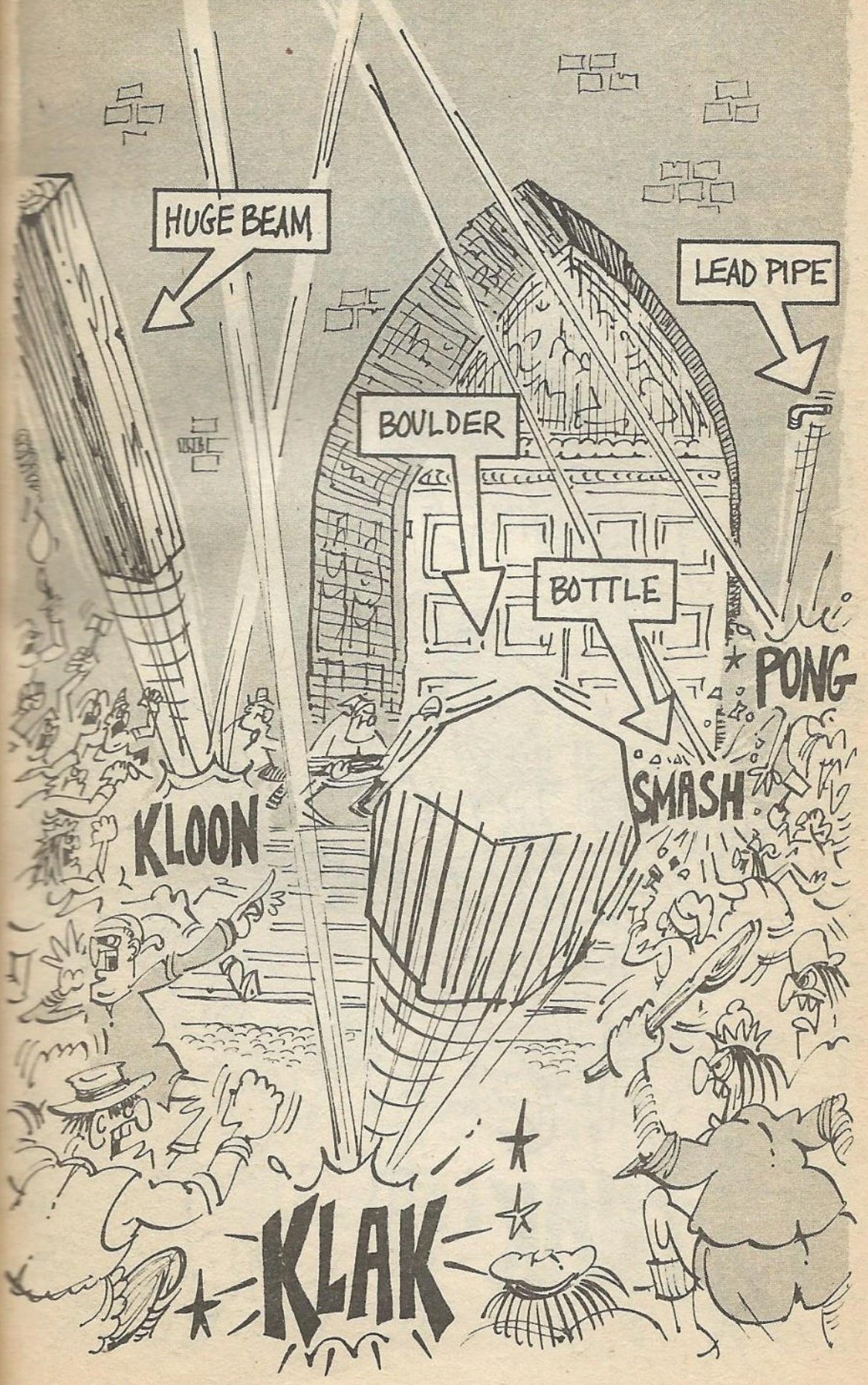


(later, he went back and got Esmeralda)

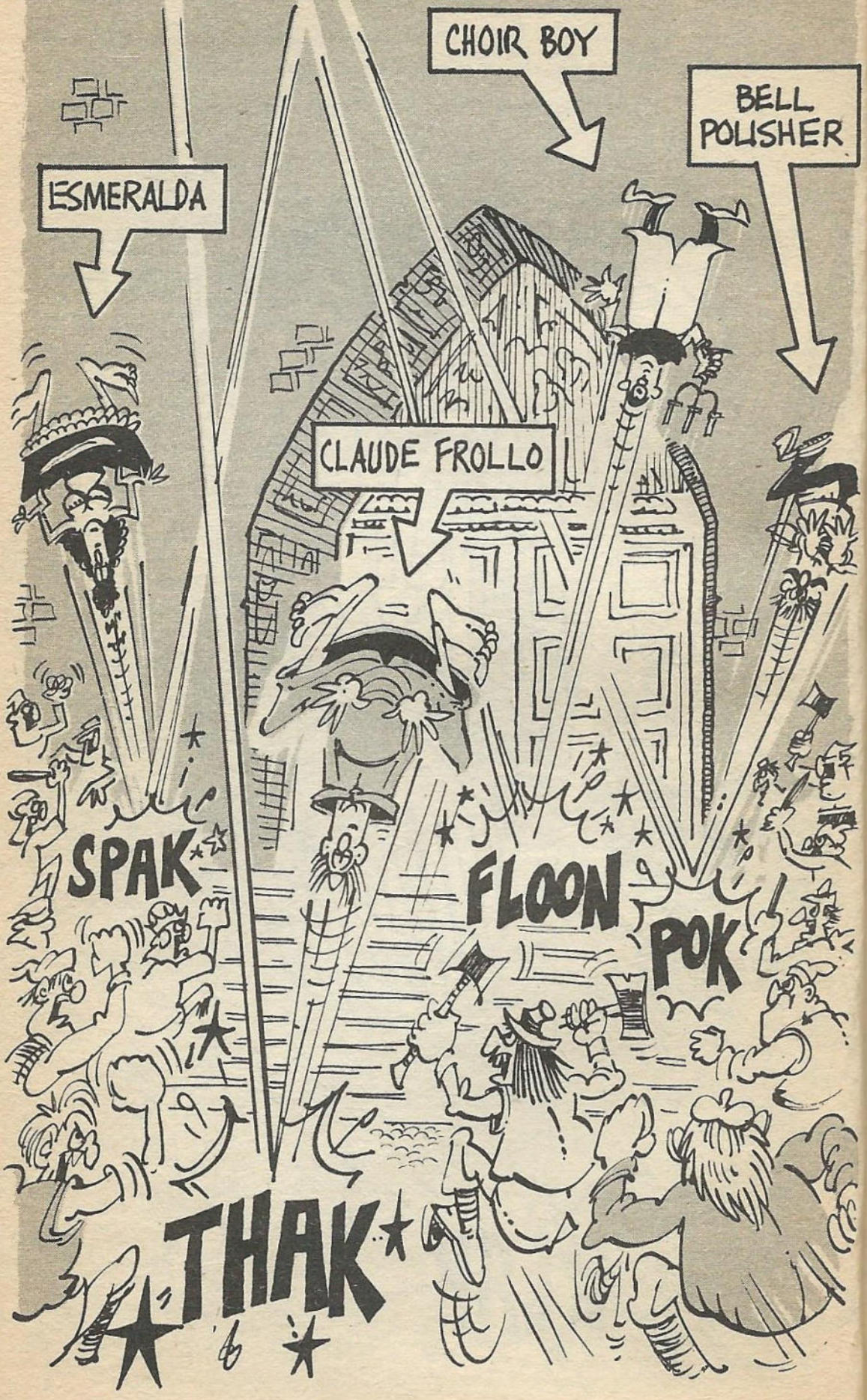
Later that night, a band of vagabonds stormed the cathedral in an attempt to kidnap Esmeralda. Quasimodo waited high up in the bell tower for the right moment. Then . . . as they approached the door far below he let loose a steady stream of molten lead upon them.



The molten lead could not keep them away. He began to shower them with huge beams, boulders, bottles, lead pipes ... .



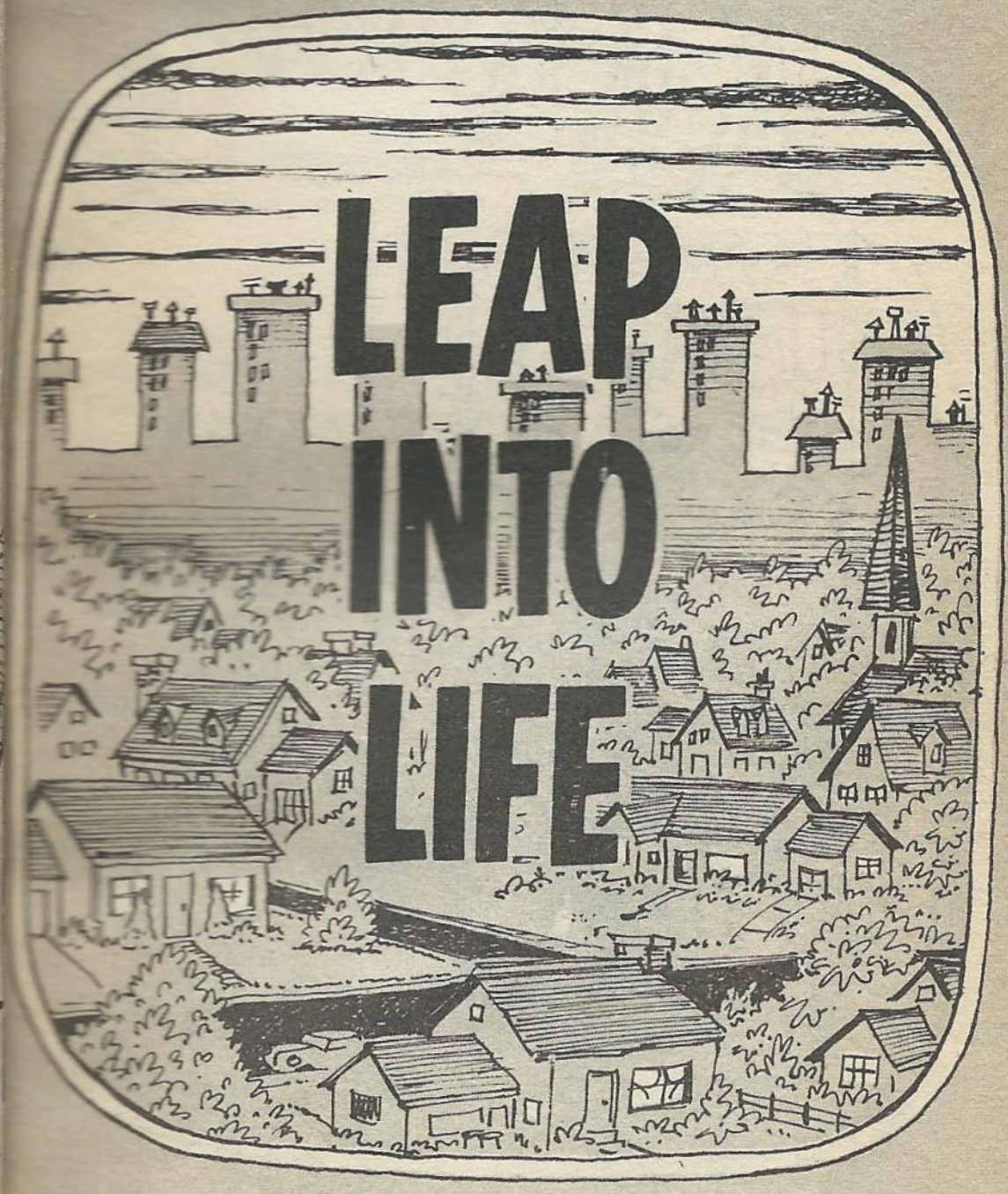
. . . in short, he threw anything he could get his hands on.



Realizing what he had done and the futility of it all, Quasimodo wiped one last tear from his tear-stained eye and departed from the bell tower forever.

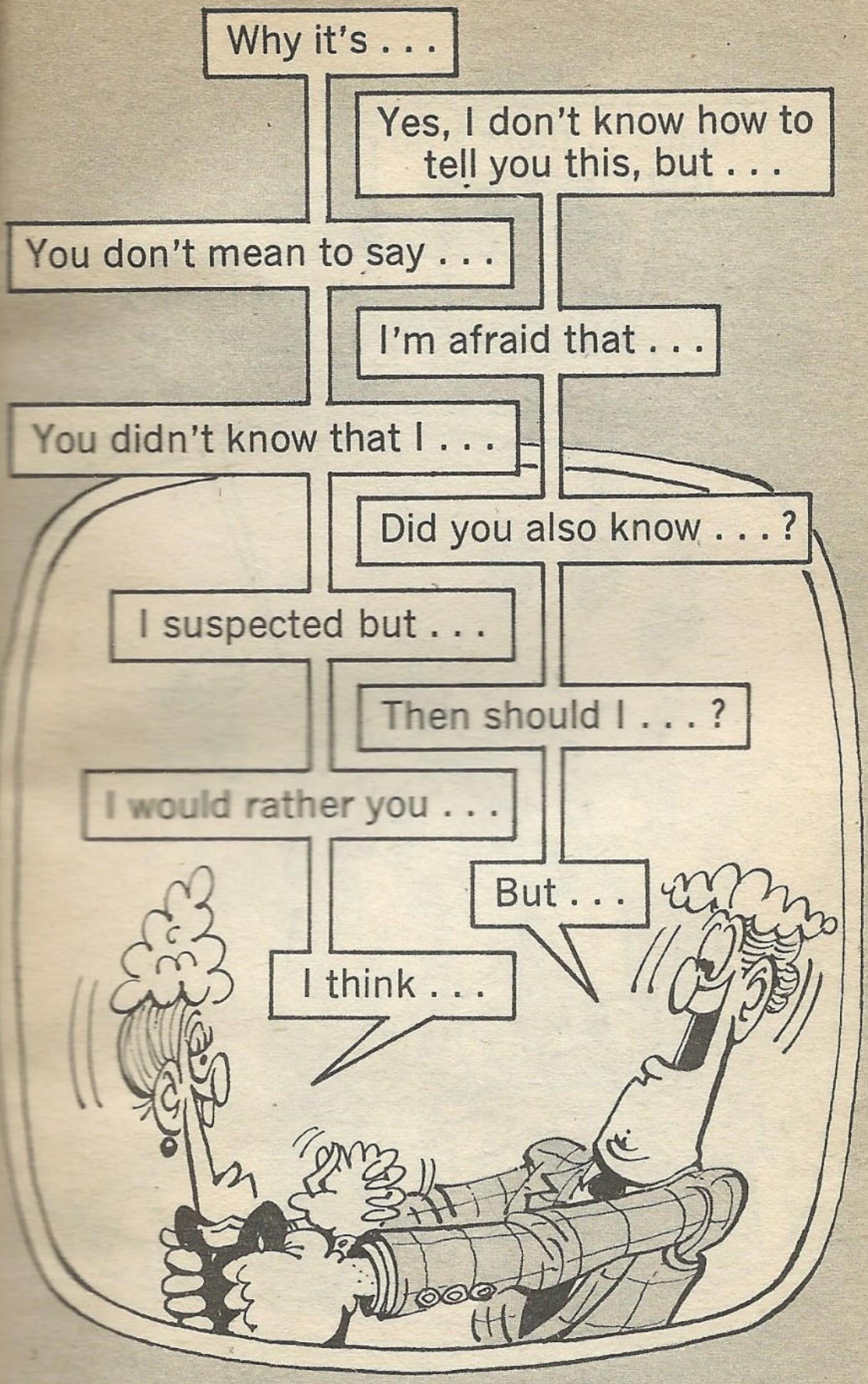
He went to America and on to Hollywood where he became rich and famous for his leading role in "Phantom of the Opera".

AND NOW...
CHAPTER FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY SEVEN OF...



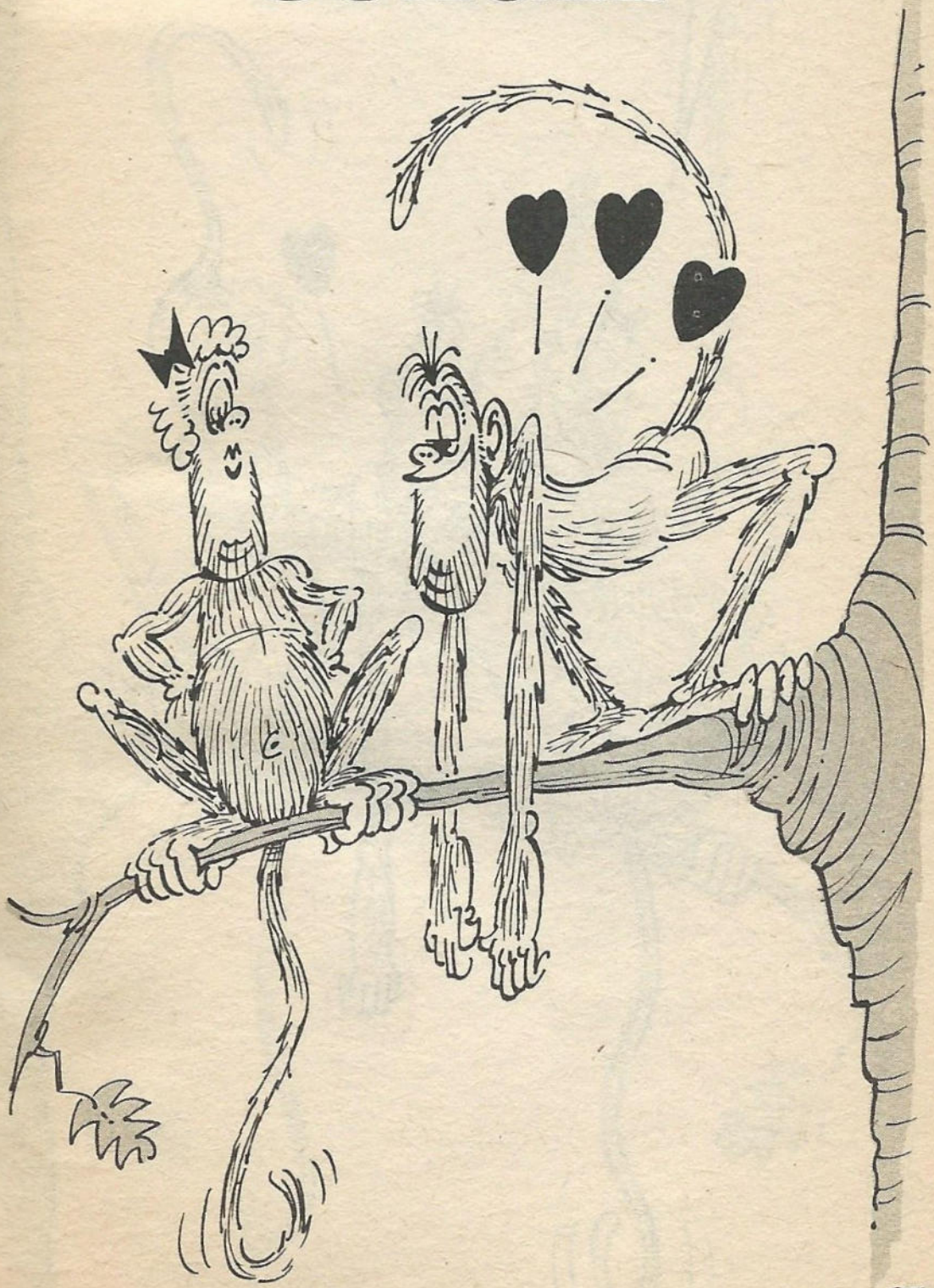
As you recall so far in our story nothing has happened. But now . . . in the living room of Martha Meddle . . . a guest arrives unexpectedly . . .

KKKSSH

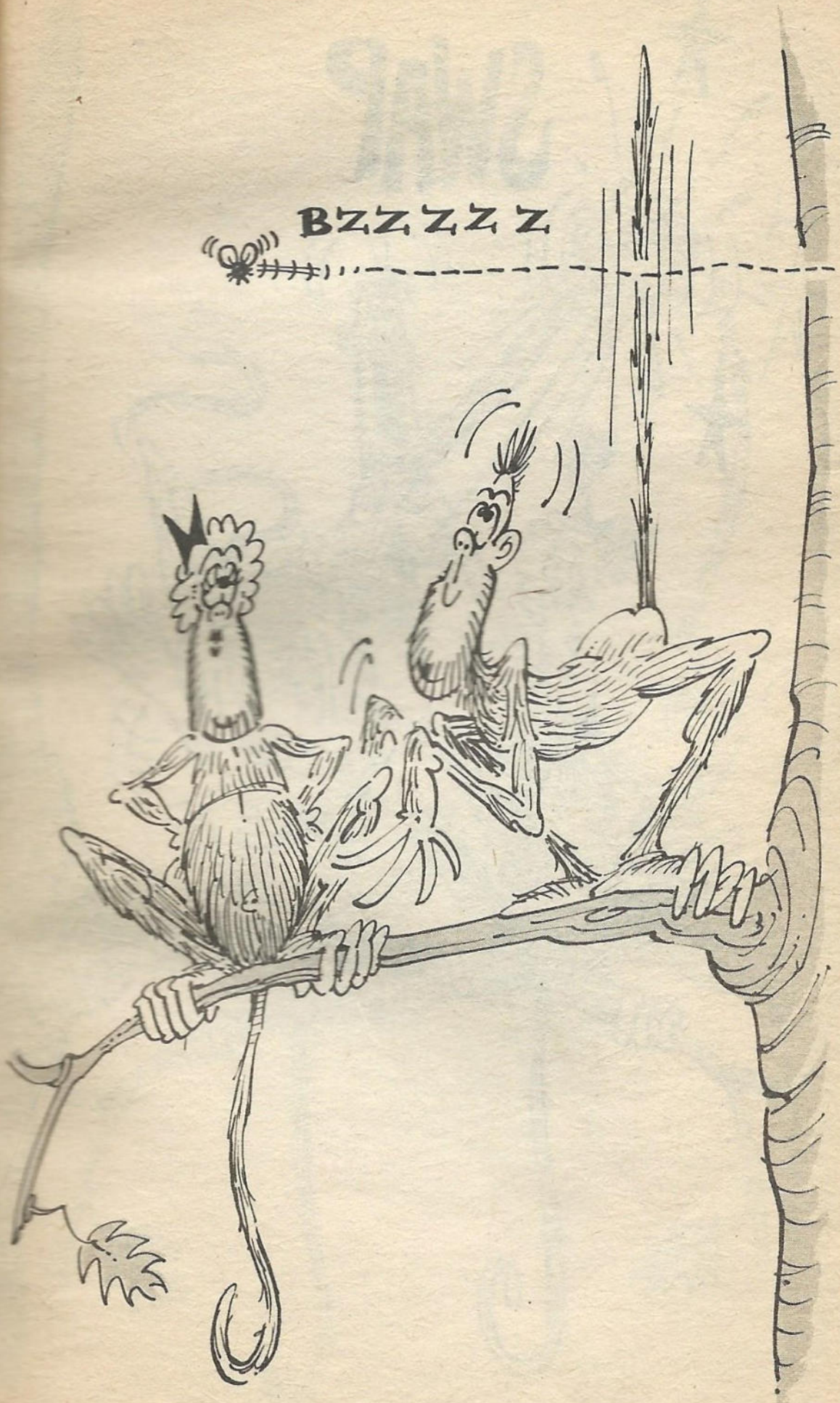

Why it's . . .
Yes, I don't know how to tell you this, but . . .
You don't mean to say . . .
I'm afraid that . . .
You didn't know that I . . .
Did you also know . . . ?
I suspected but . . .
Then should I . . . ?
I would rather you . . .
But . . .
I think . . .

Then . . . there's no more to be said.
Except that I enjoy talking to you **so** much.

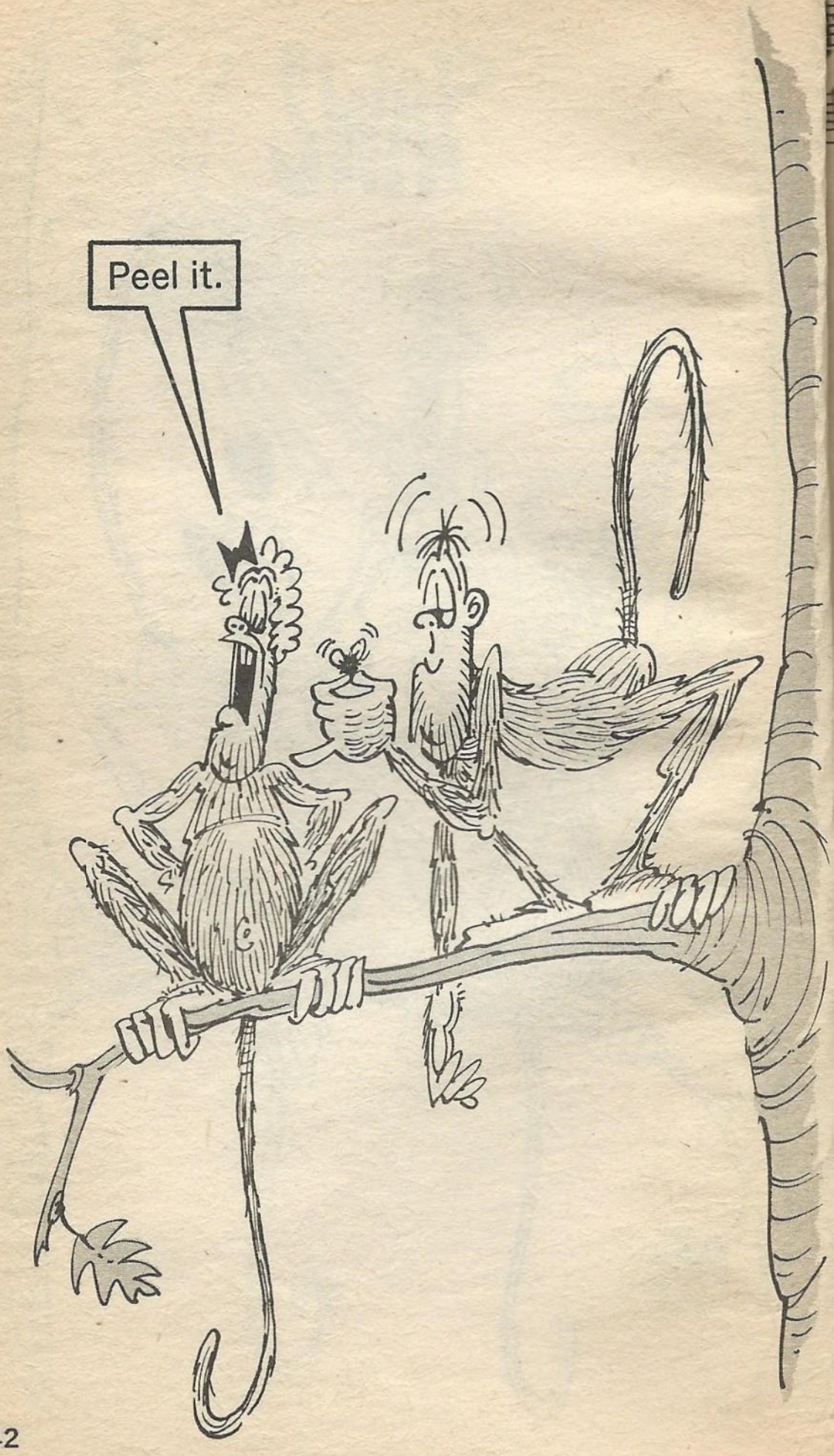
LOVE IN THE JUNGLE



Get me something to eat!


BZZZZZZ

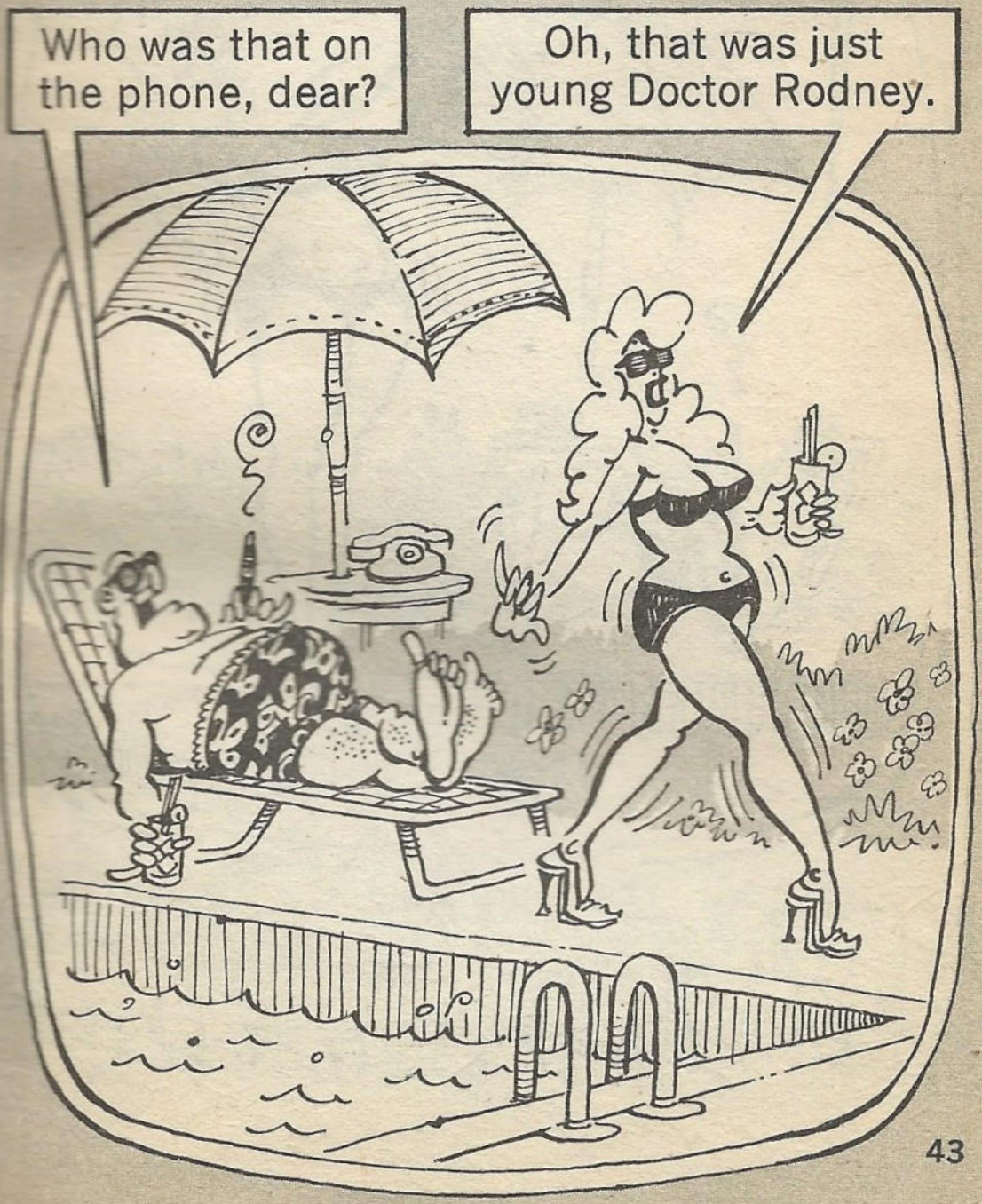
SWAP


Peel it.

CHAPTER FIVE HUNDRED AND THREE OF...

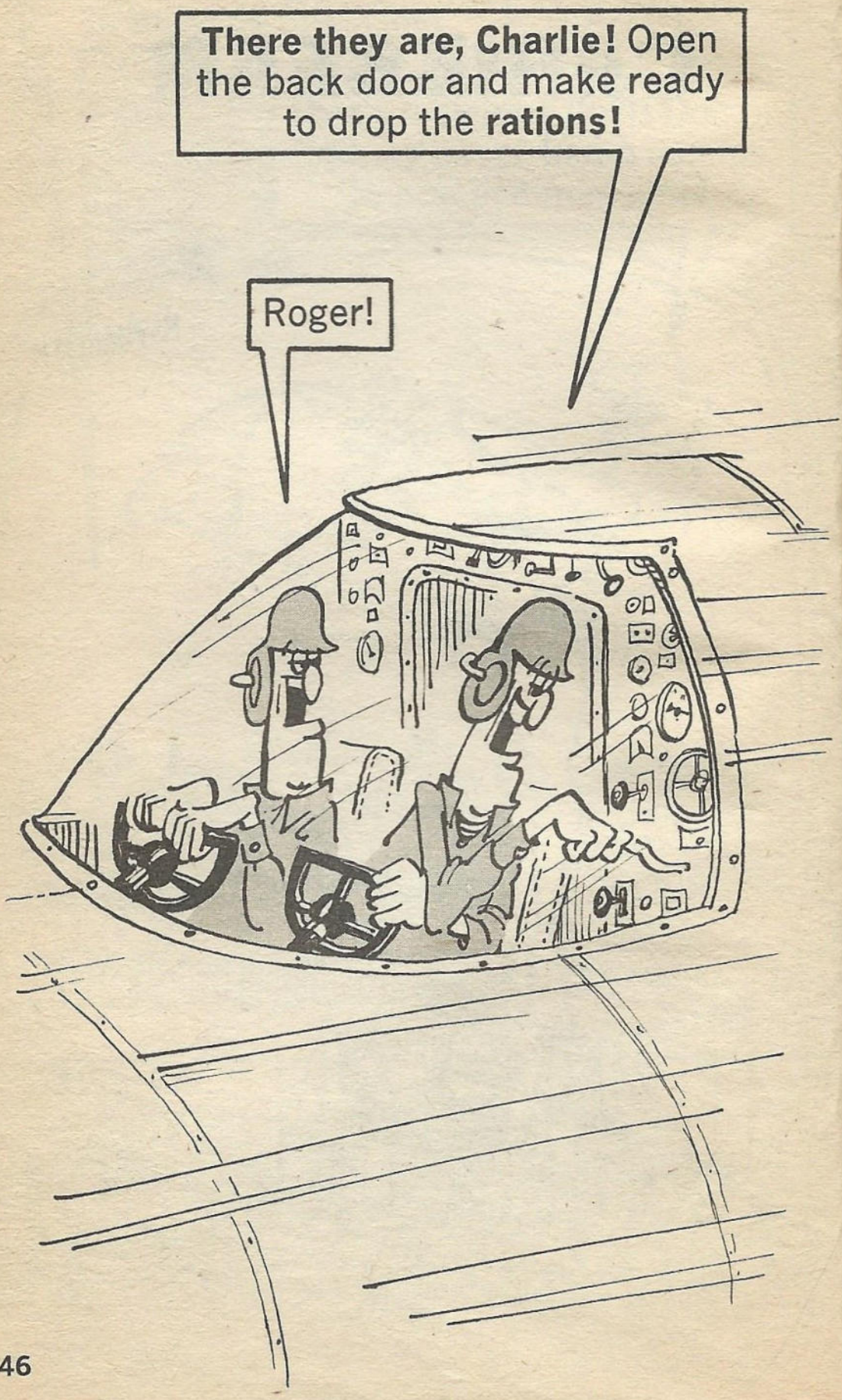
LEAP INTO LIFE

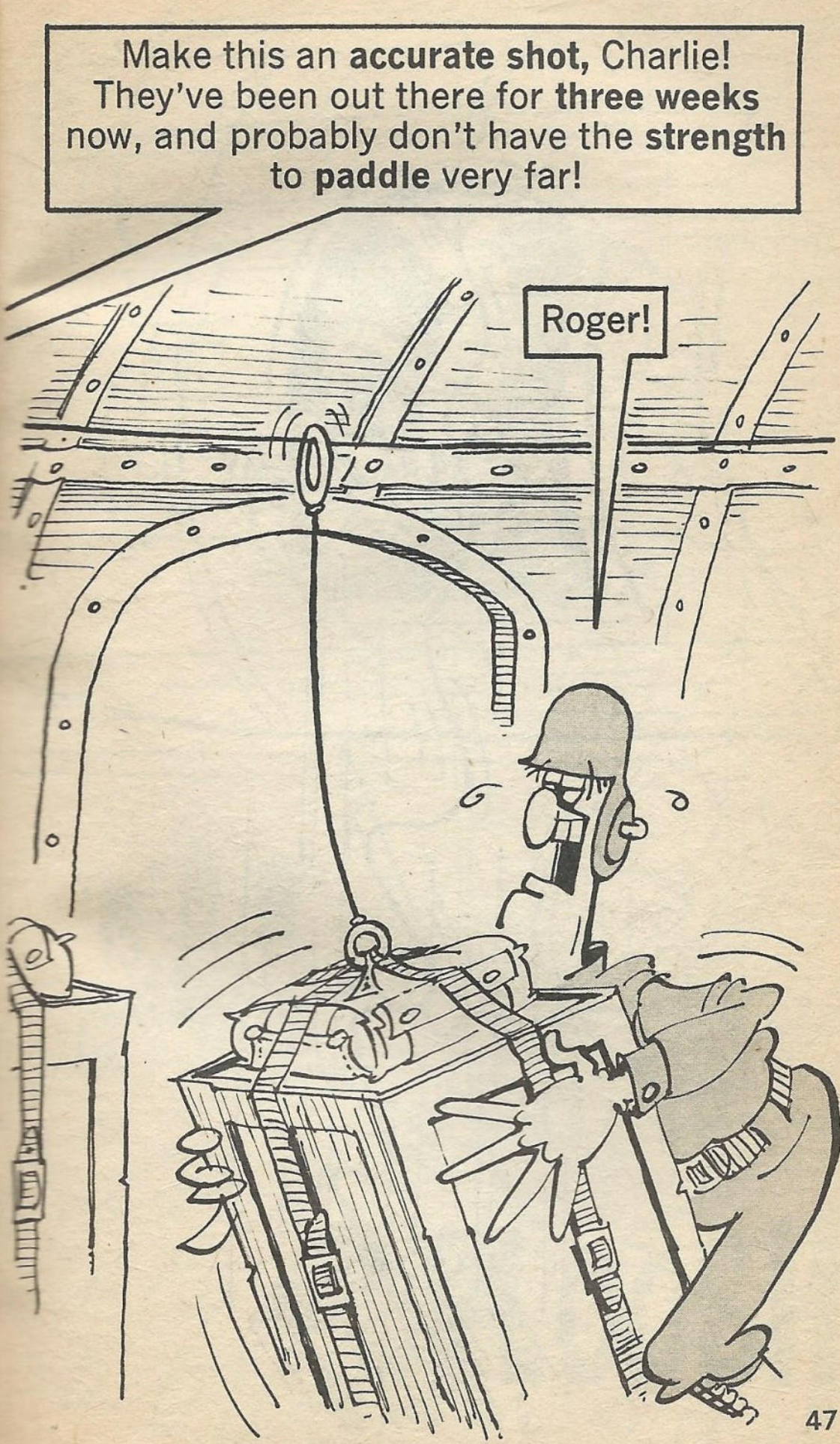
Let us look once again into the patio of Lillian Lollian, as she talks with her husband, Axel . . .

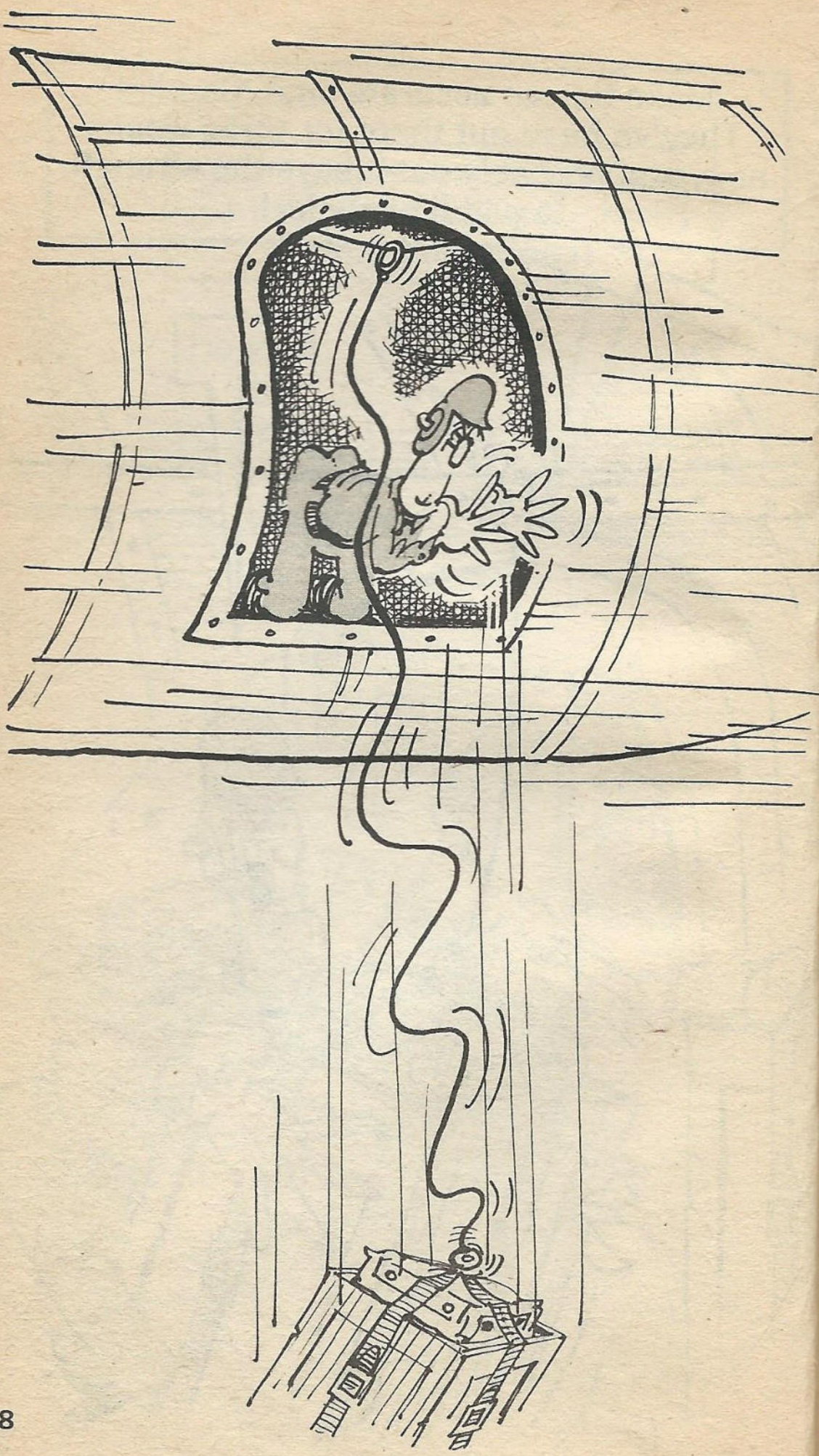


Doctor **Rodney?!?** I thought they took away his license to practice medicine!
That's a **vicious lie!!!** Doctor Rodney never **had** a license to practice medicine!

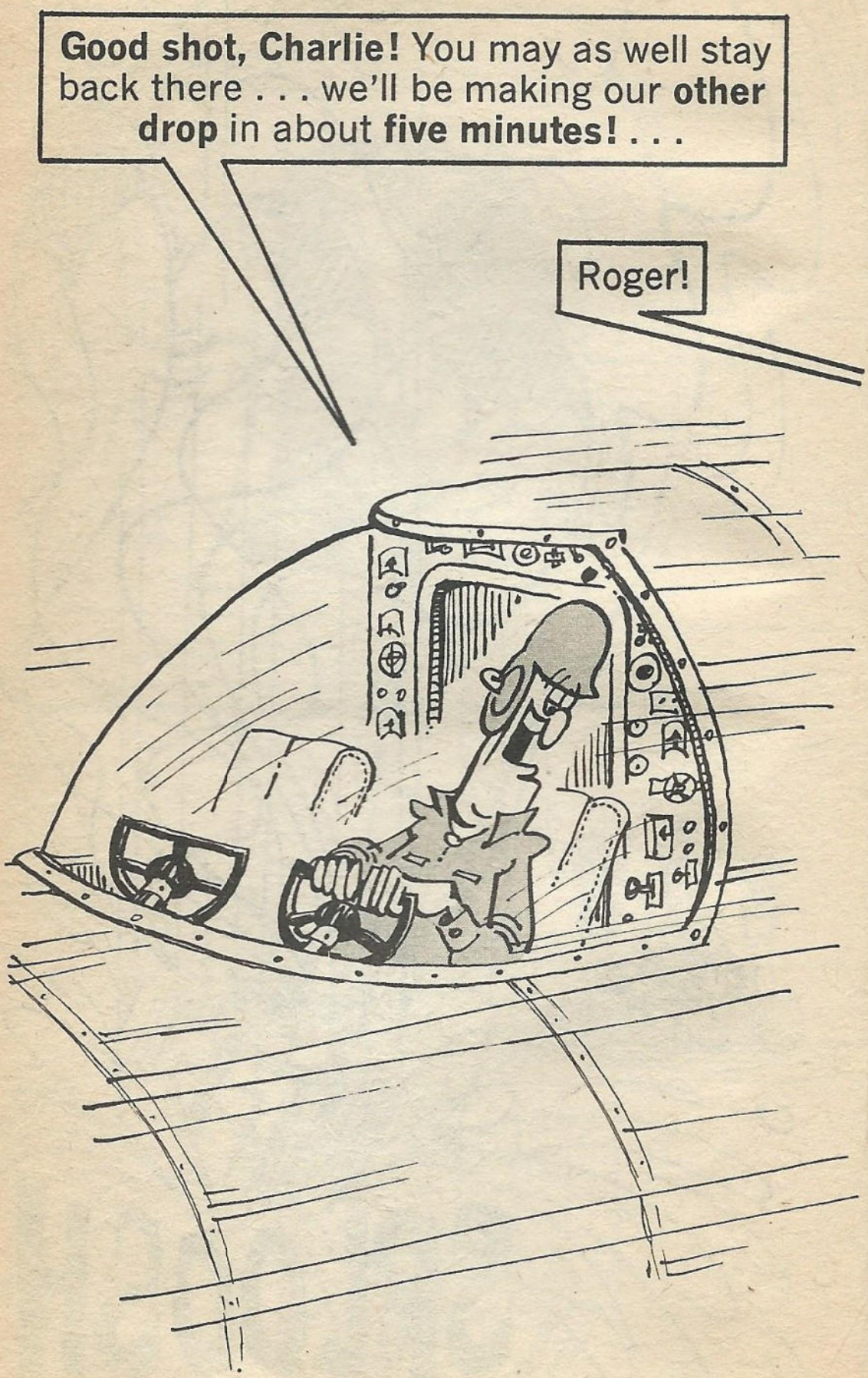
RESCUE SQUAD: CARIBBEAN

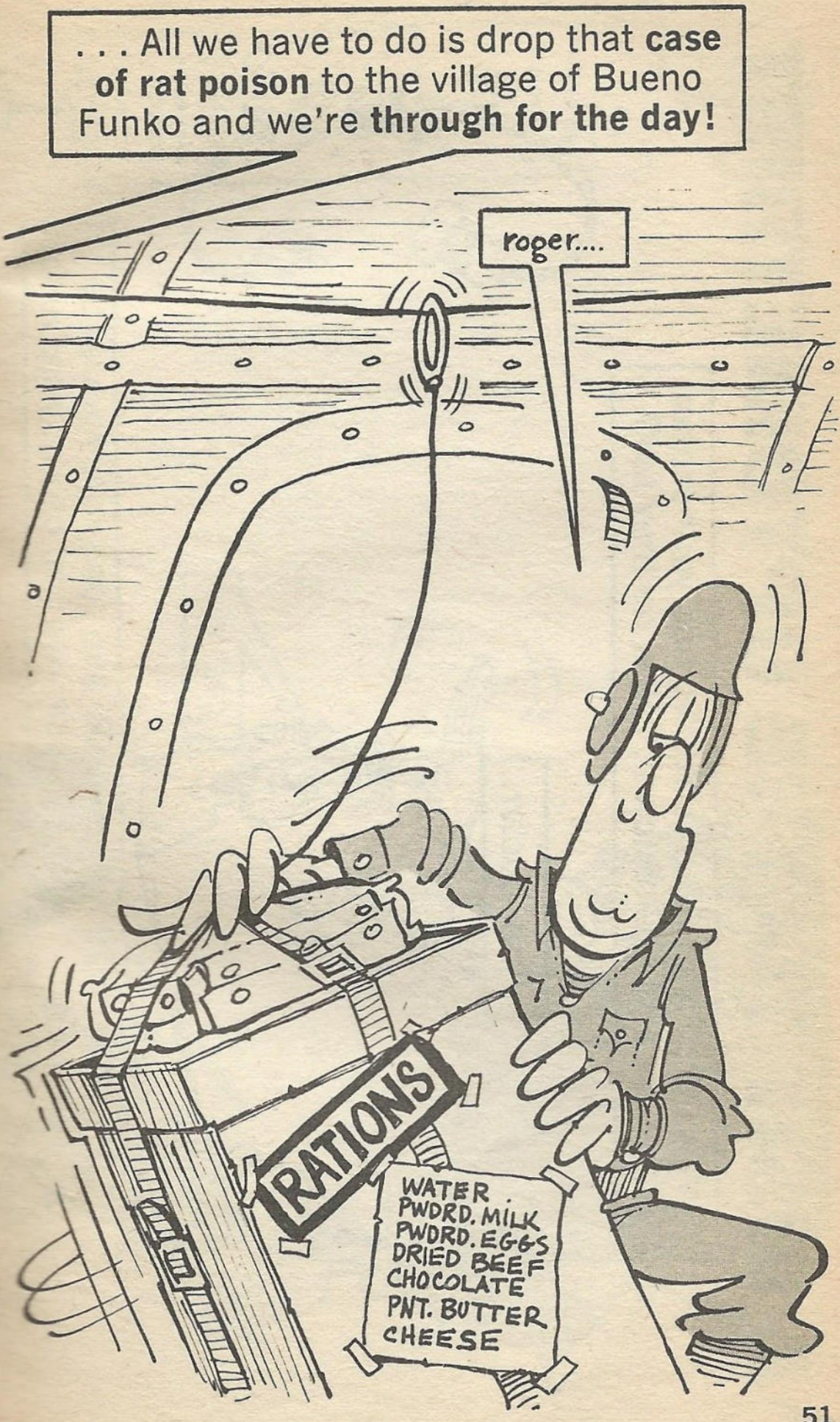

There they are, Charlie! Open the back door and make ready to drop the rations!
Roger!


Make this an **accurate shot,** Charlie! They've been out there for **three weeks** now, and probably don't have the **strength** to **paddle** very far!
Roger!

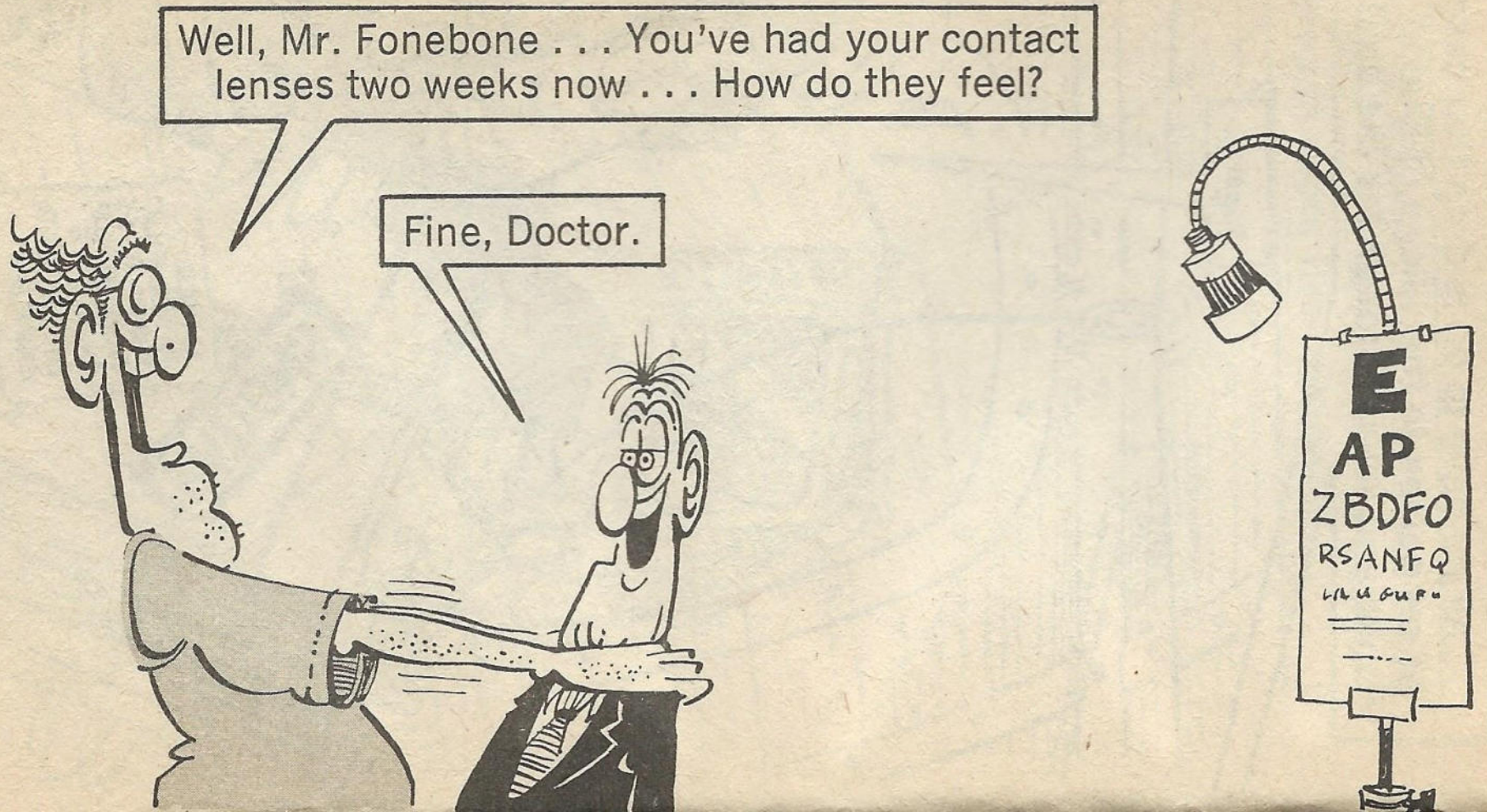


SPLOOSH

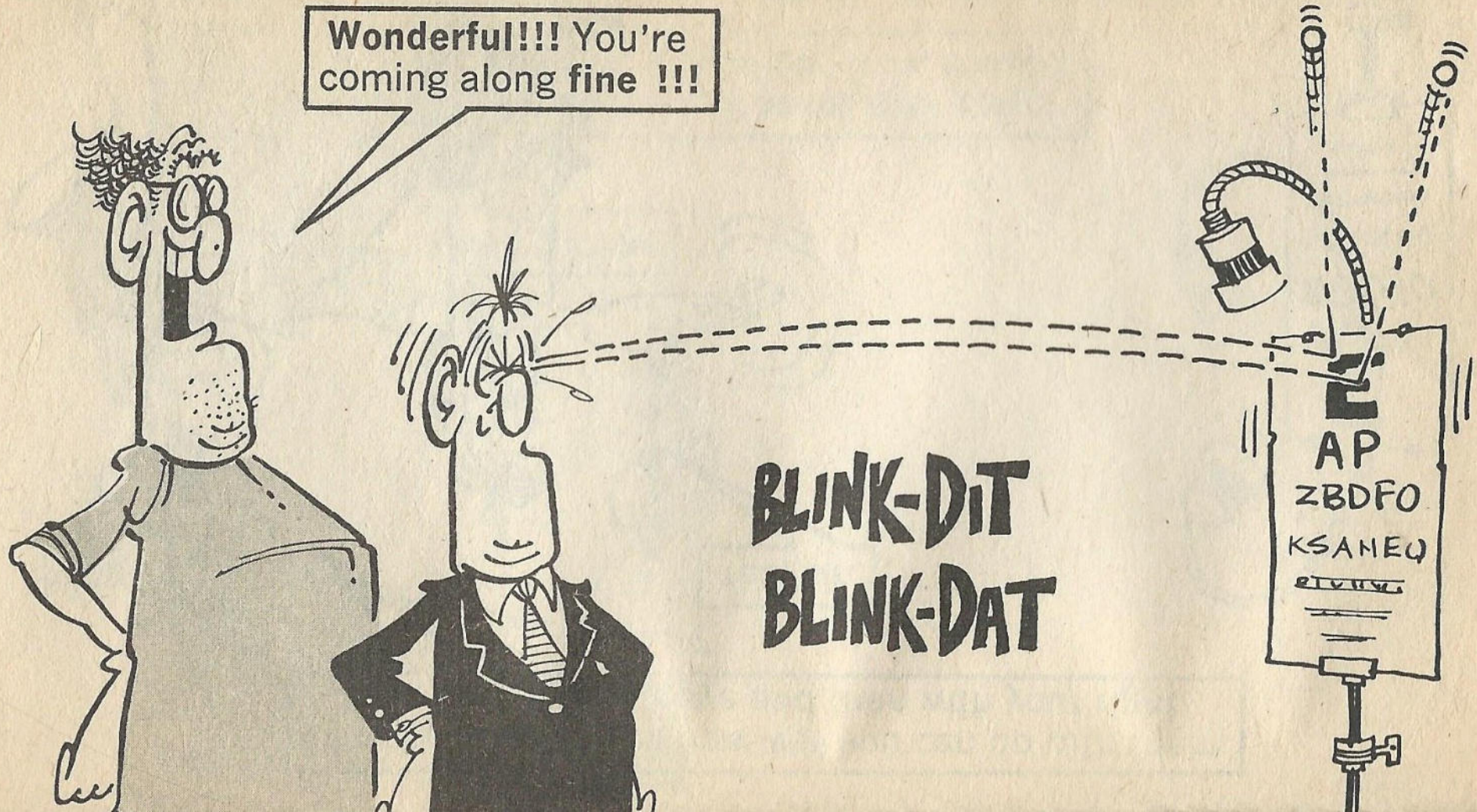

Good shot, Charlie! You may as well stay back there . . . we'll be making our **other drop** in about **five minutes!** . . .
Roger!


. . . All we have to do is drop that **case of rat poison** to the village of Bueno Funko and we're **through for the day!**
roger....
RATIONS
WATER
PWDRD. MILK
PWDRD. EGGS
DRIED BEEF
CHOCOLATE
PNT. BUTTER
CHEESE

A VISIT TO THE OPTOMETRIST



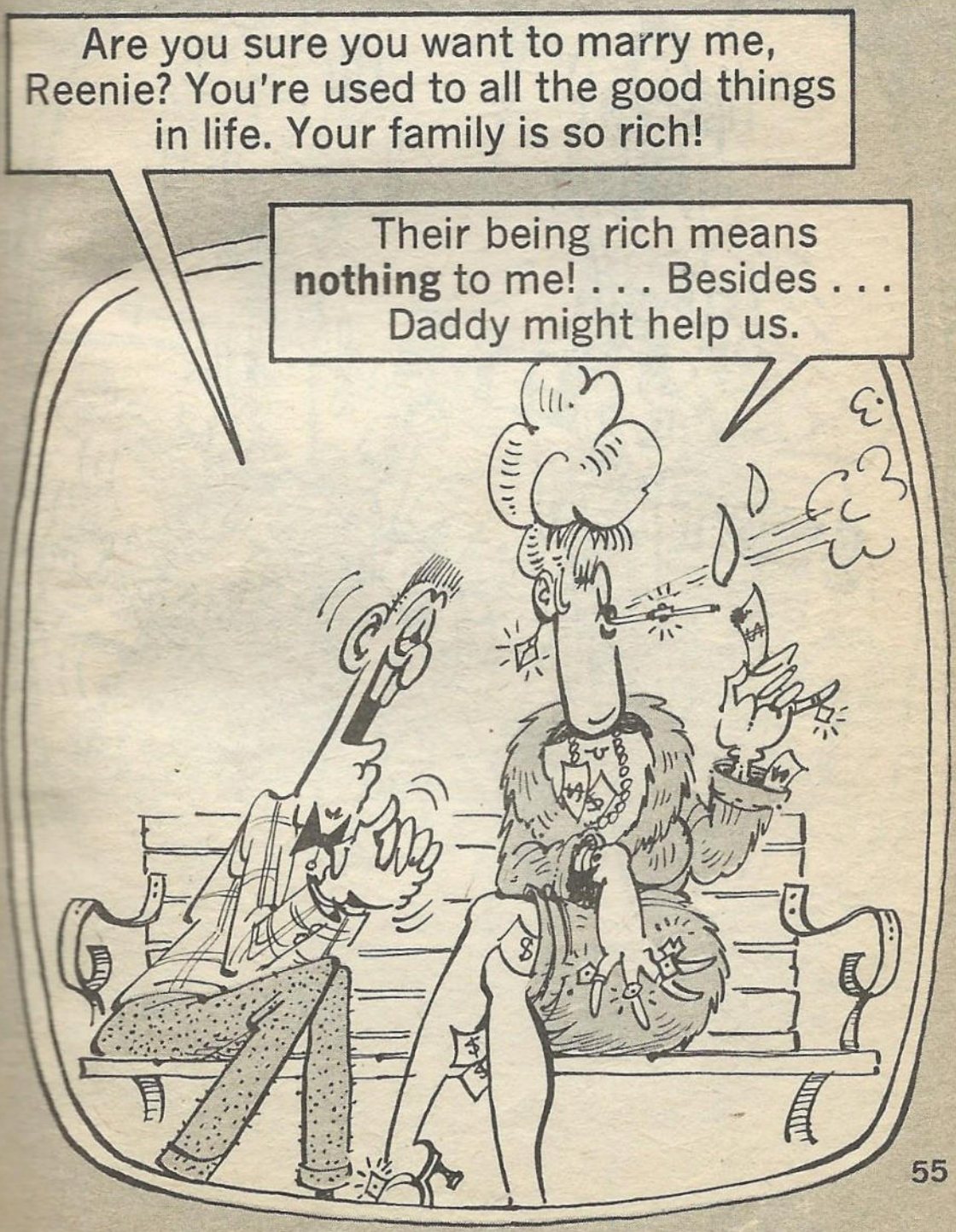
All right . . . let's see how well you can do with them.
First with your left eye and then with your right.
Yes, sir.
E
AP
ZBDFO
RSANFQ

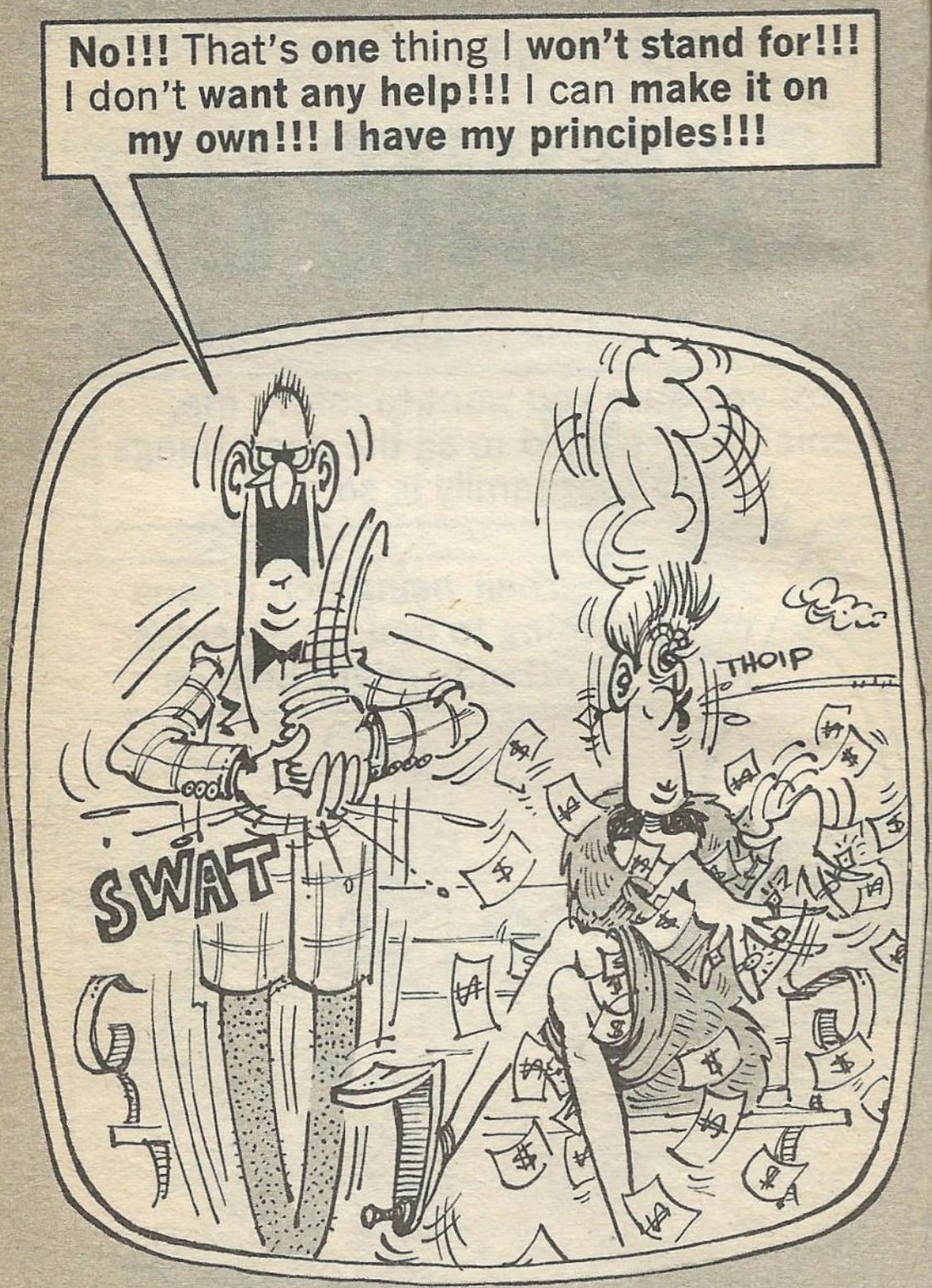

Wonderful!!! You're coming along fine !!!
BLINK-DIT
BLINK-DAT
AP
ZBDFO
KSANEQ

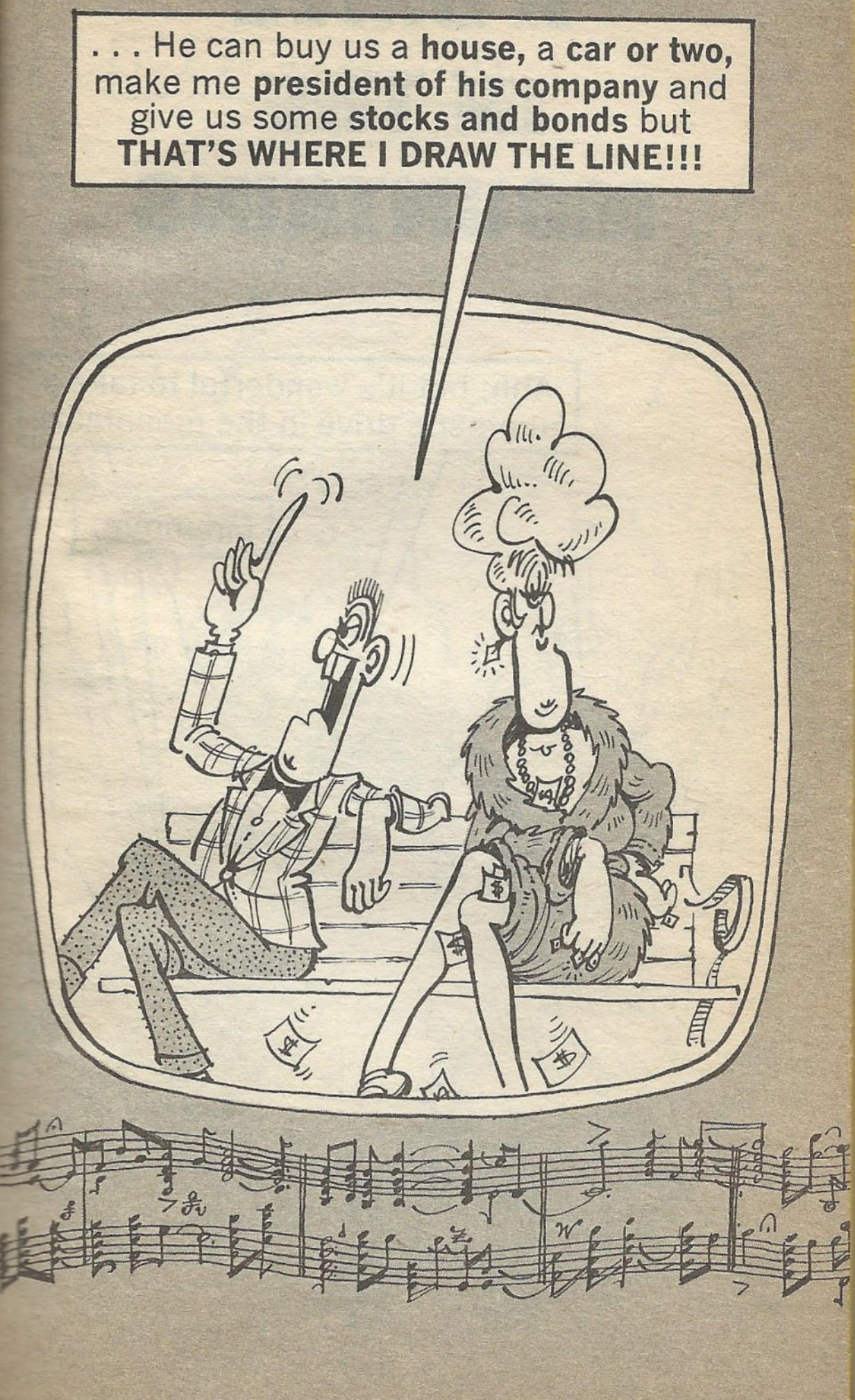
CHAPTER FIVE HUNDRED AND FORTY TWO OF...

LEAP INTO LIFE

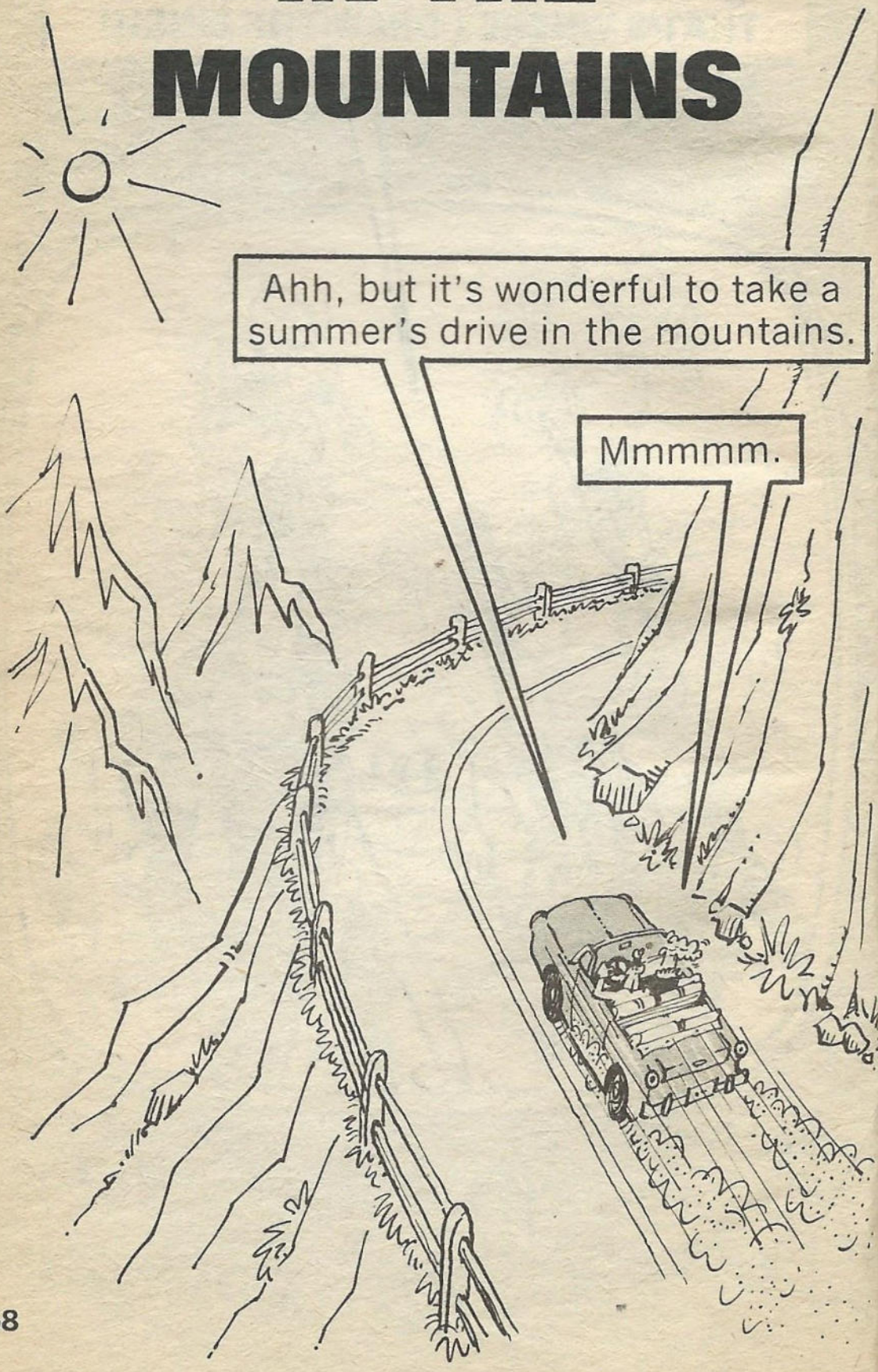
As we see Peter Poor talking to Reenie Rich . . .

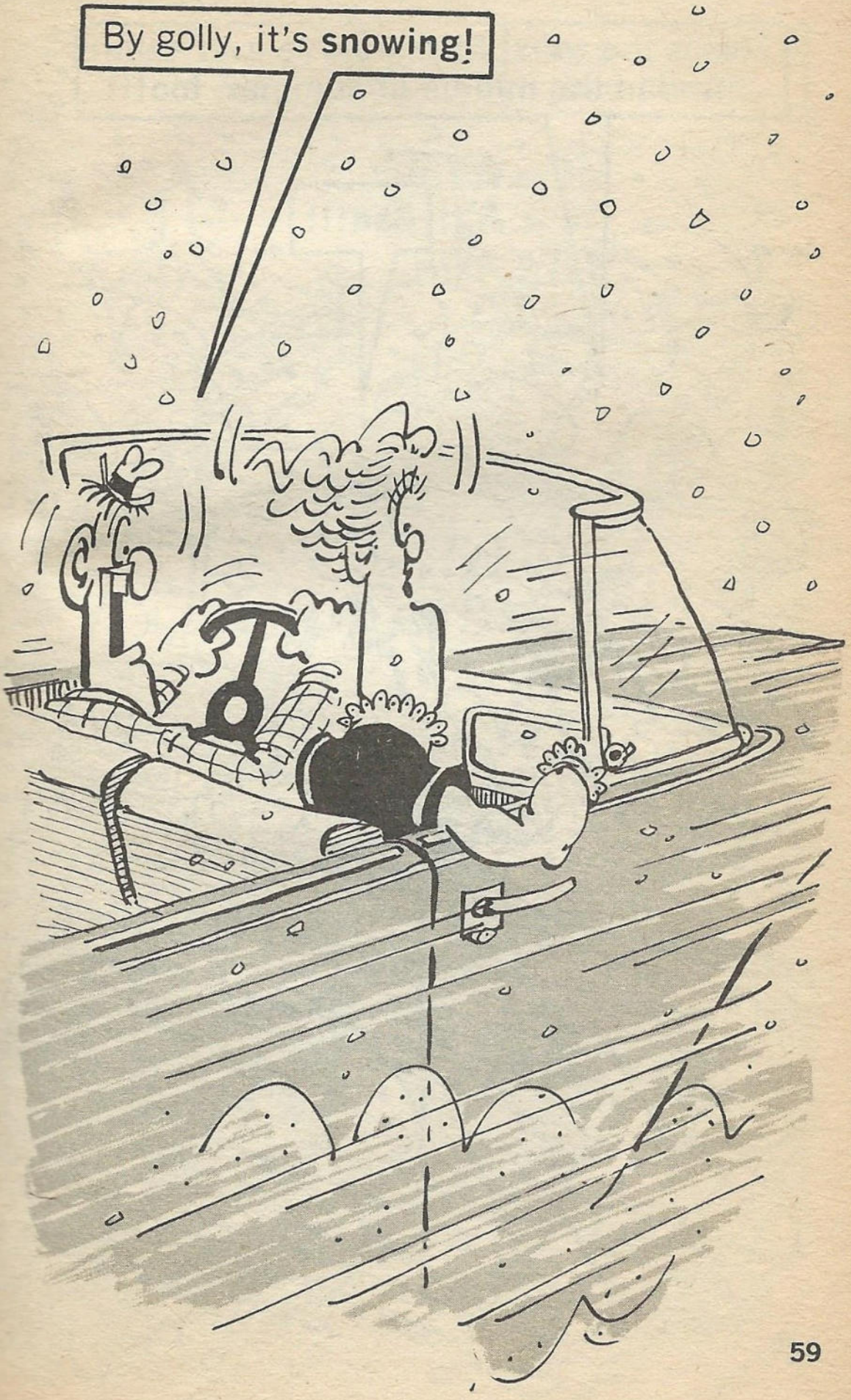

Are you sure you want to marry me, Reenie? You're used to all the good things in life. Your family is so rich!
Their being rich means **nothing** to me! . . . Besides . . . Daddy might help us.

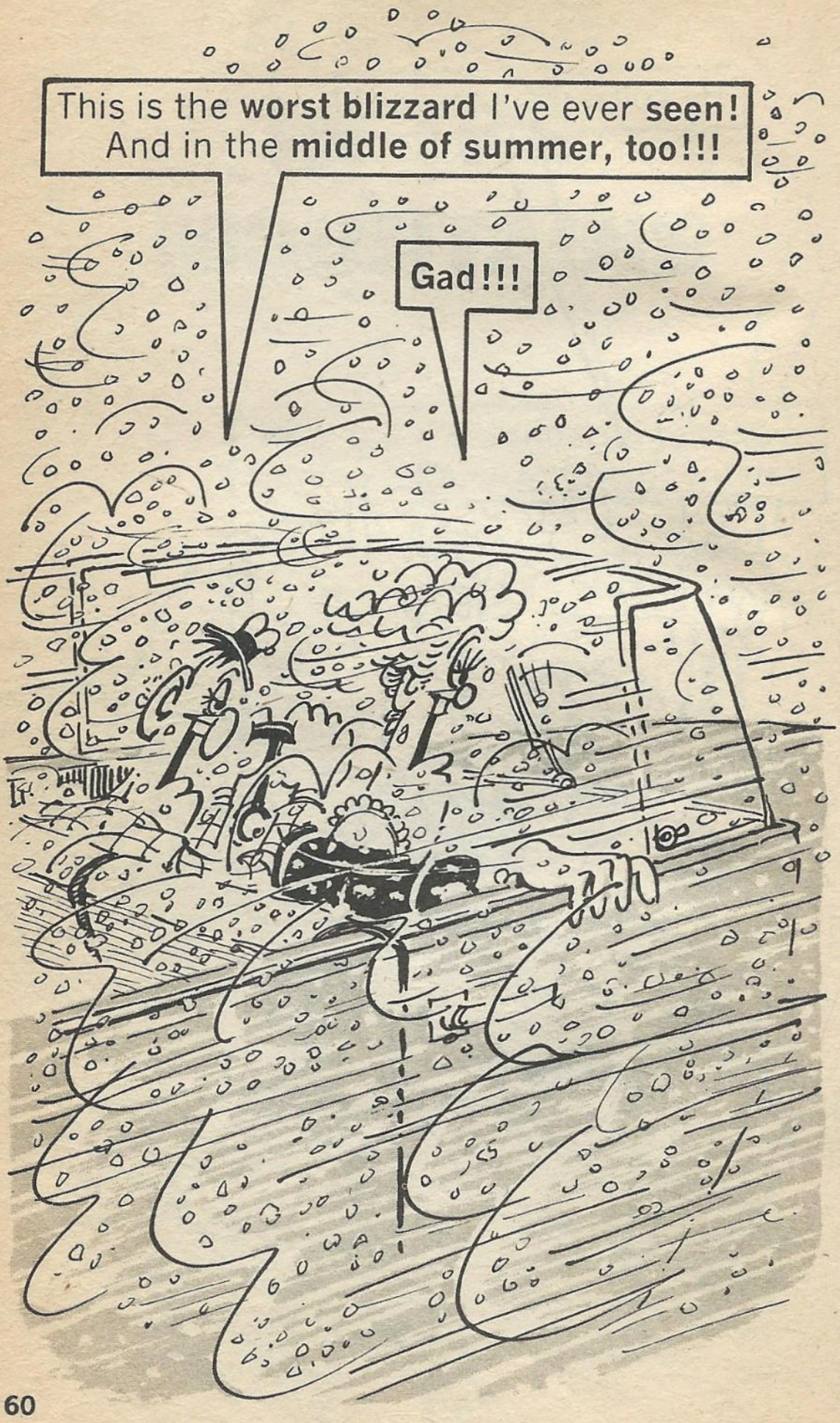

No!!! That's one thing I won't stand for!!! I don't want any help!!! I can make it on my own!!! I have my principles!!!
SWAT
THOIP

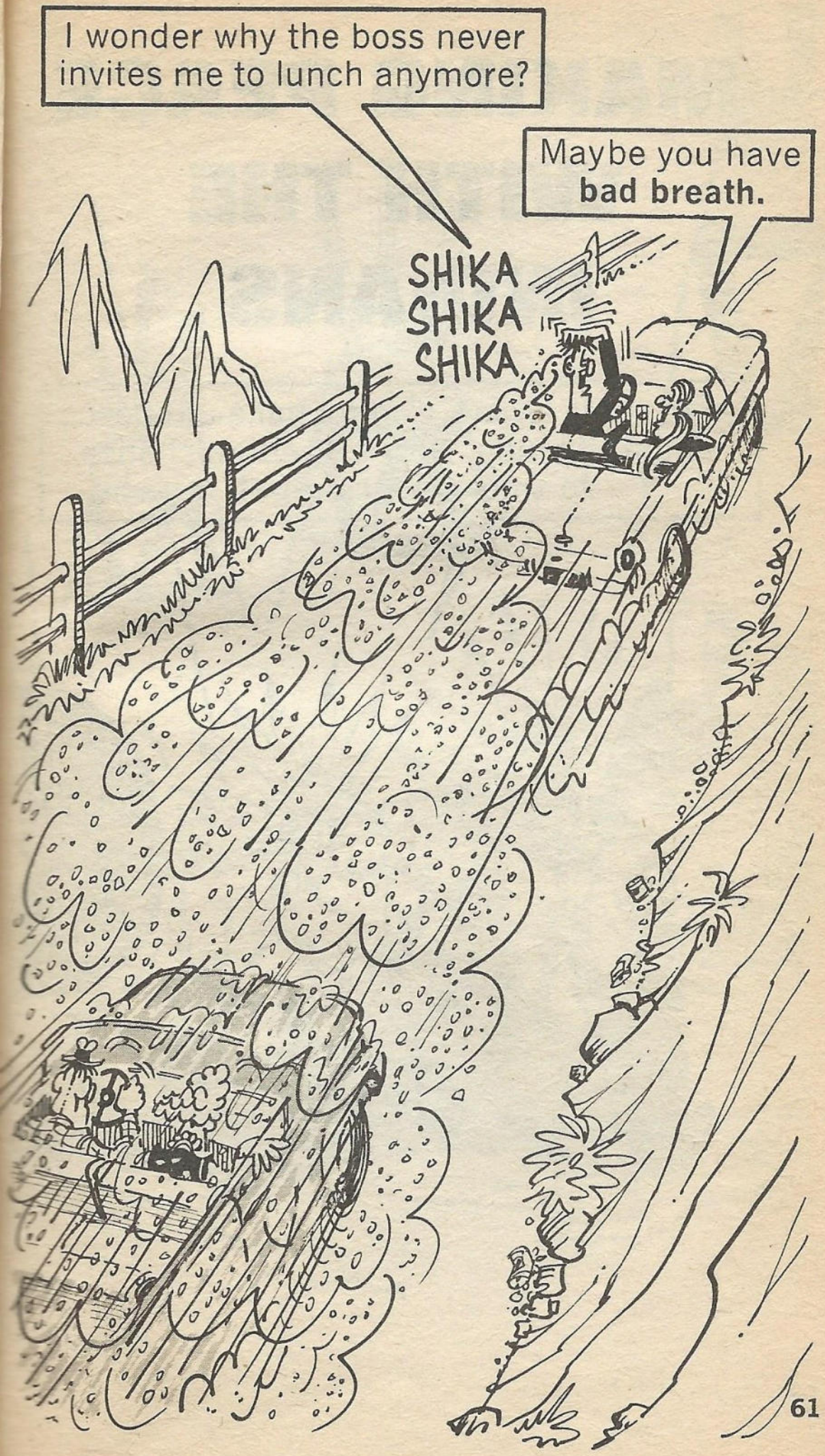

. . . He can buy us a **house,** a **car or two,** make me **president of his company** and give us some **stocks and bonds** but **THAT'S WHERE I DRAW THE LINE!!!**

A DRIVE IN THE MOUNTAINS

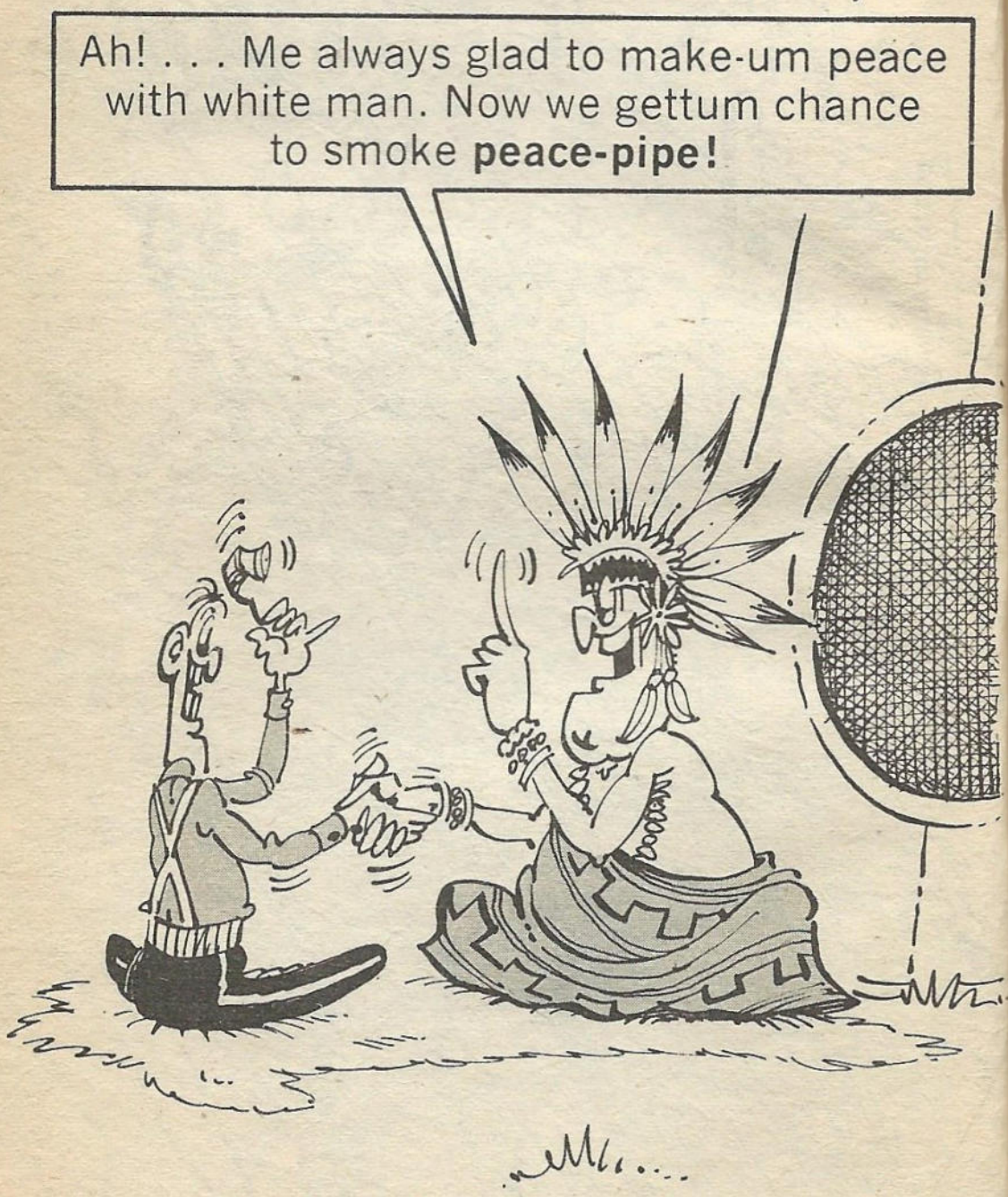



By golly, it's **snowing!**

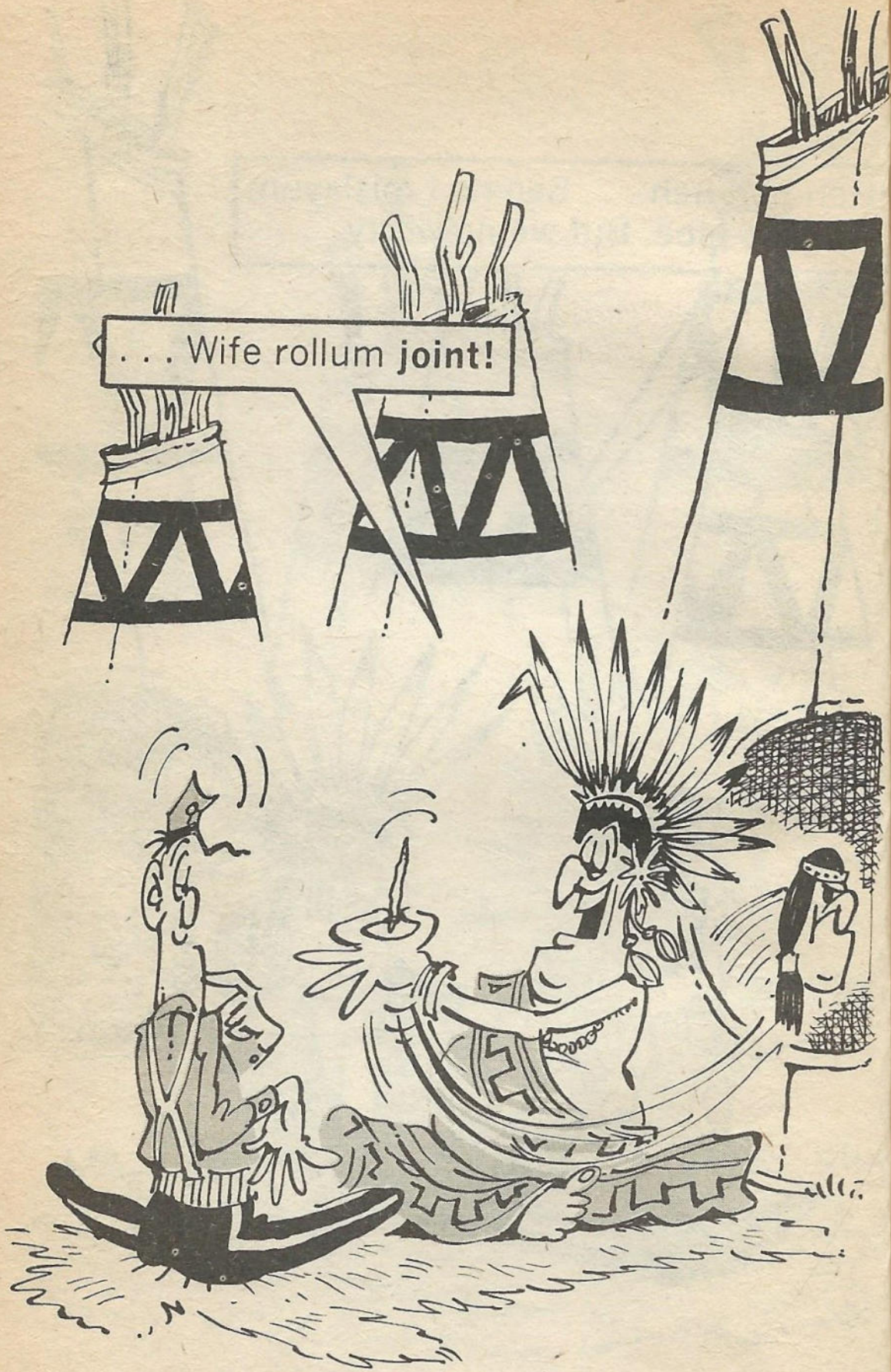

This is the **worst blizzard** I've ever **seen!**
And in the **middle of summer, too!!!**
Gad!!!


I wonder why the boss never invites me to lunch anymore?
Maybe you have **bad breath.**
SHIKA
SHIKA
SHIKA

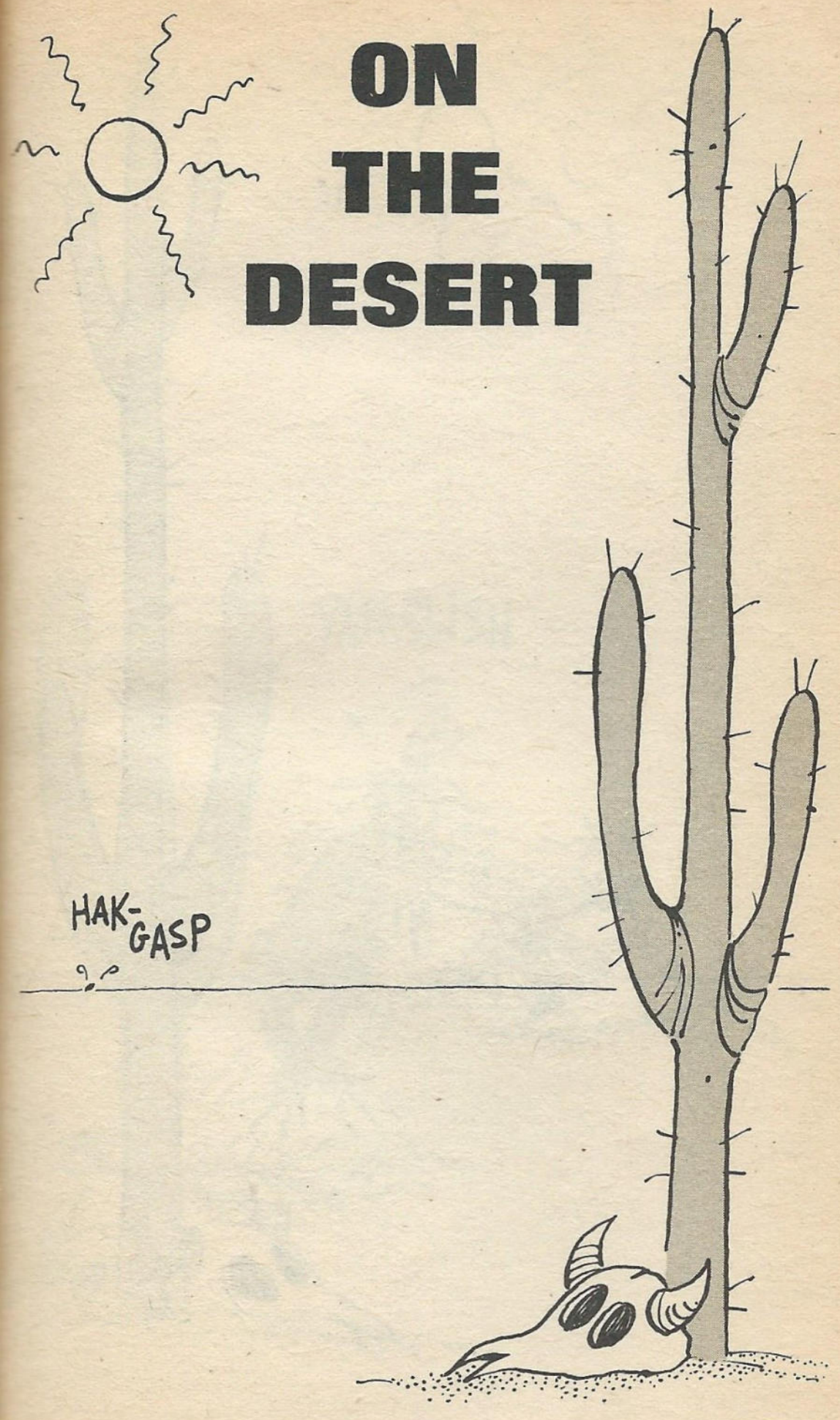
MAKING PEACE WITH THE INDIANS

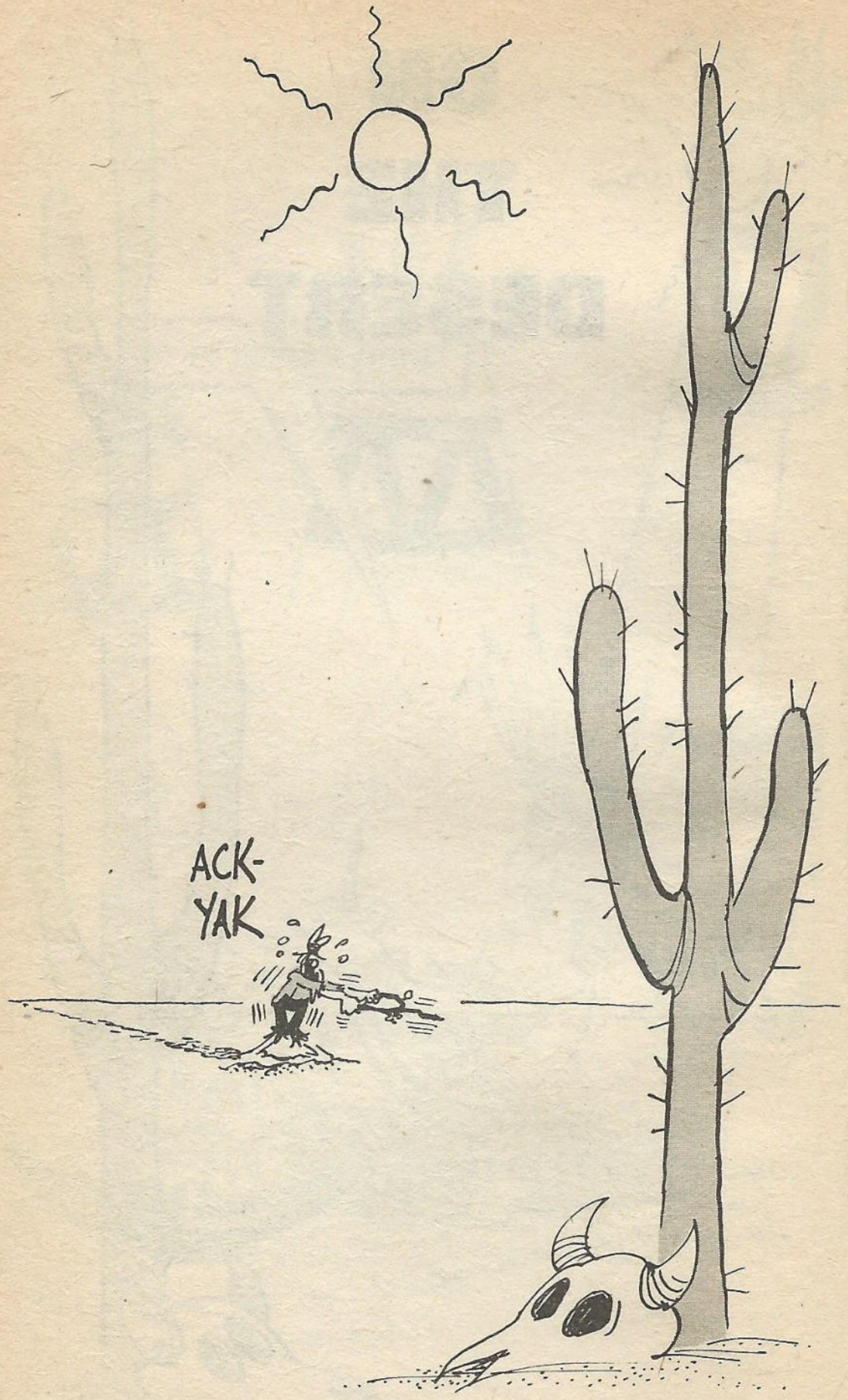


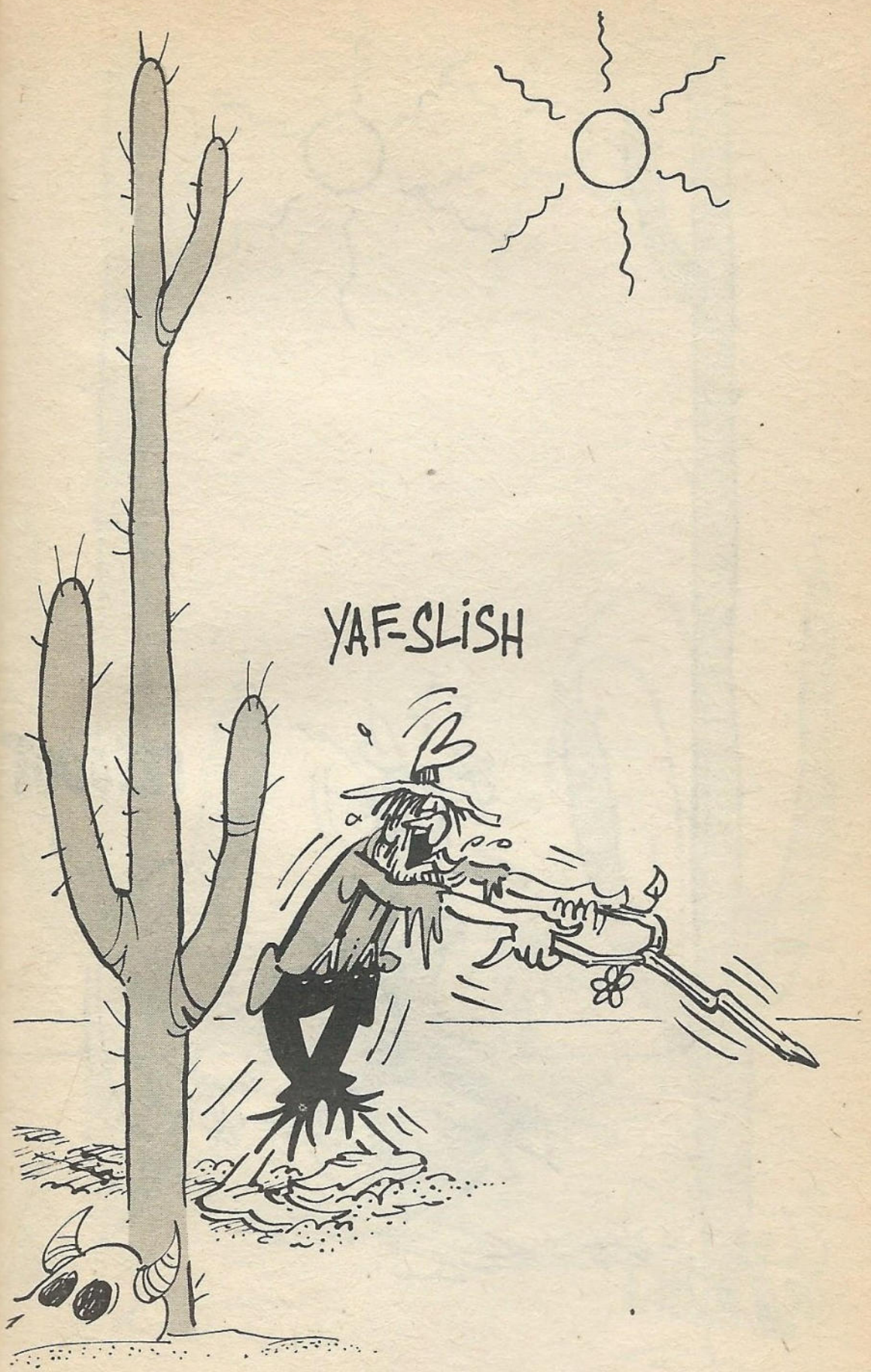
Heh-heh-heh . . . Seems I mislayum peace-pipe. But we no worry . . .


. . . Wife rollum **joint!**

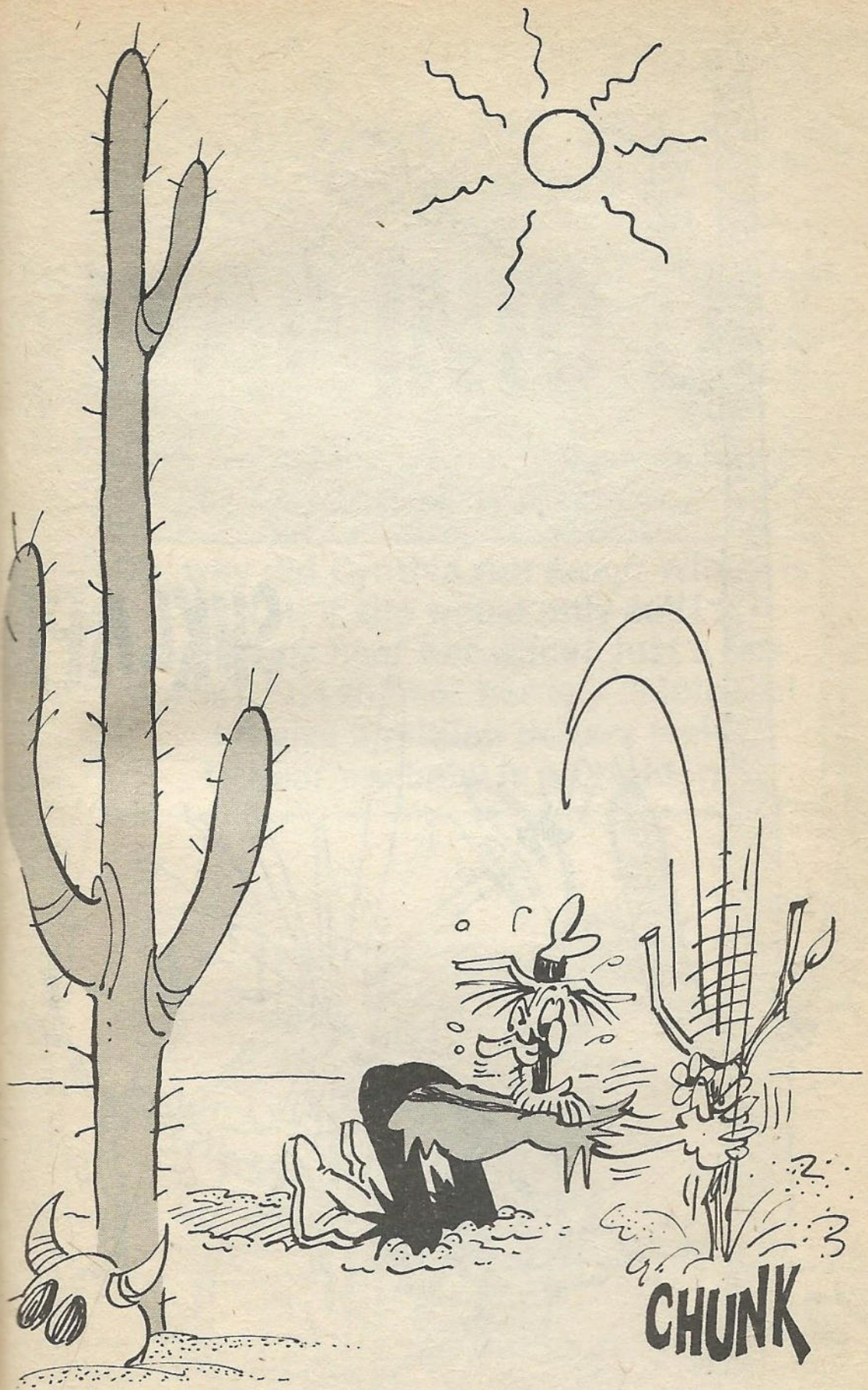
ON THE DESERT




ACK-
YAK


YAF-SLISH

FEEOOOT


CHUNK

SHKLAP!

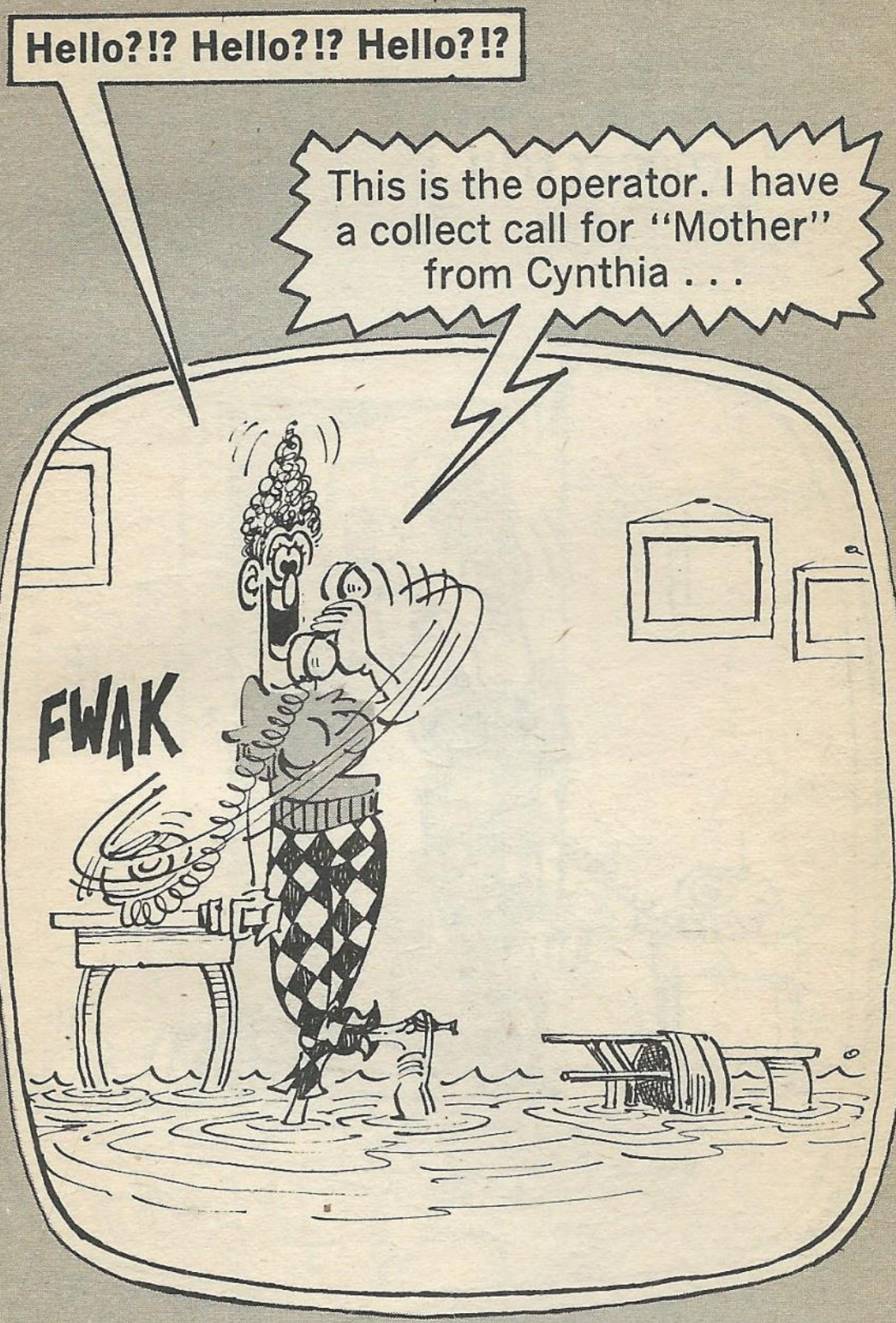
CHAPTER SIX HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN OF...

LEAP INTO LIFE

As you remember . . . Lydia Whitewasp has been sitting by her telephone for a week . . .

Oh, **why** did Cynthia run away? Where **is** she? Oh, if she would **only call!** If I could only hear her **voice!** Just a **few words!** Just to hear her say "Mother"! I'd give a **million dollars** just to hear my baby is **all right!!!**
SPLOOSH
SPLUBLE
PLOIPLE
PLOPLE

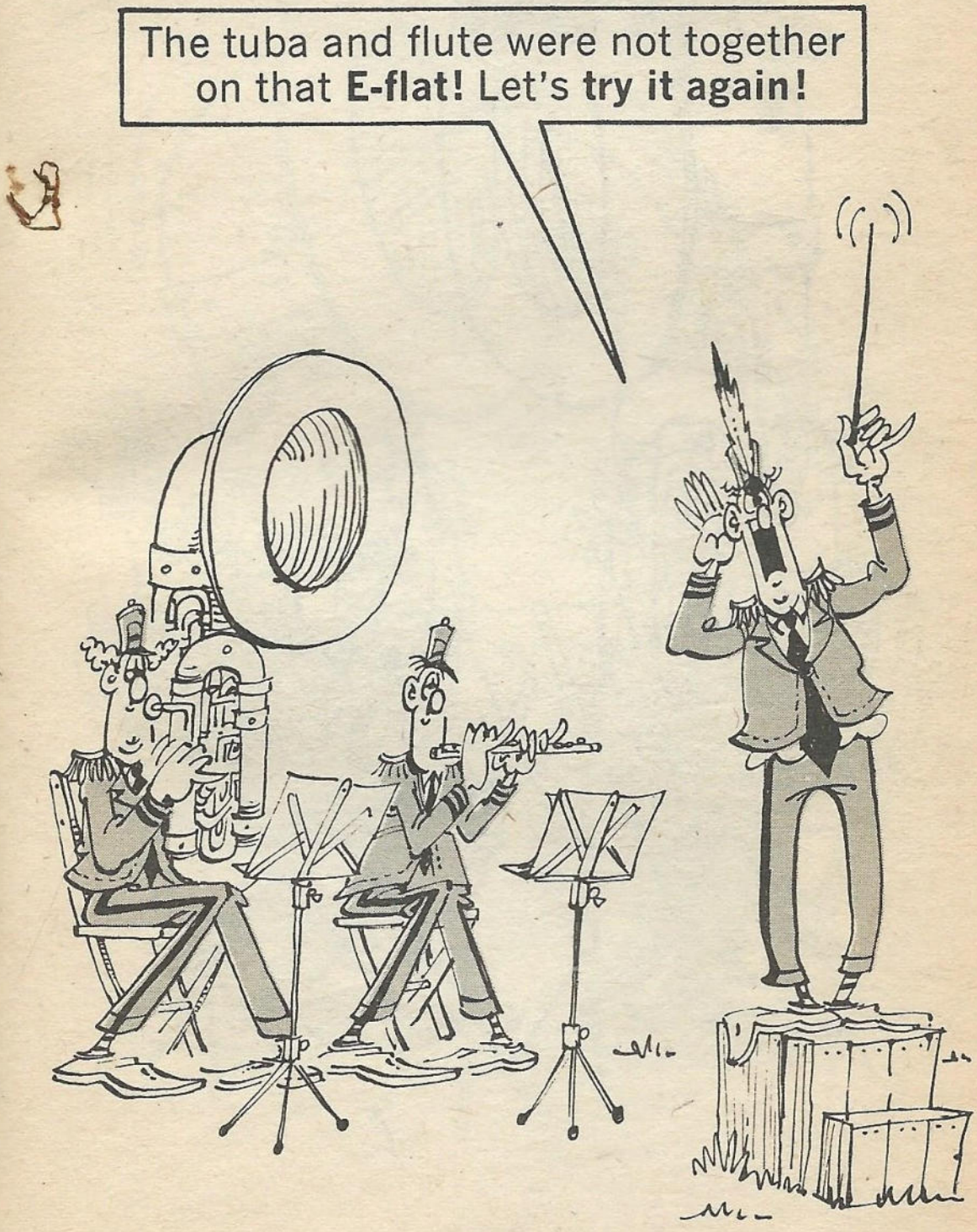
BREENG
SHKLOOSH

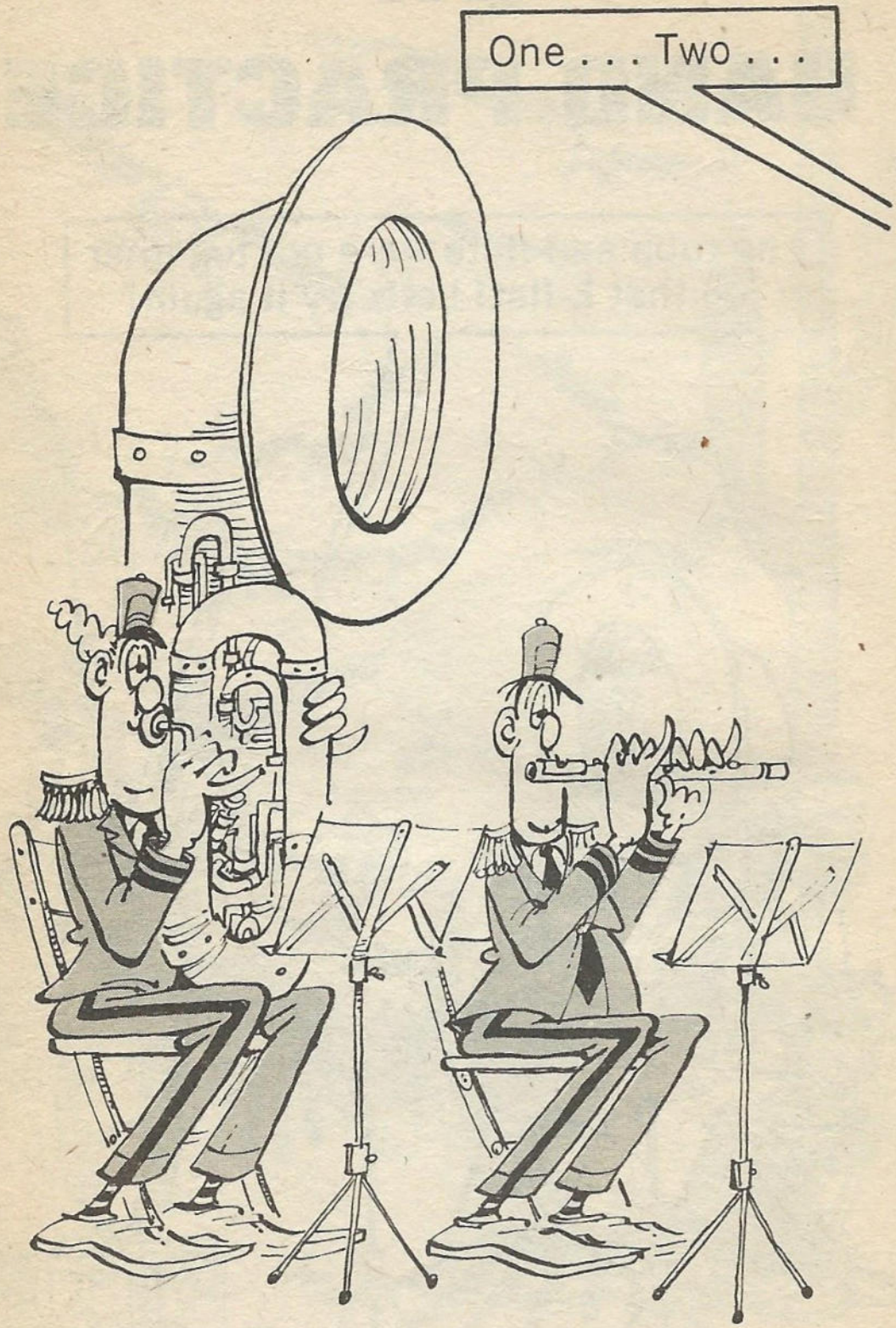

Hello?!? Hello?!? Hello?!?
This is the operator. I have a collect call for "Mother" from Cynthia . . .
FWAK

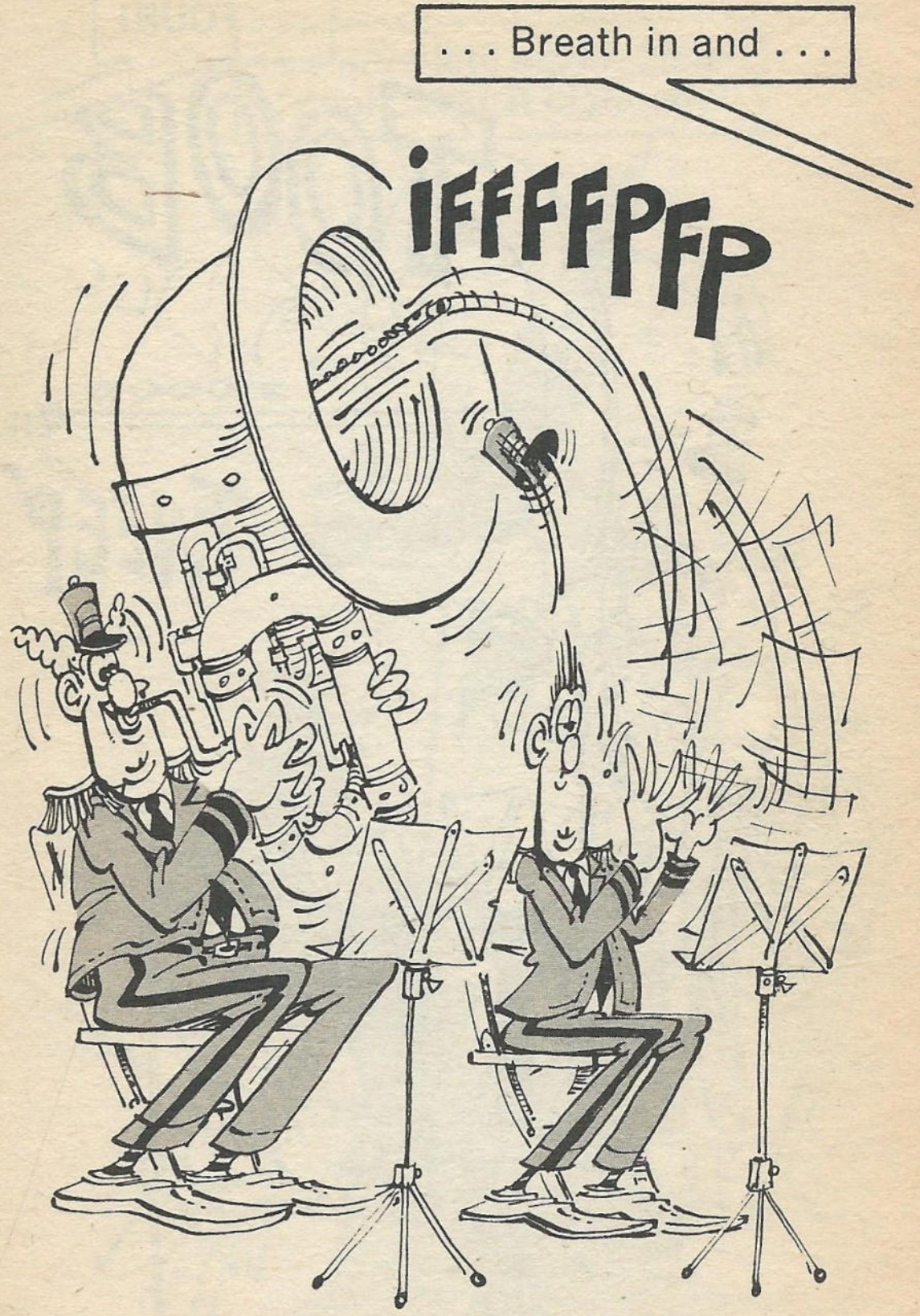
COLLECT??!!??
FORGET IT!!!

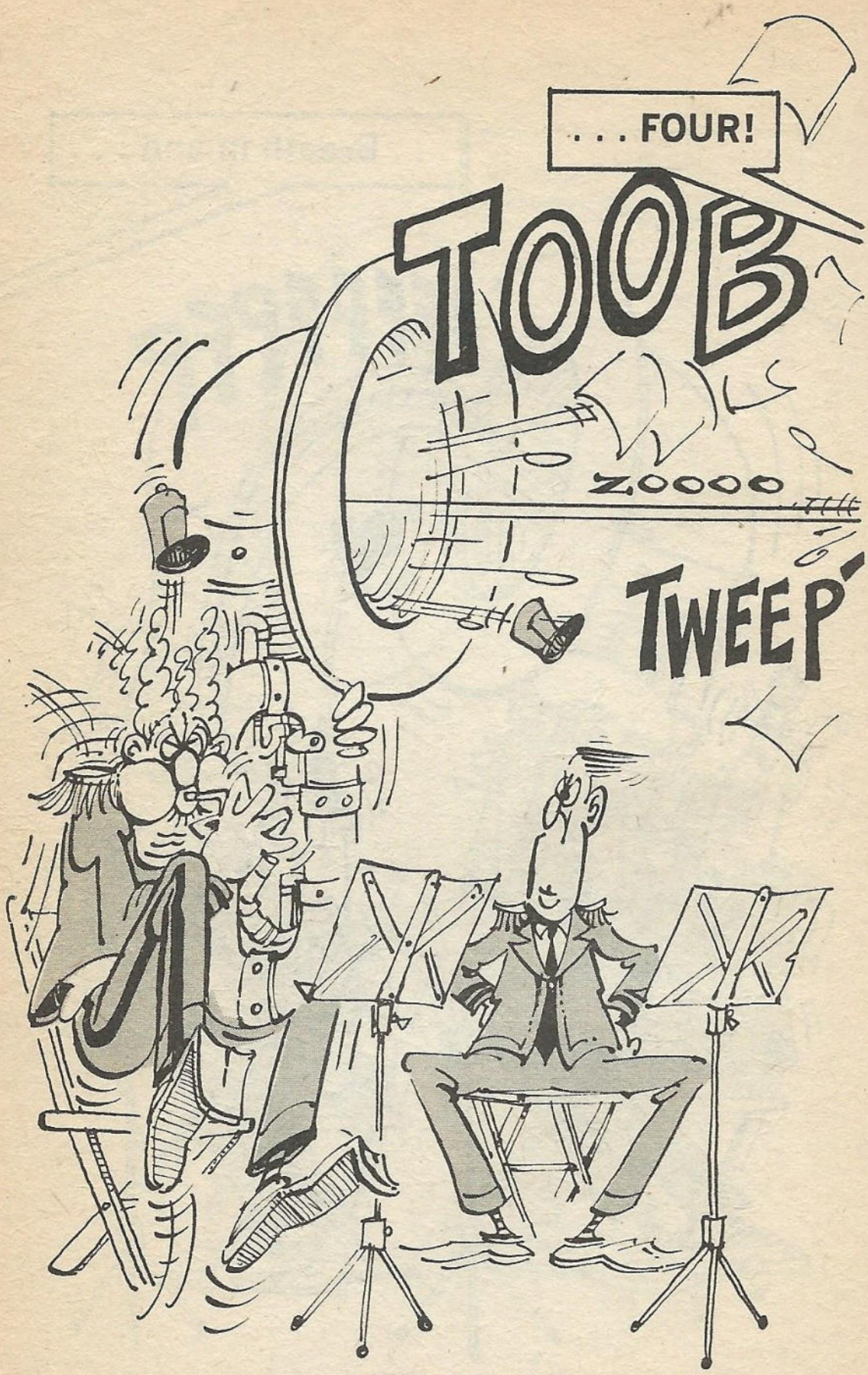
THE BIRD FEEDER AND HIS WIFE

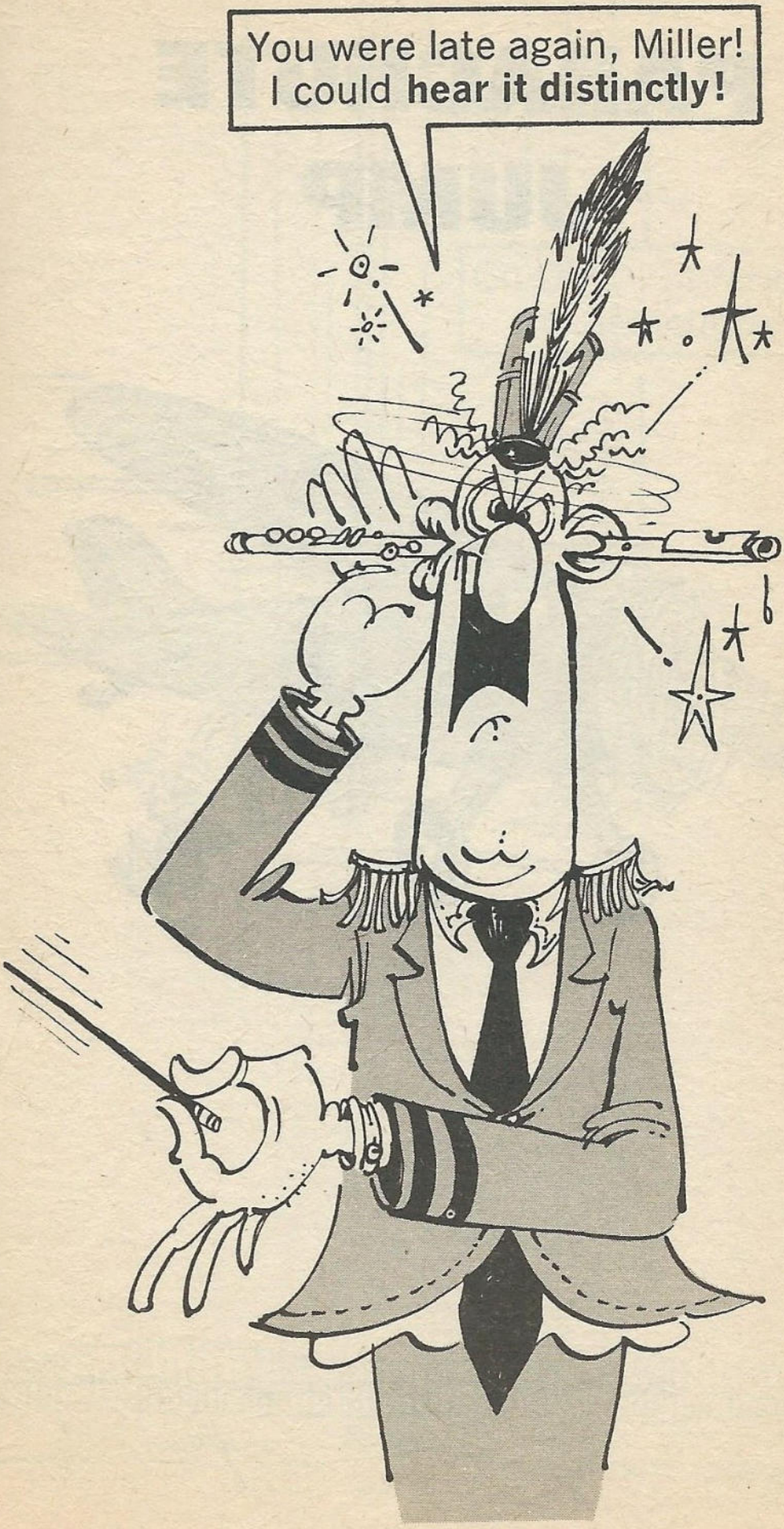
AT BAND PRACTICE



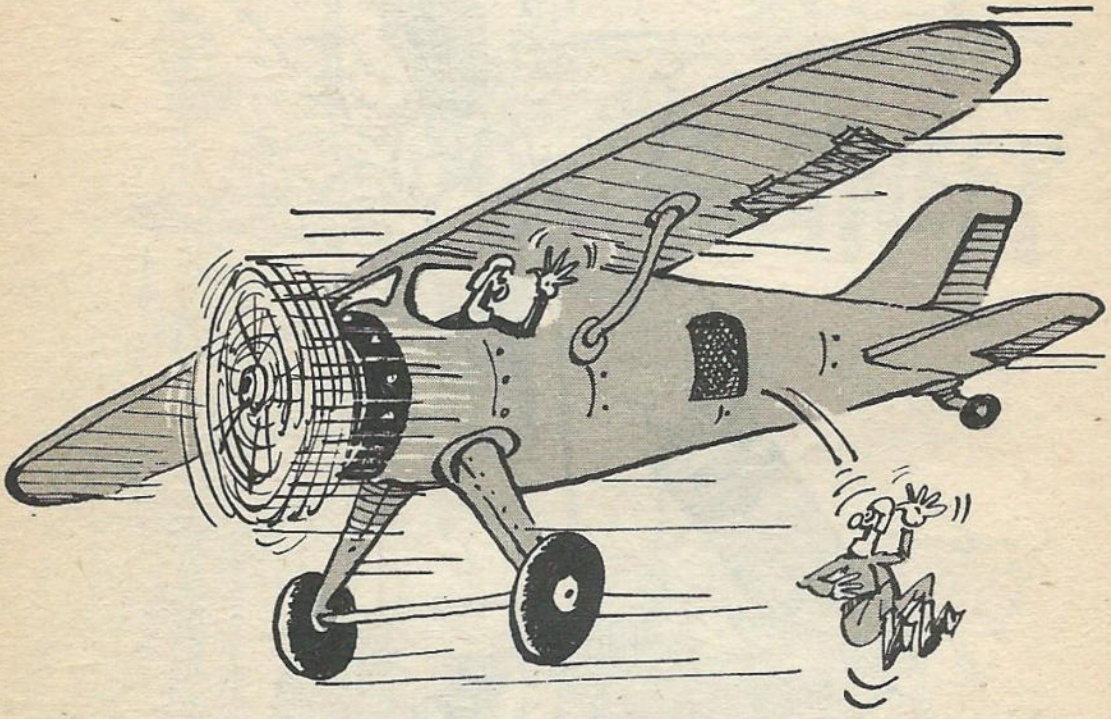

One . . . Two . . .

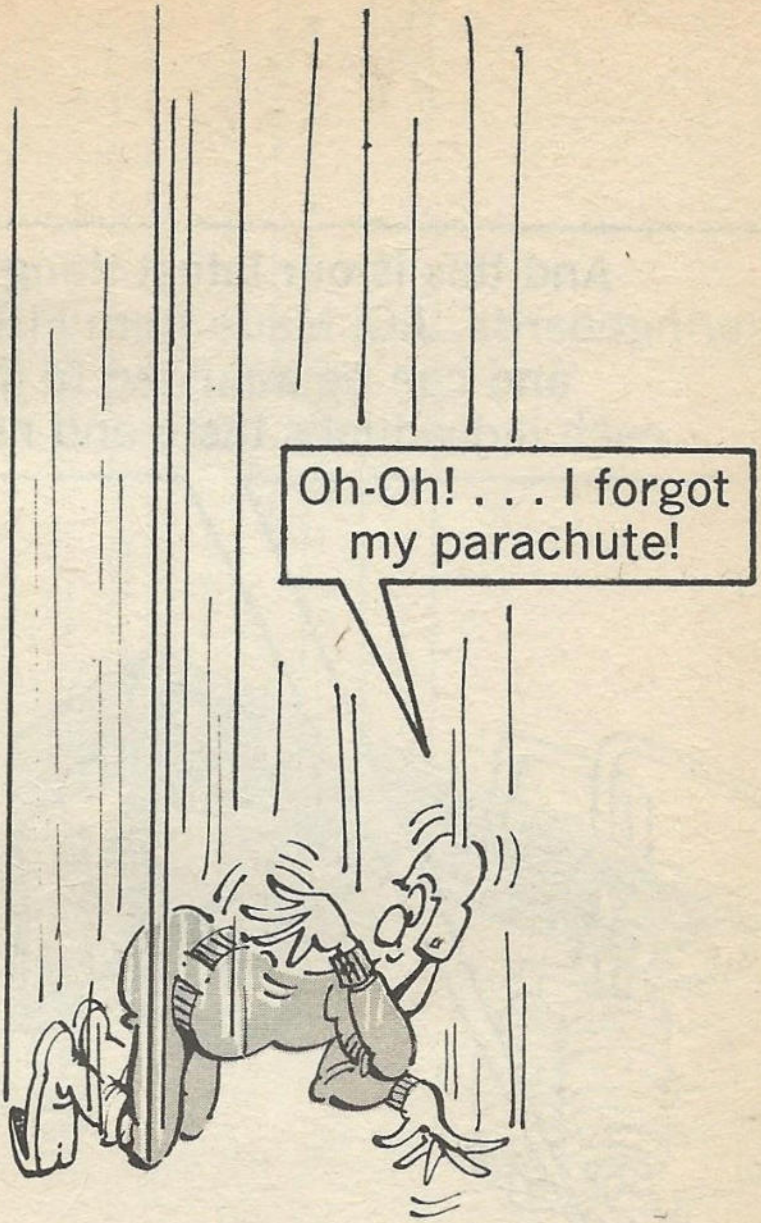

. . . Breath in and . . .
iFFFFPFP

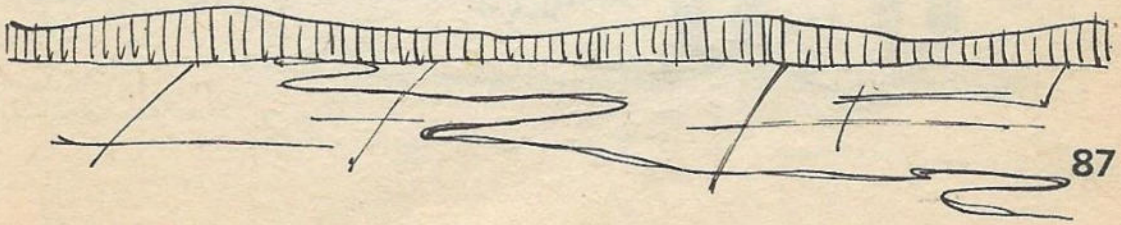

. . . FOUR!
TOOB
ZOOOO
TWEEP


You were late again, Miller!
I could **hear it distinctly!**

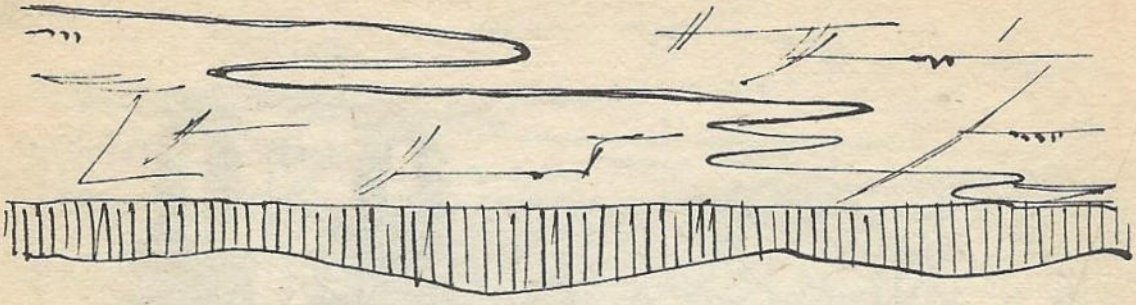
THE PARACHUTE JUMP

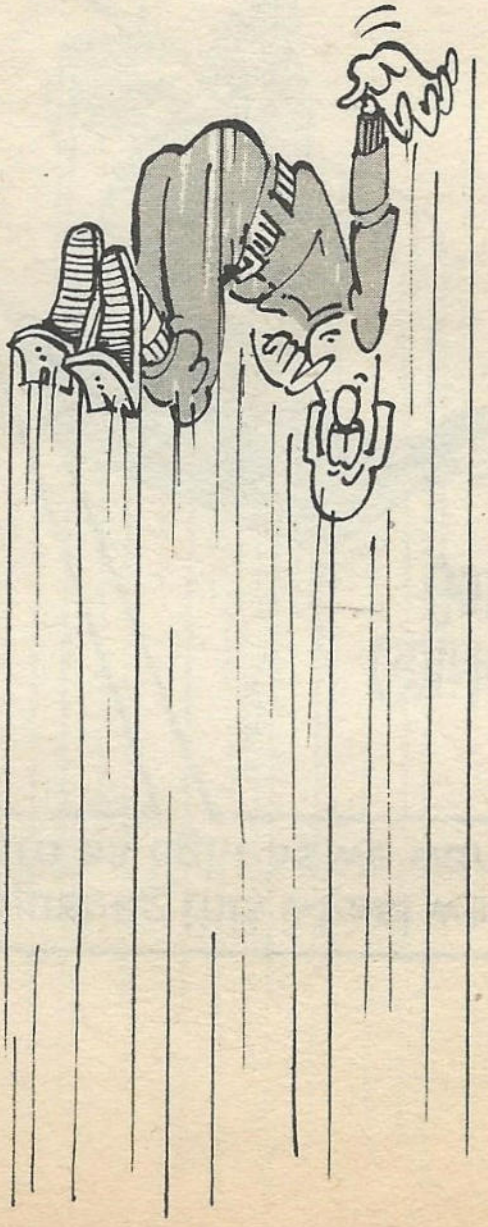



Oh-Oh! . . . I forgot my parachute!

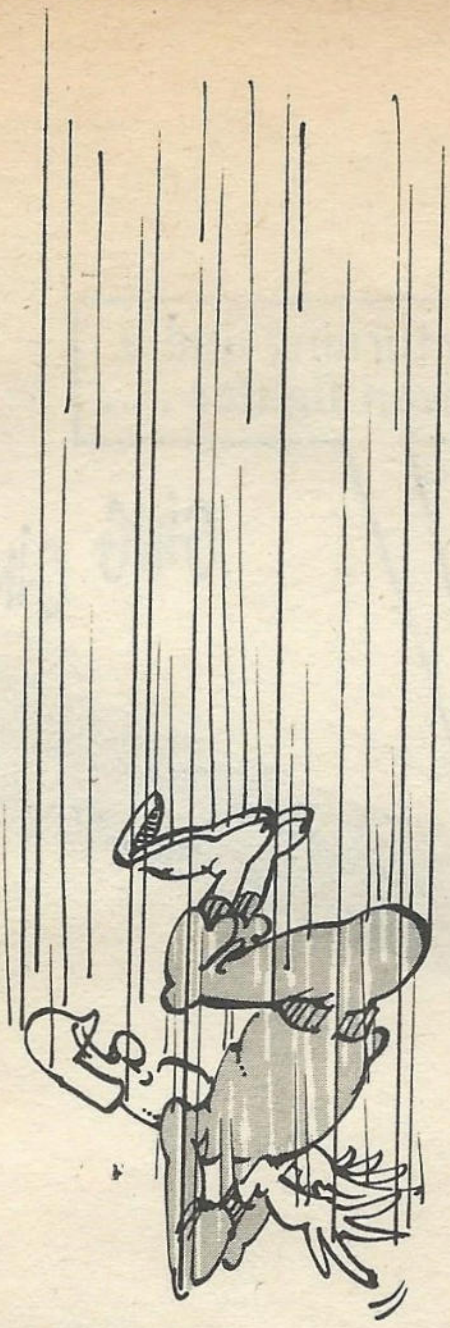


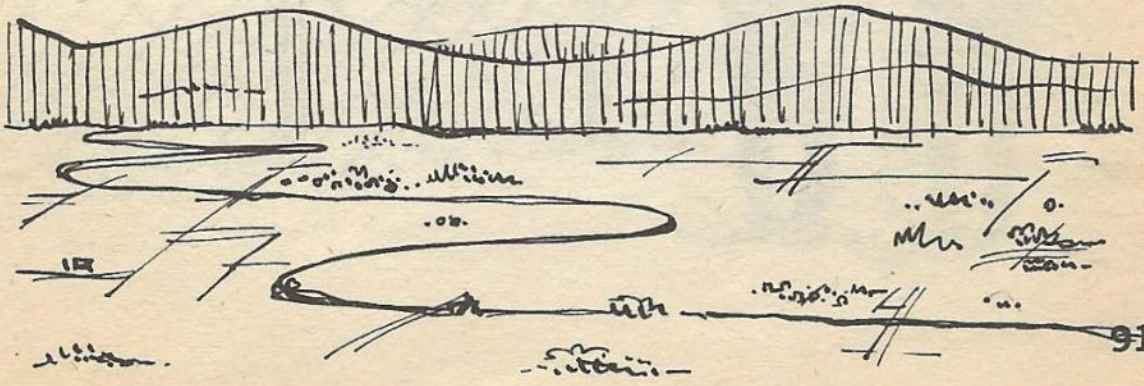
And this is our latest thing in springboards, J.C. Made from FIRMO-FLEX and can be adjusted to fit each individual's taste and needs.
·A.C.E.·
DIVING BOARD
TESTING AREA
KEEP OUT

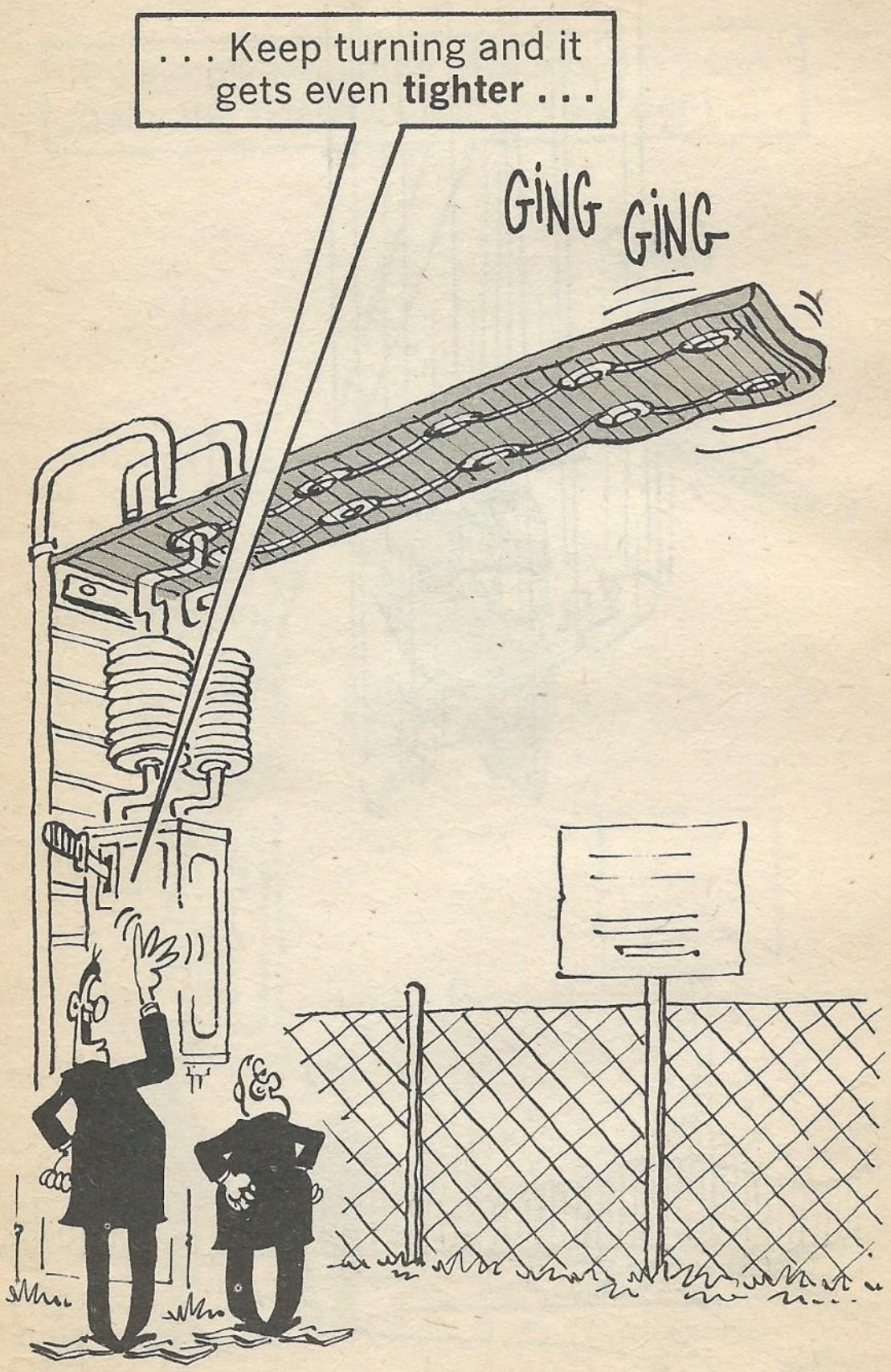


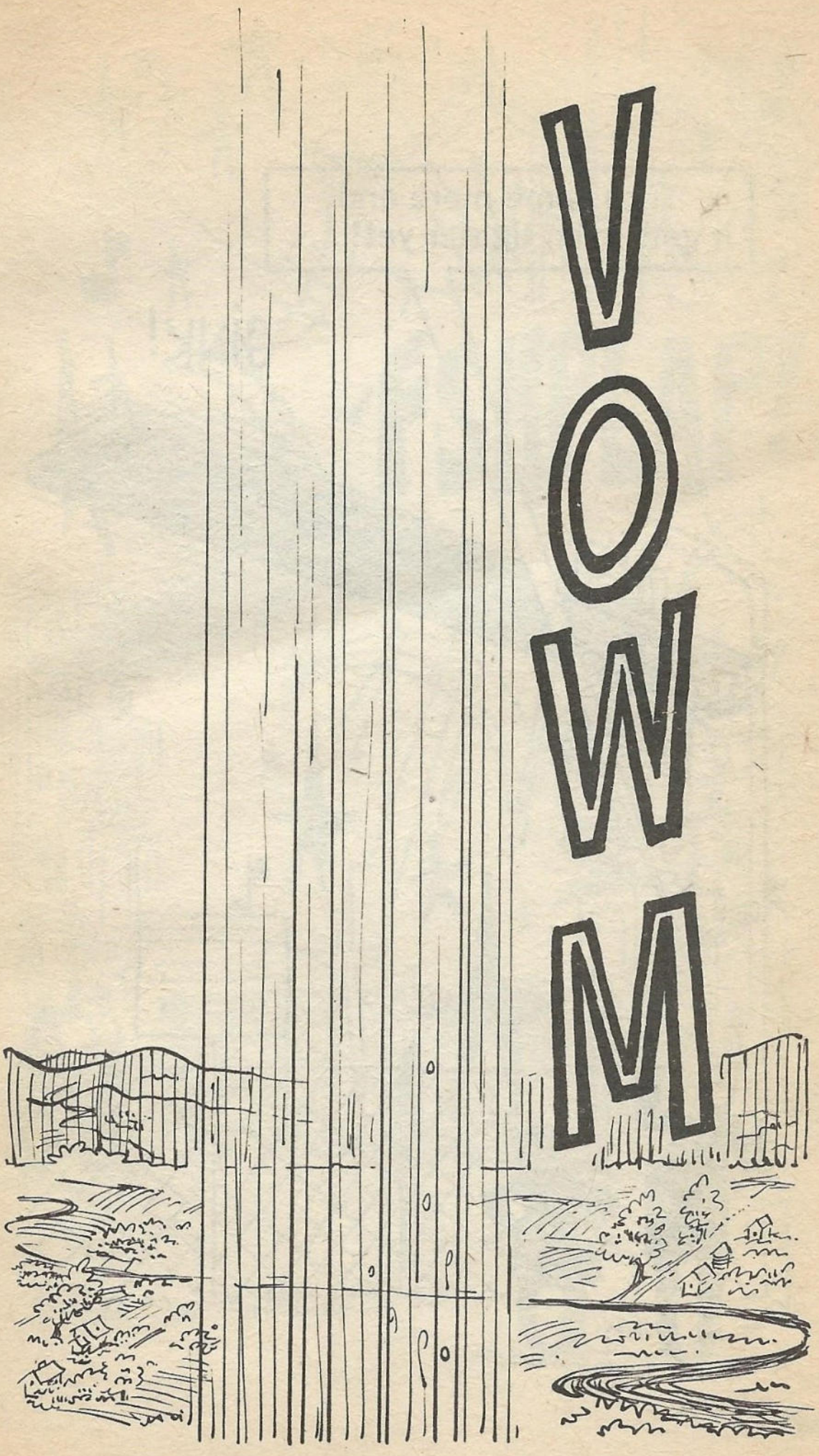


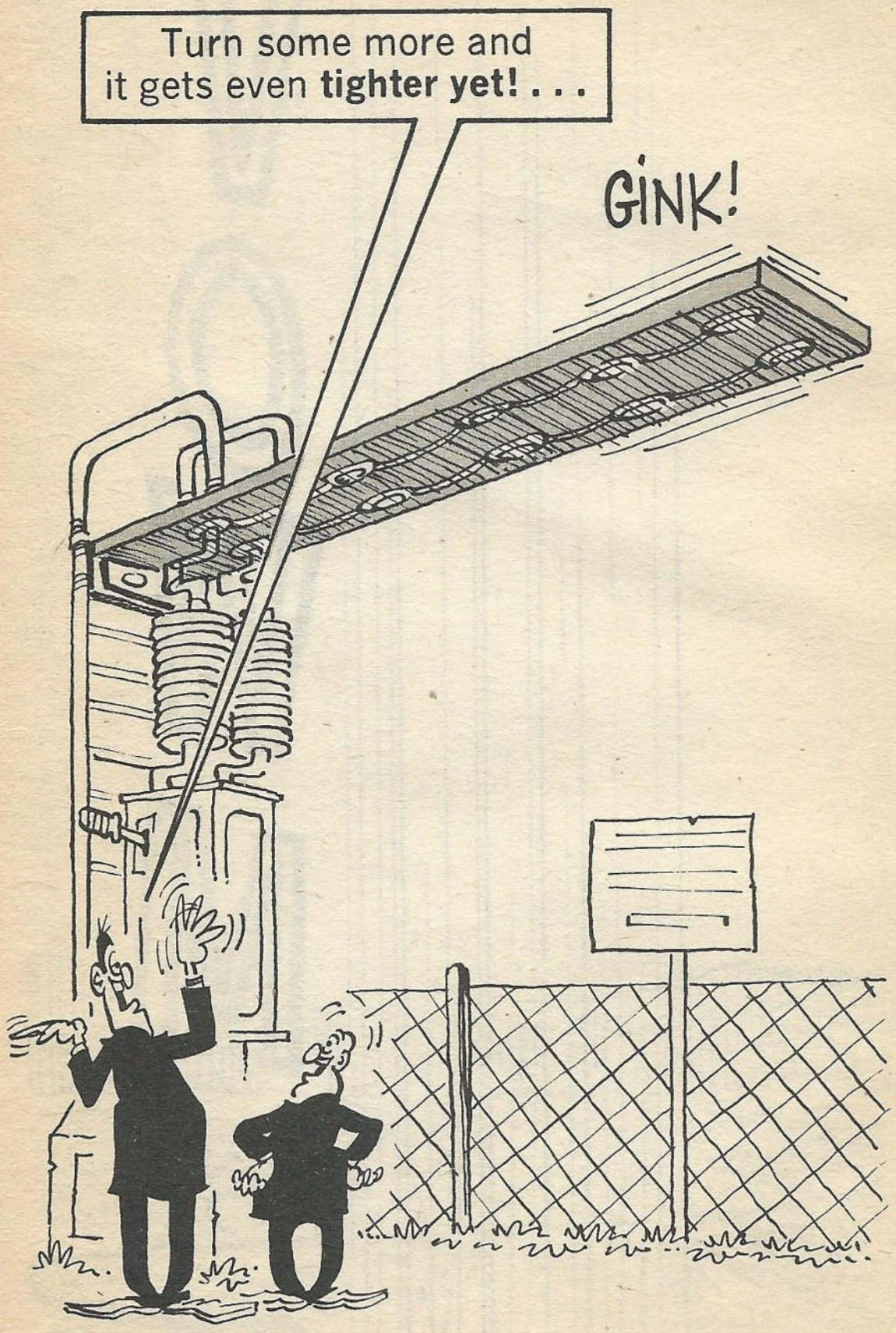
By simply adjusting this wheel we can make the board as tight as we want . . .
GOING
GOING



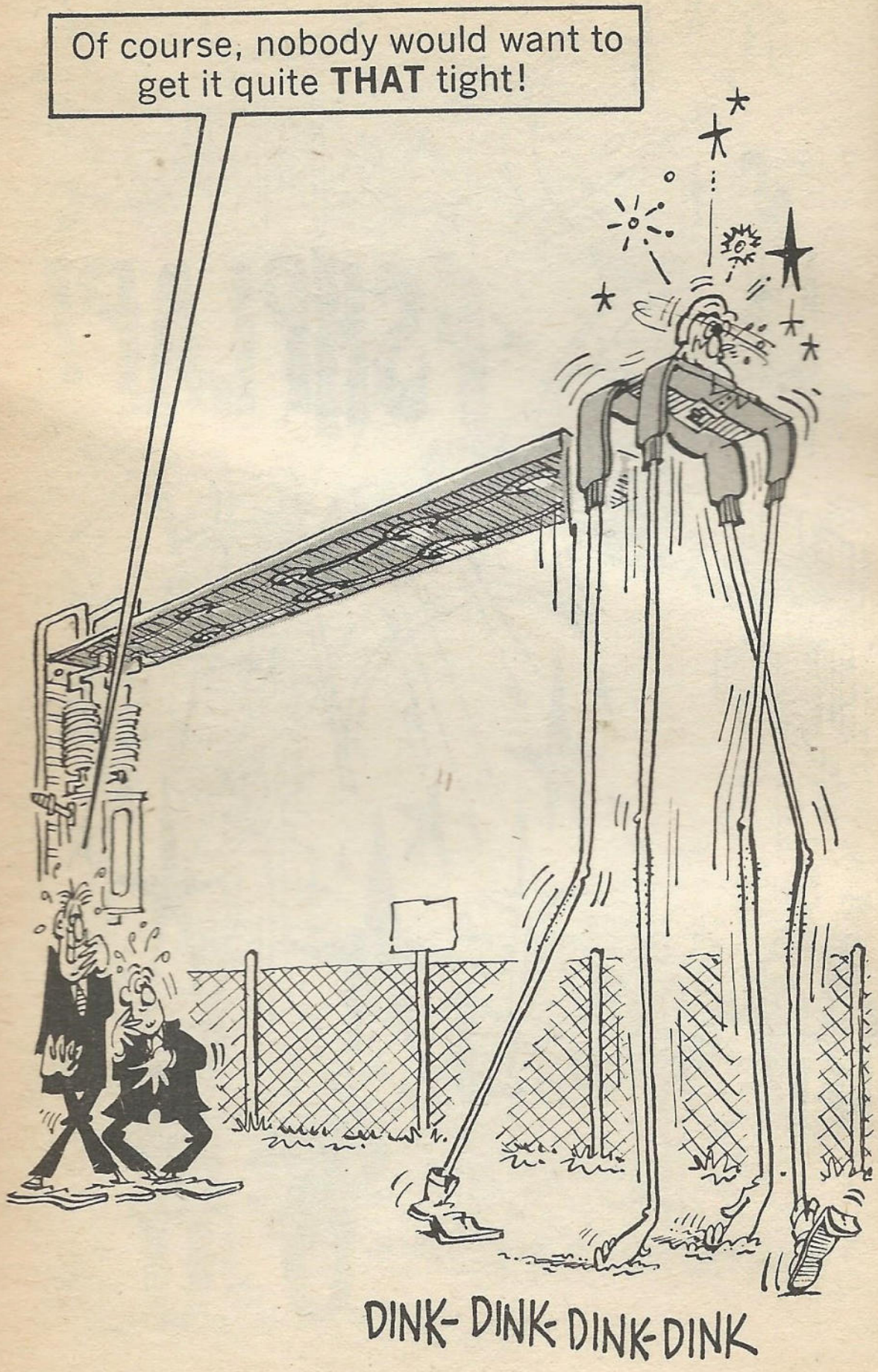



. . . Keep turning and it gets even **tighter** . . .
GING GING


VOWM


Turn some more and it gets even **tighter yet!** . . .
GINK!

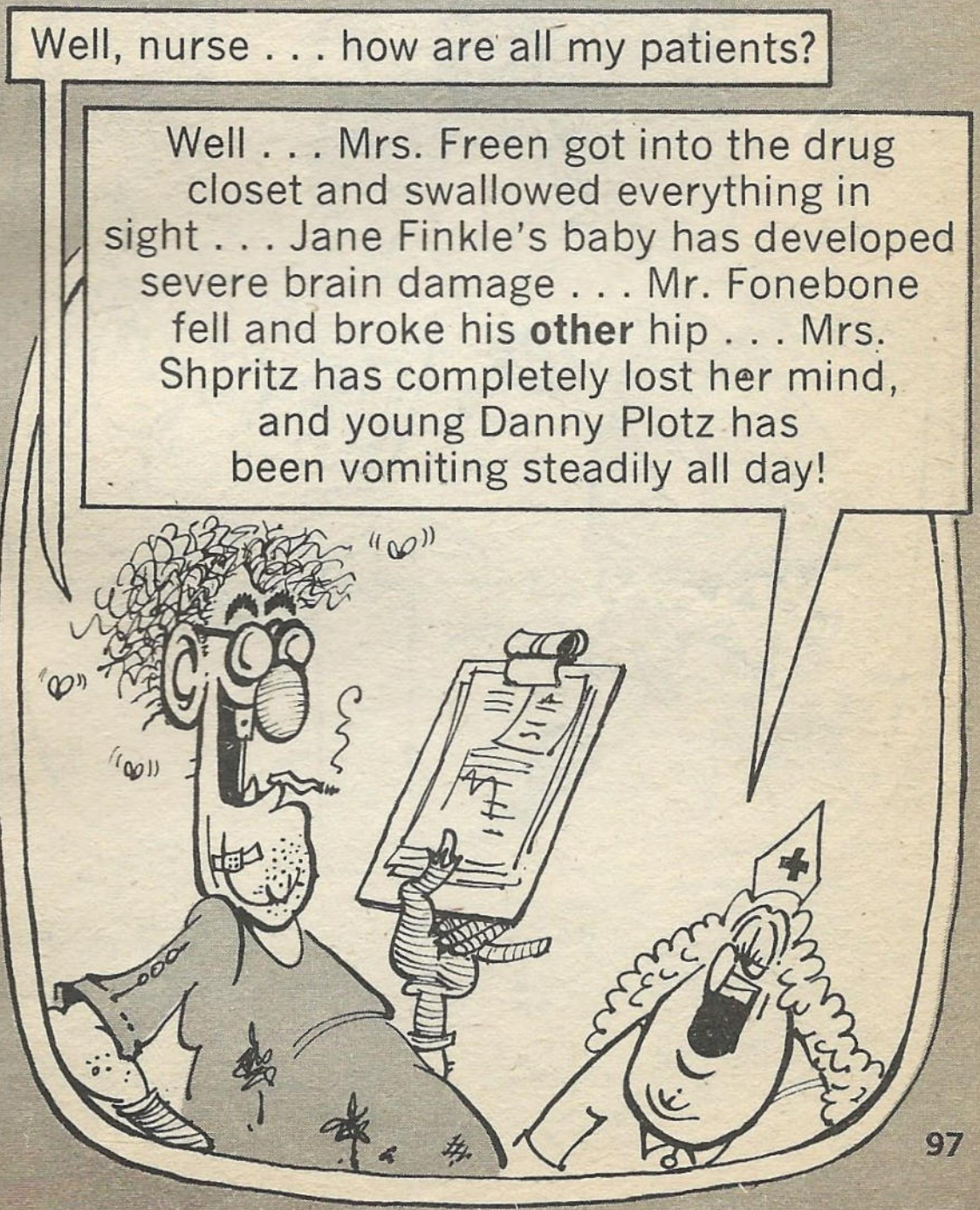
FSHPLAP!


Of course, nobody would want to get it quite **THAT** tight!
DINK-DINK-DINK-DINK

CHAPTER SIX HUNDRED AND SIXTY TWO OF...

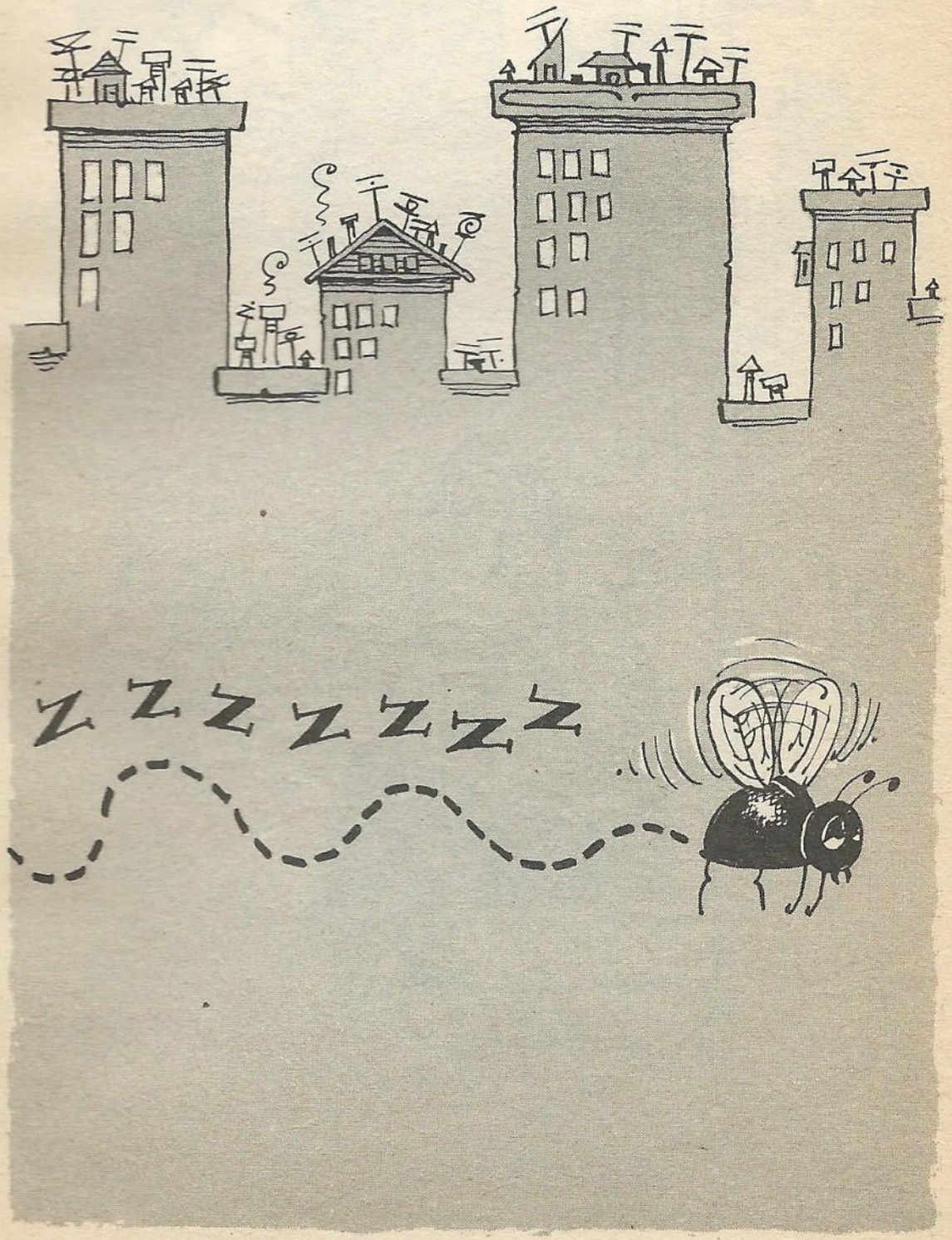
LEAP INTO LIFE

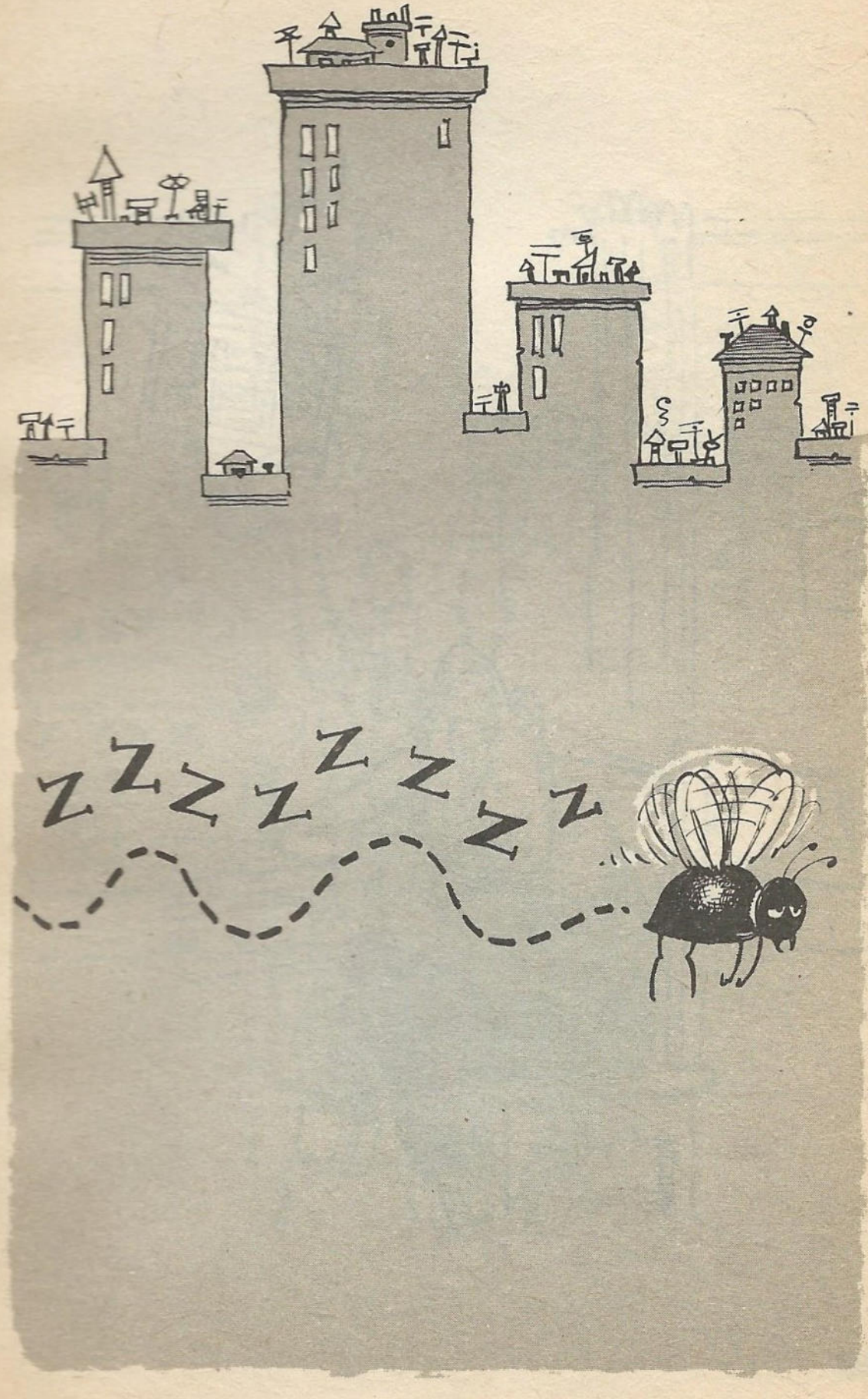
As we see Doctor Belch making his evening rounds at City Hospital . . .


Well, nurse . . . how are all my patients?
Well . . . Mrs. Freen got into the drug closet and swallowed everything in sight . . . Jane Finkle's baby has developed severe brain damage . . . Mr. Fonebone fell and broke his **other** hip . . . Mrs. Shpritz has completely lost her mind, and young Danny Plotz has been vomiting steadily all day!

Fine! I'm glad everything is going well . . . I'll look in again **next** week.

THE BEETLE

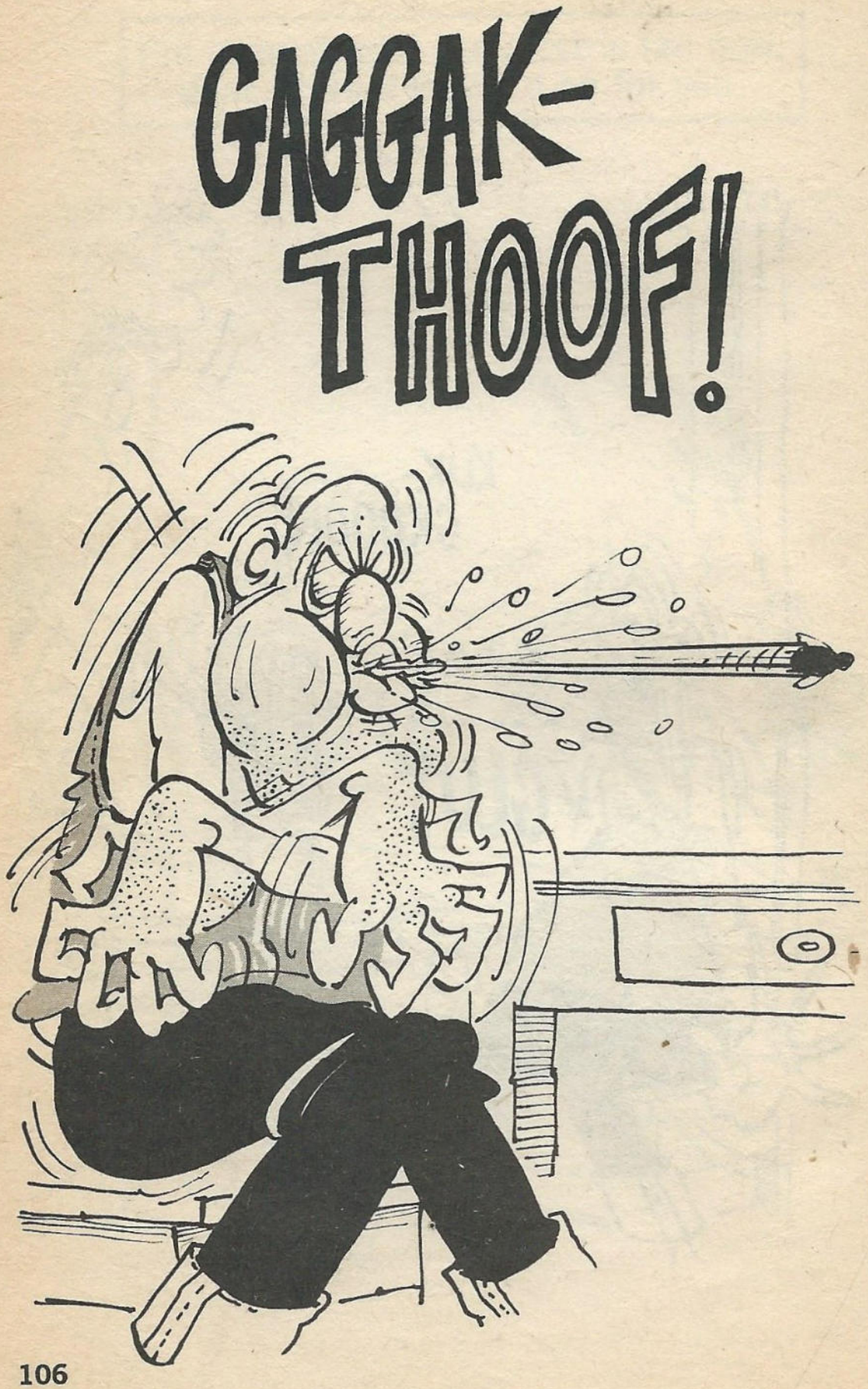


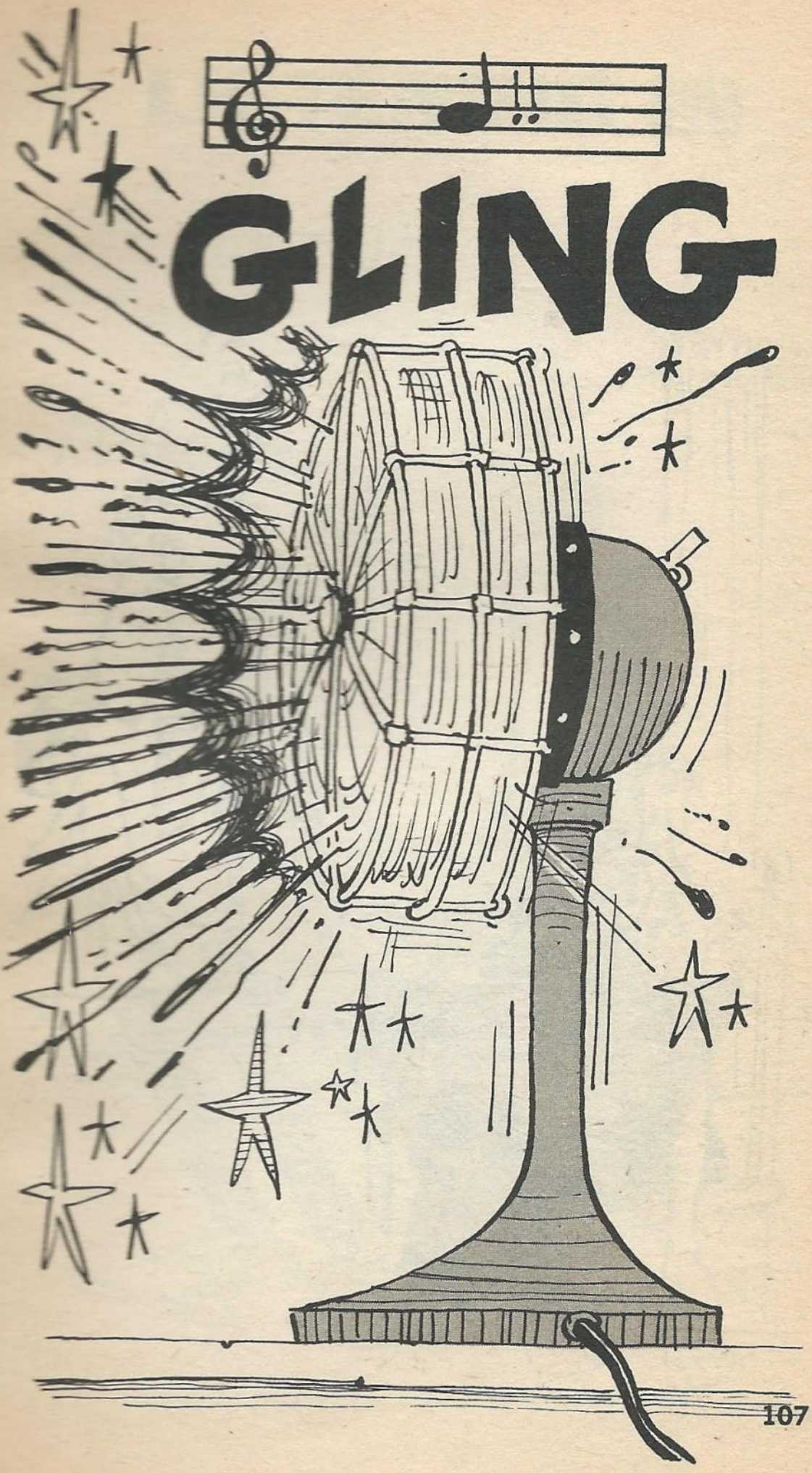


Z Z Z Z Z Z
Z Z Z Z

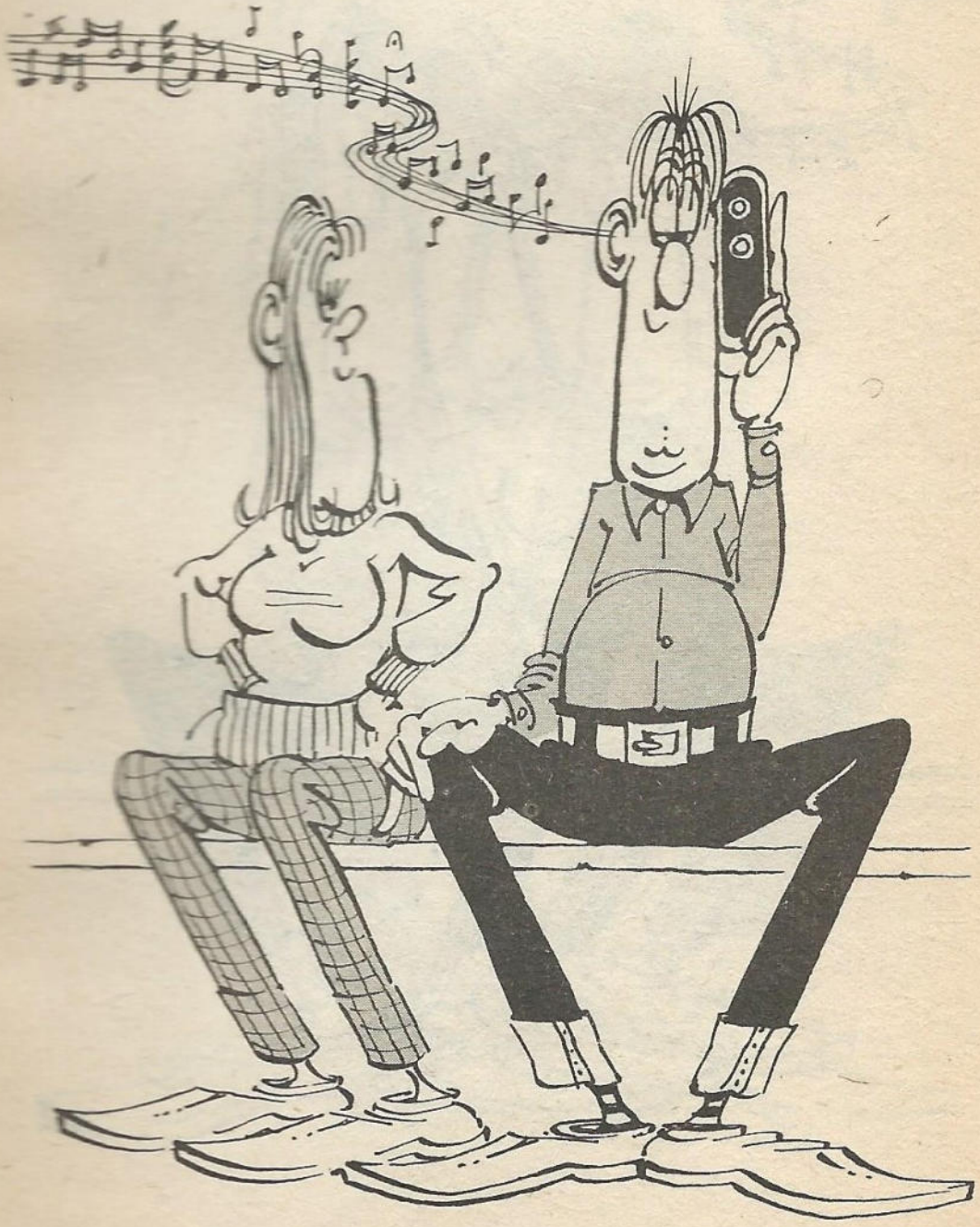
I'm through with the electric fan now, dear. Here, I'll turn it on for you.
Z Z
Z Z Z

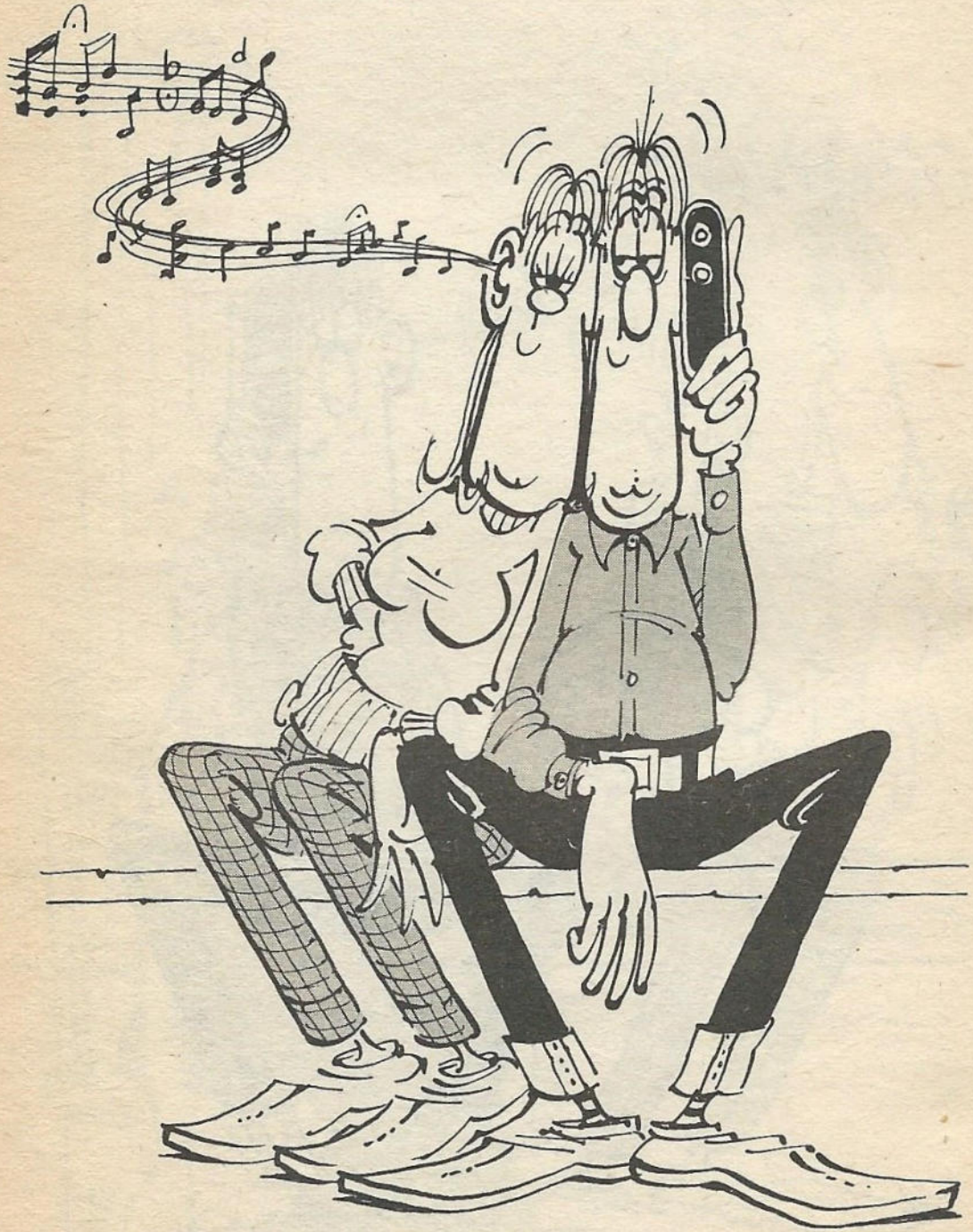
KLIK-
GROOON
ZZZT
GLUT

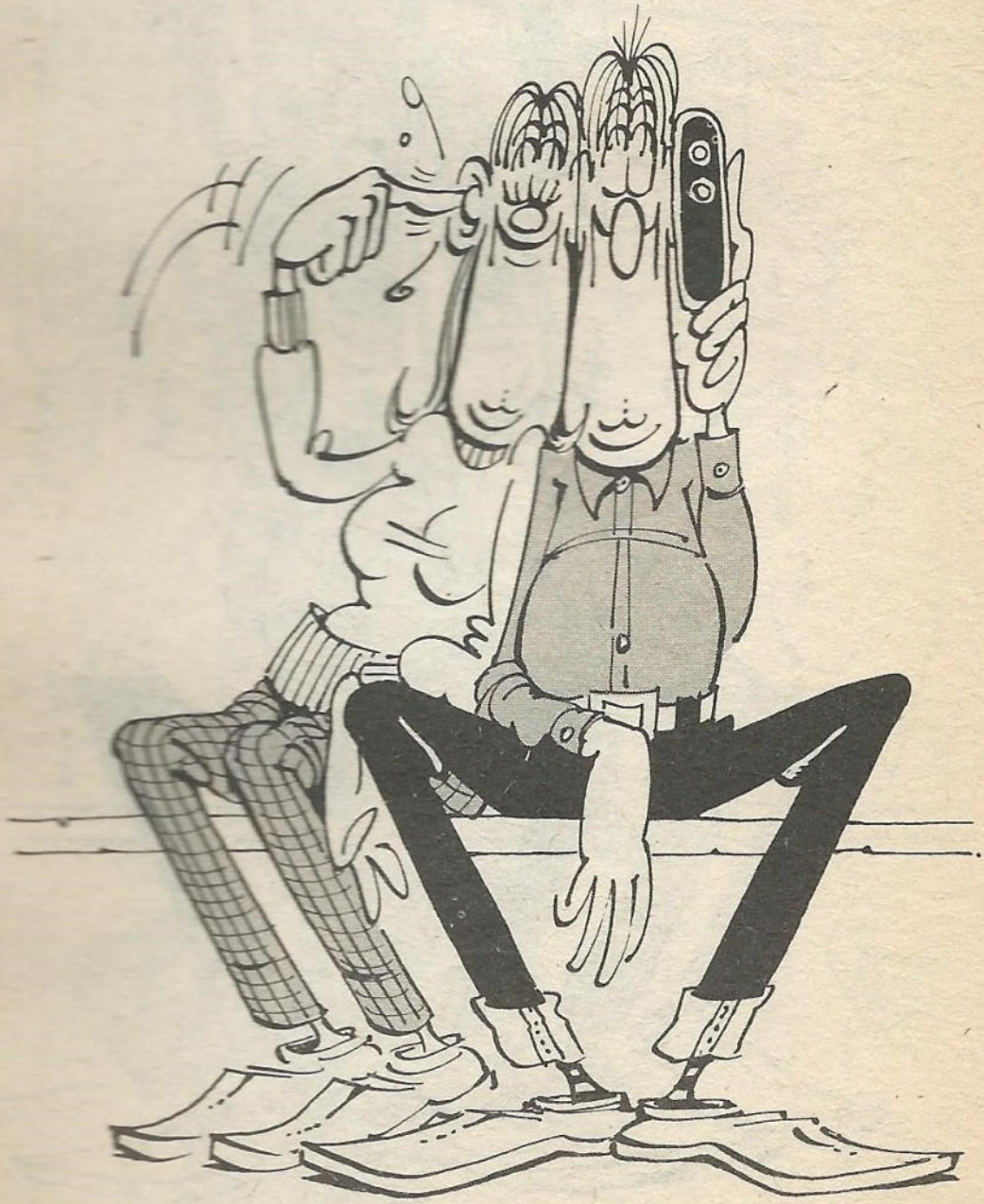

GAGGAK-
THOOF!

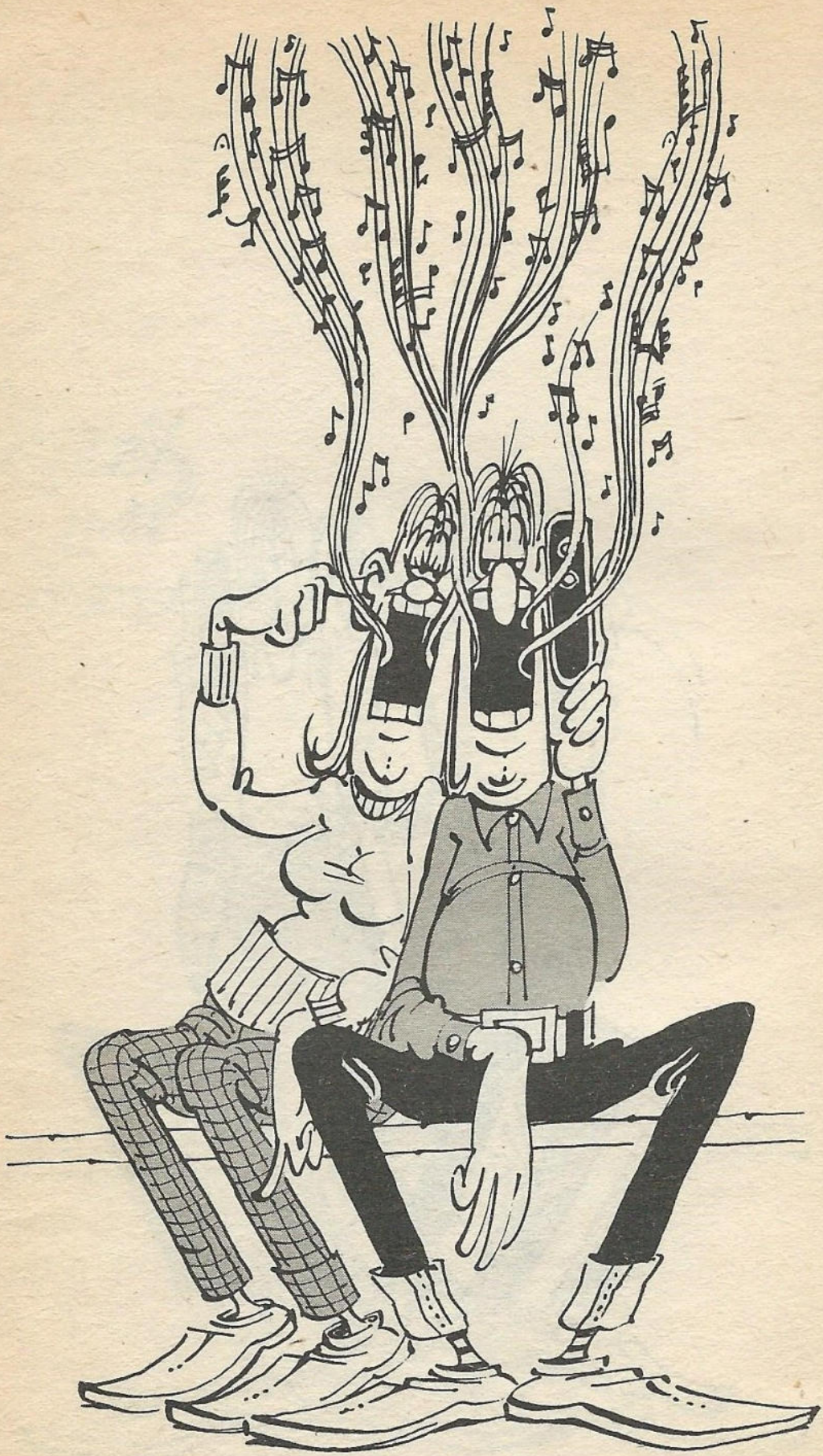

GLING

LISTENING IN





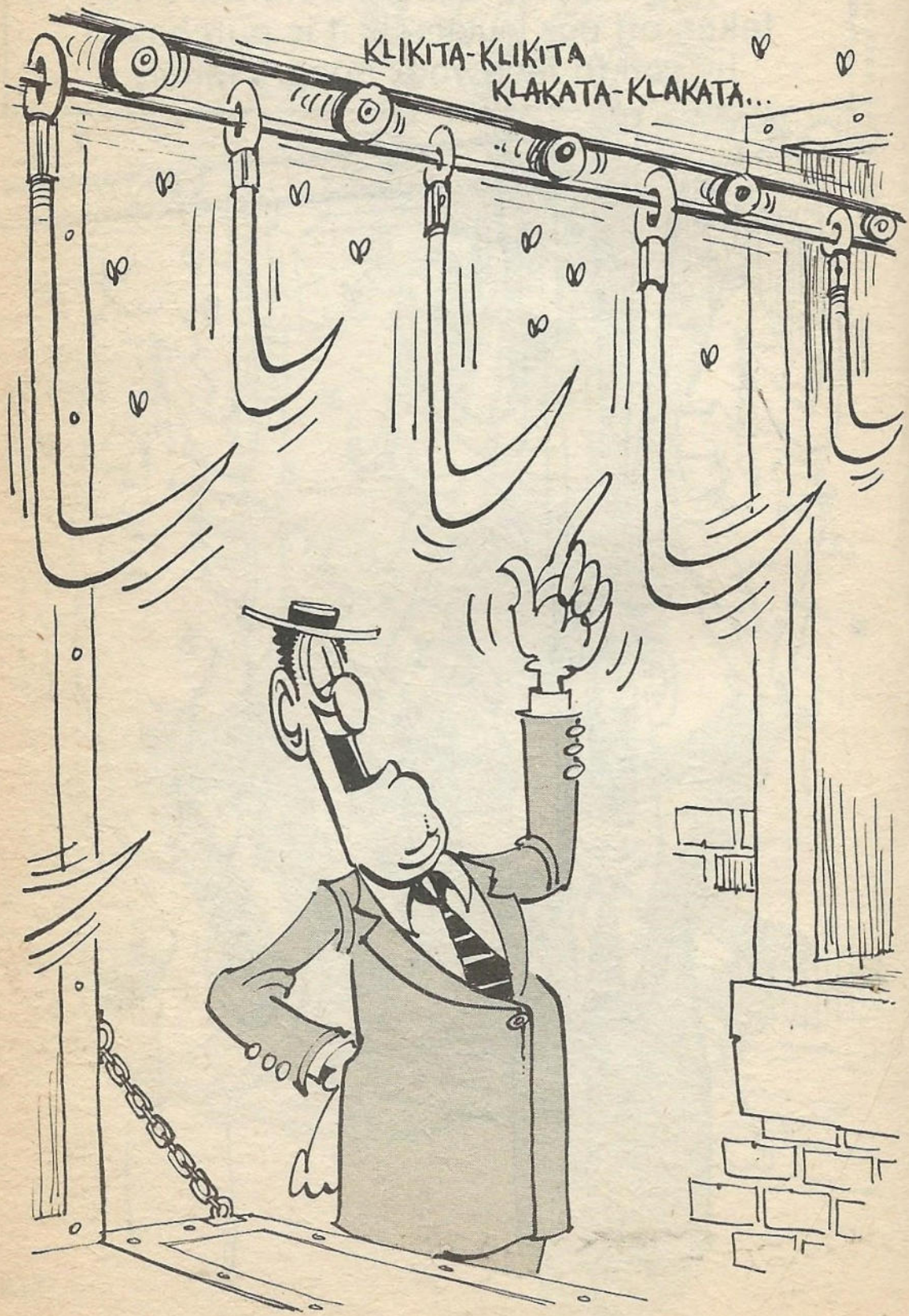




ART FREEN TIME

Hi, folks! This is Art Freen, in behalf of the United Meat Association, to show you exactly what happens to the meat from the time it is taken off our trucks till it is purchased by you to feed your hungry family.

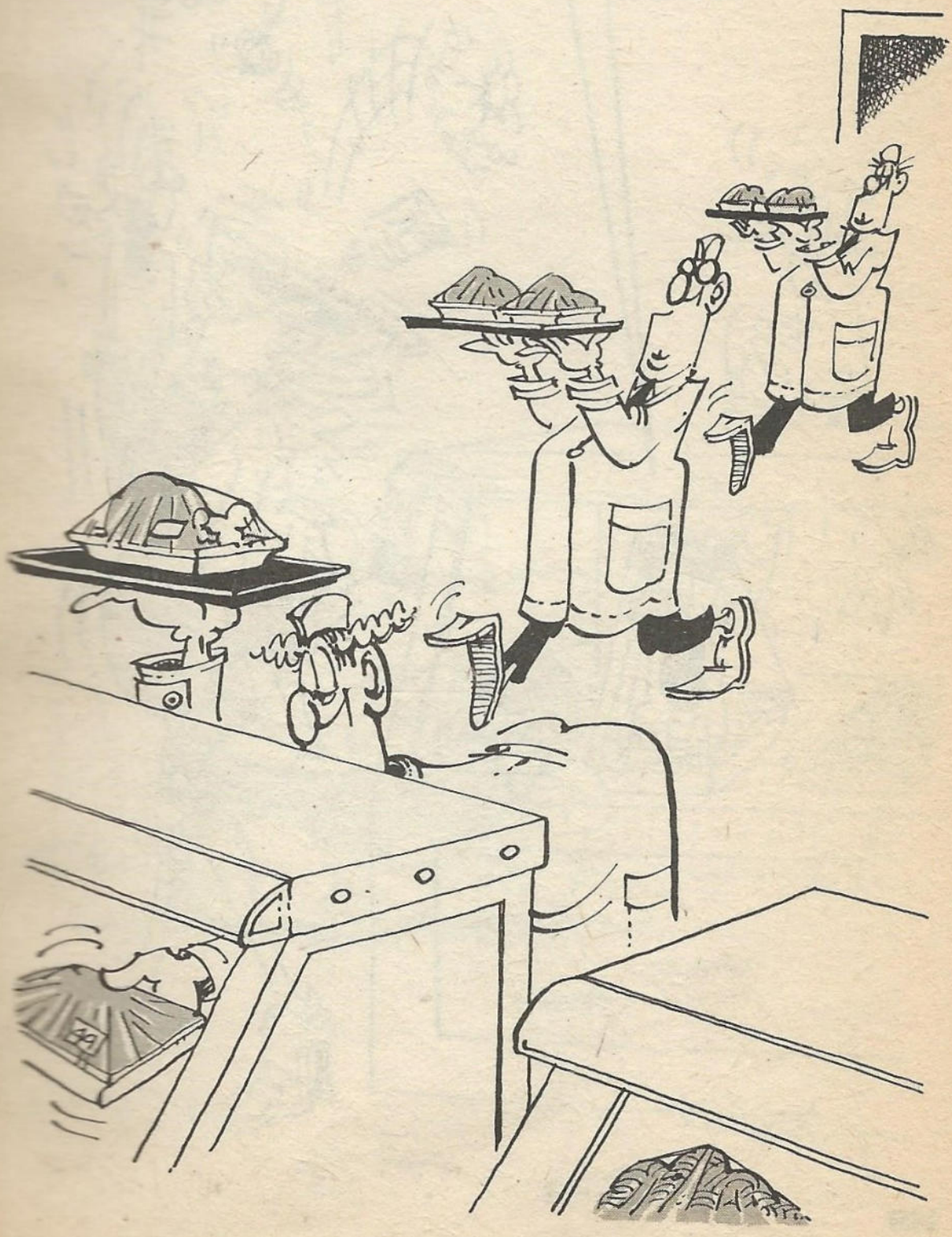
As you can see, these huge hooks run on a conveyor belt from the trucks into the back of the store. The sides of meat are put on these hooks and carried to their first processing department called the "sectioning table".

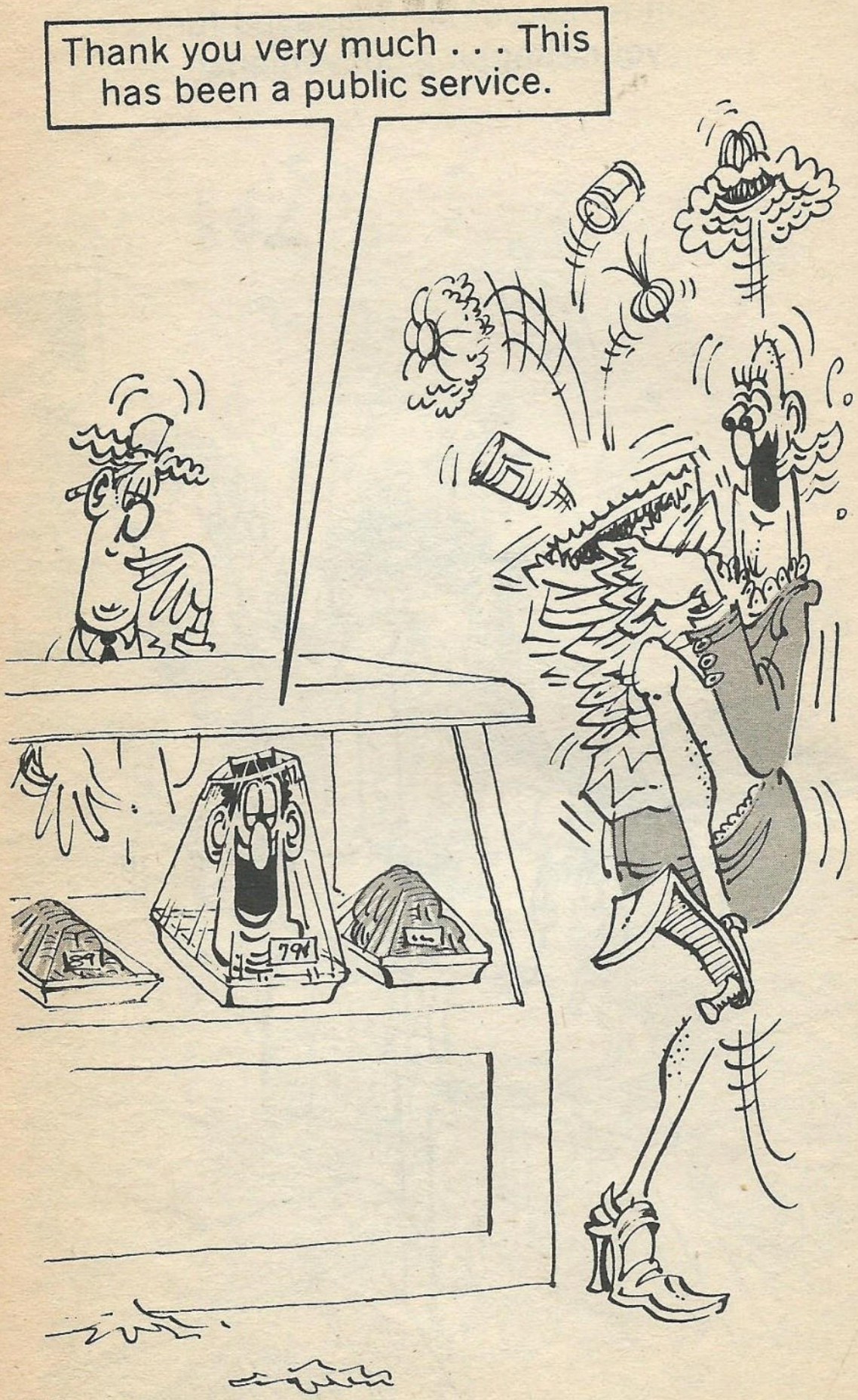


Here, the meat is removed from the hooks, laid out on the table, and sectioned, sliced, trimmed and ground, by a team of experts.

From the sectioning table it is put on another long conveyor belt where the various slices and cuts are selected, graded, weighed, packaged, and priced.

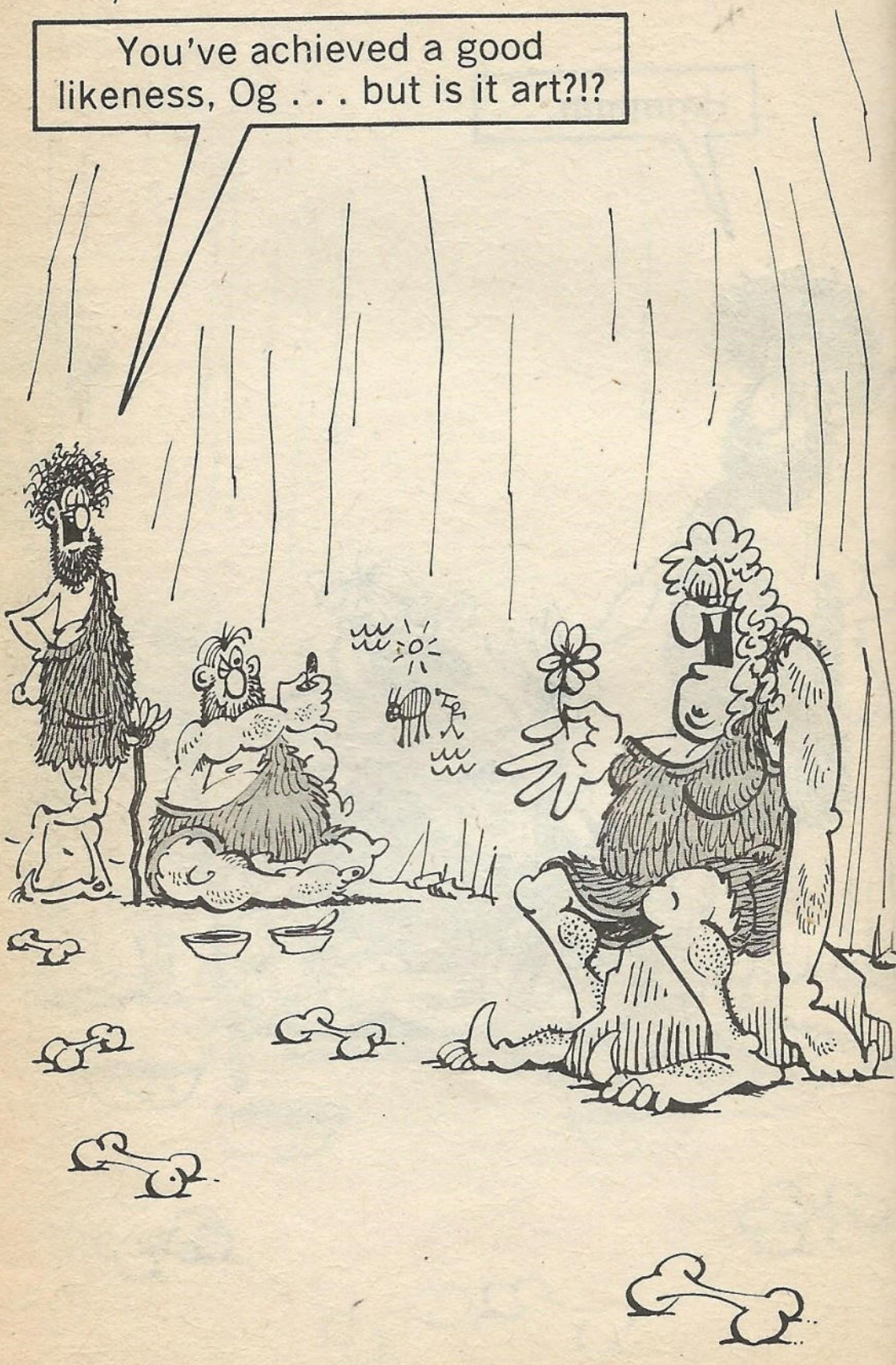
And finally it is carried out to the counter on shiny sanitary trays where it is beautifully displayed for your shopping convenience.




Thank you very much . . . This has been a public service.

THE CAVE PAINTER

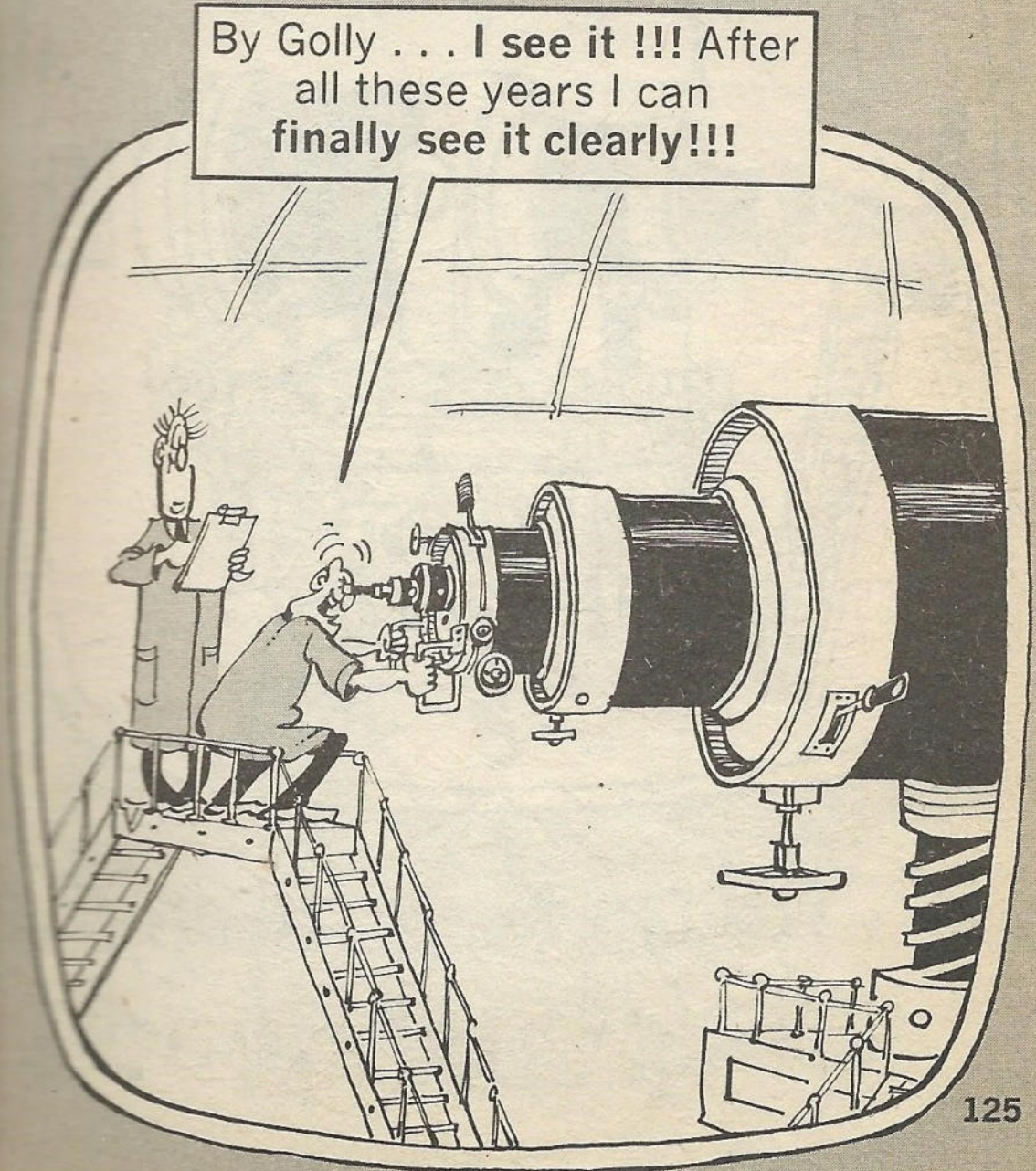
Hmmmm. . .

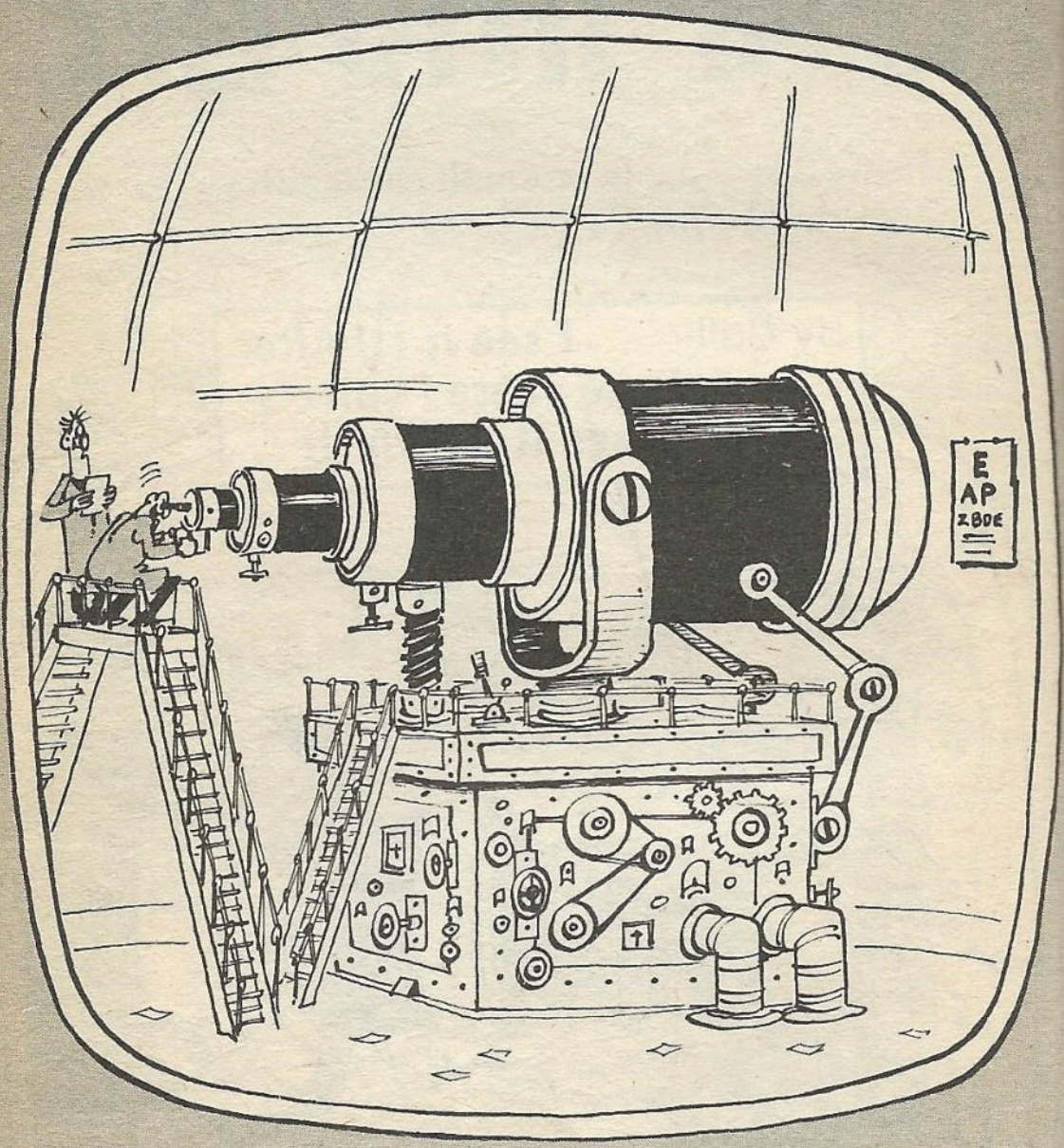
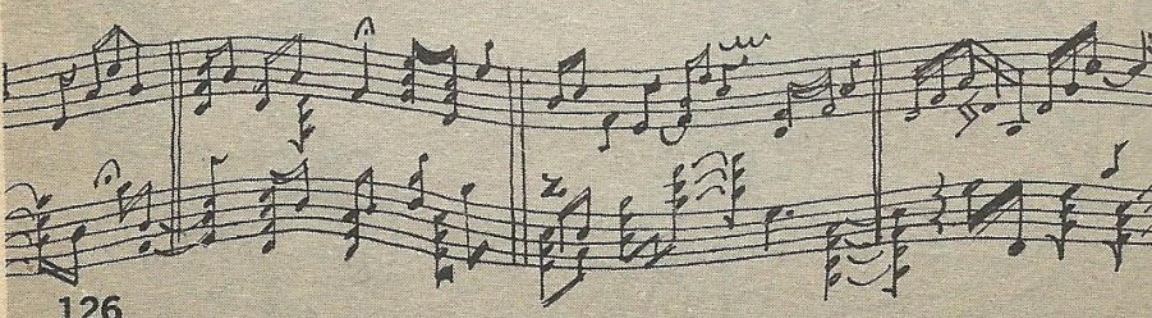

You've achieved a good likeness, Og . . . but is it art?!?

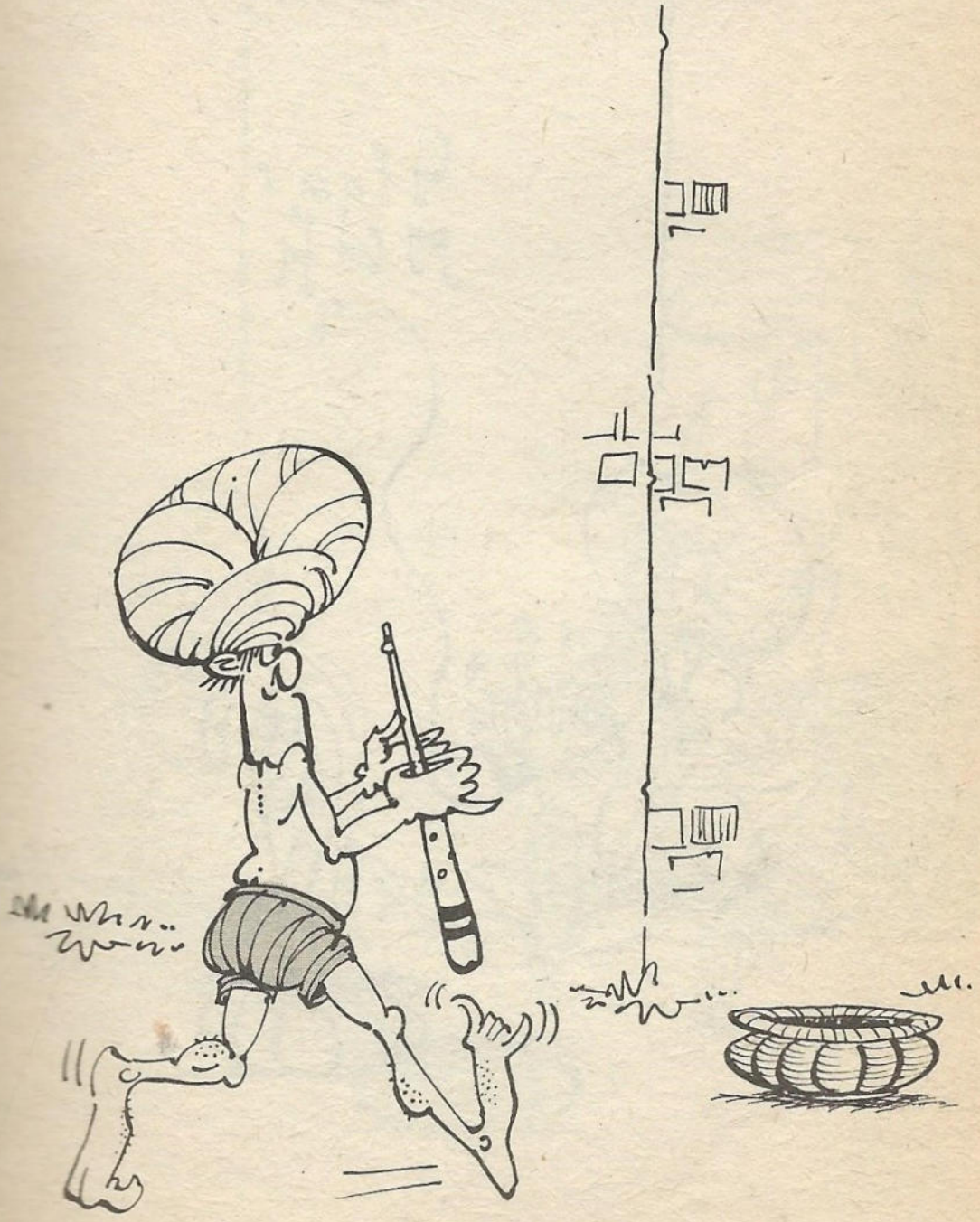
CHAPTER SEVEN HUNDRED AND SEVEN OF...

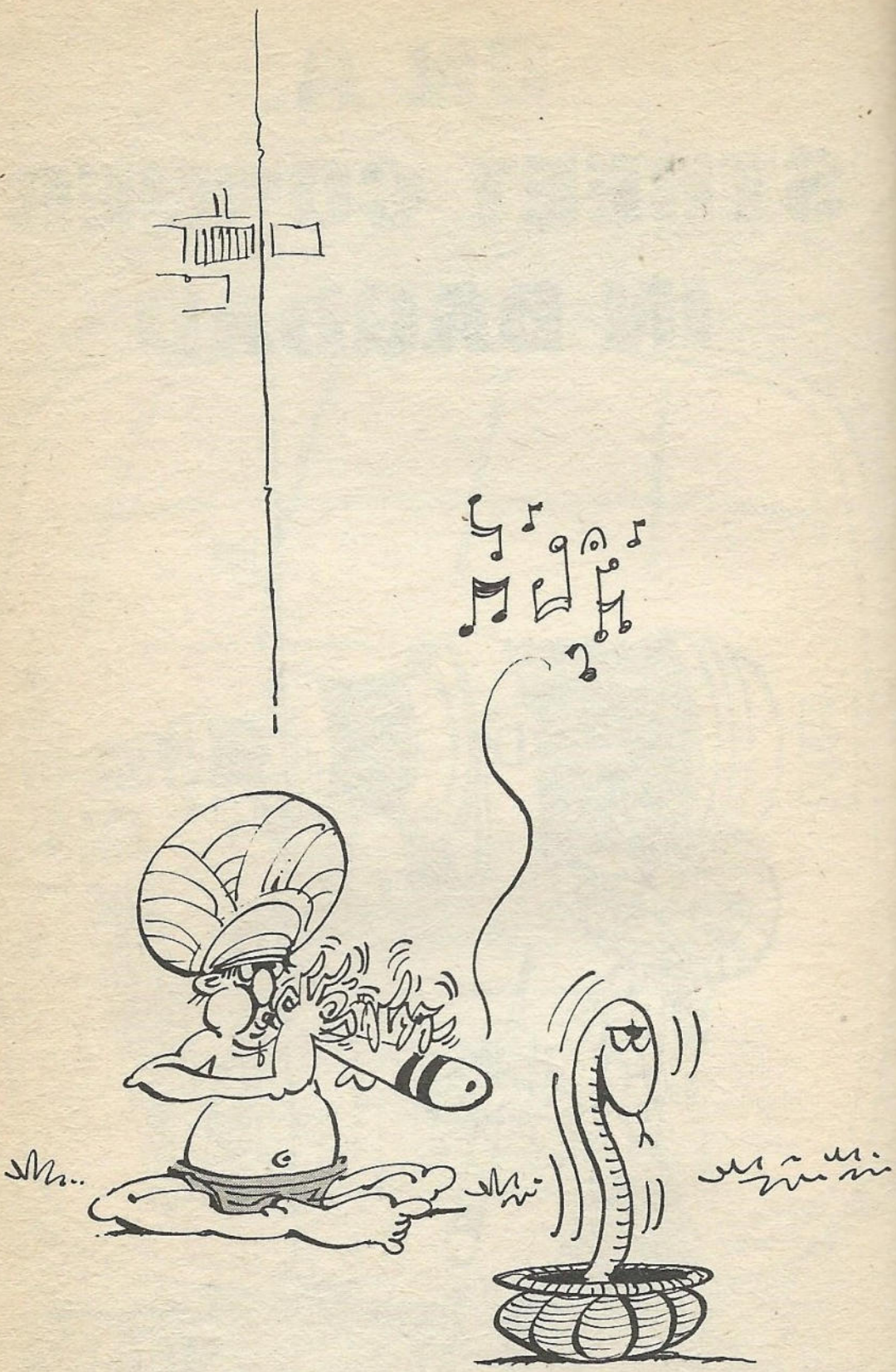
LEAP INTO LIFE

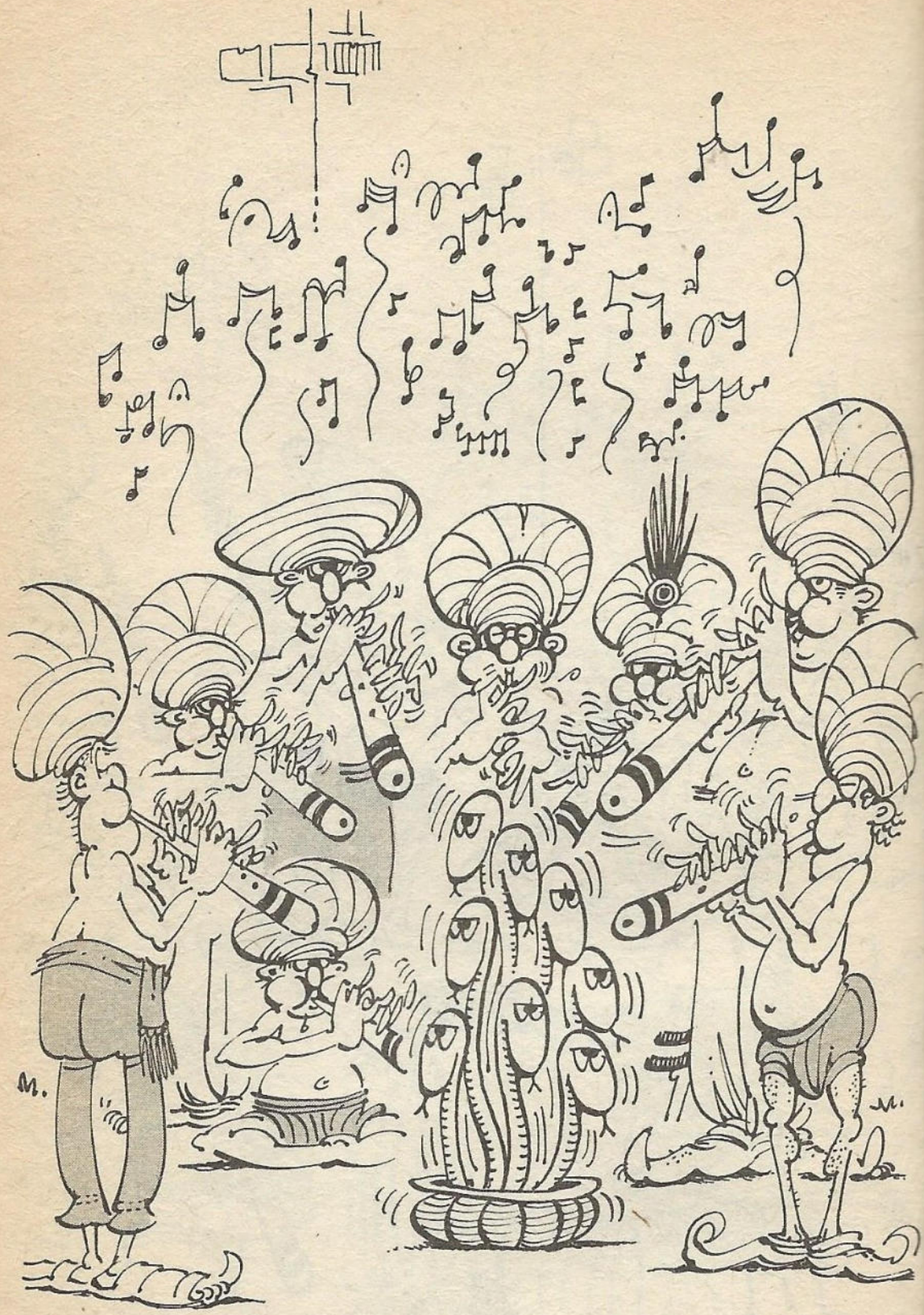
Meanwhile . . . in a small observatory on the outskirts of town . . .

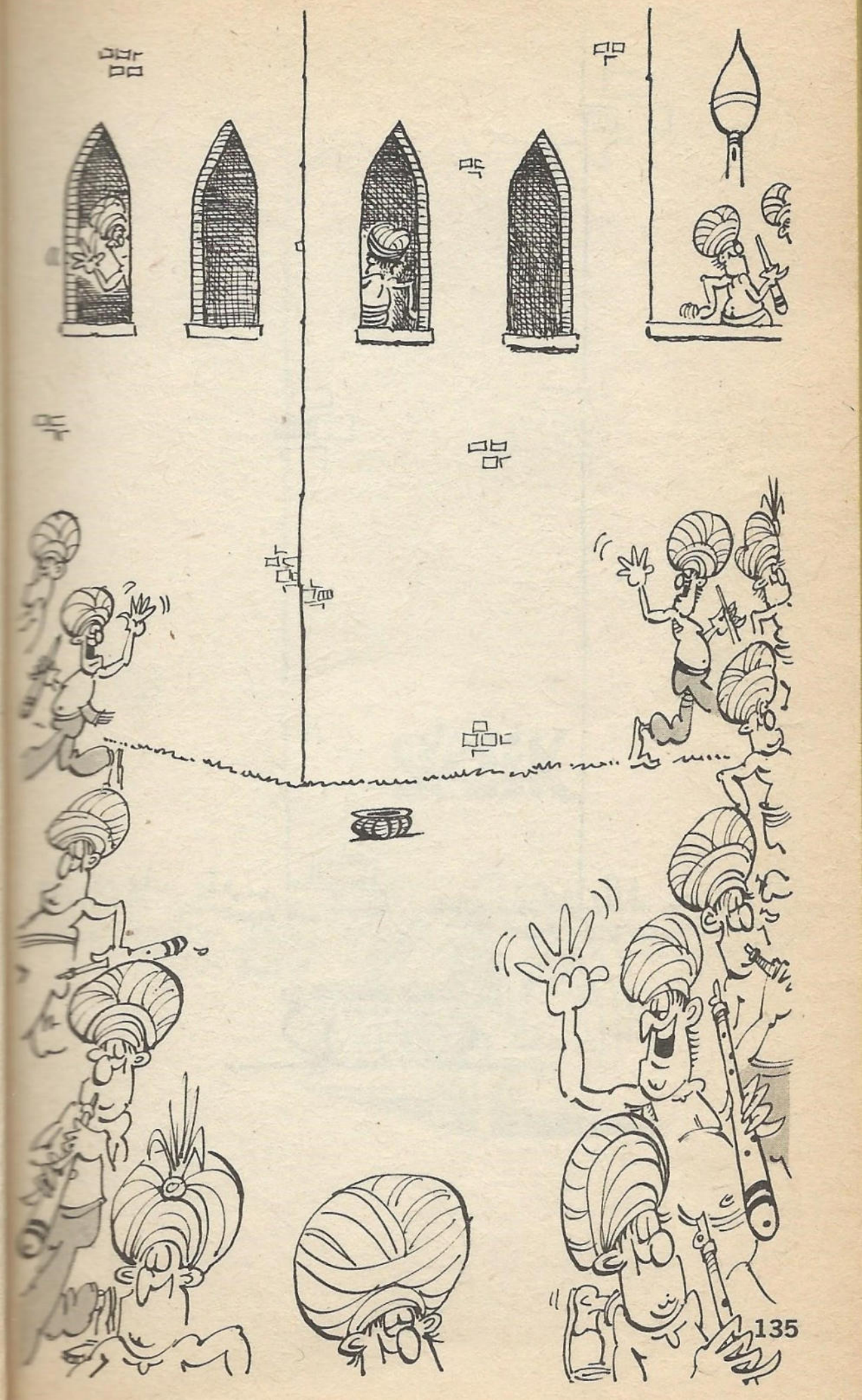


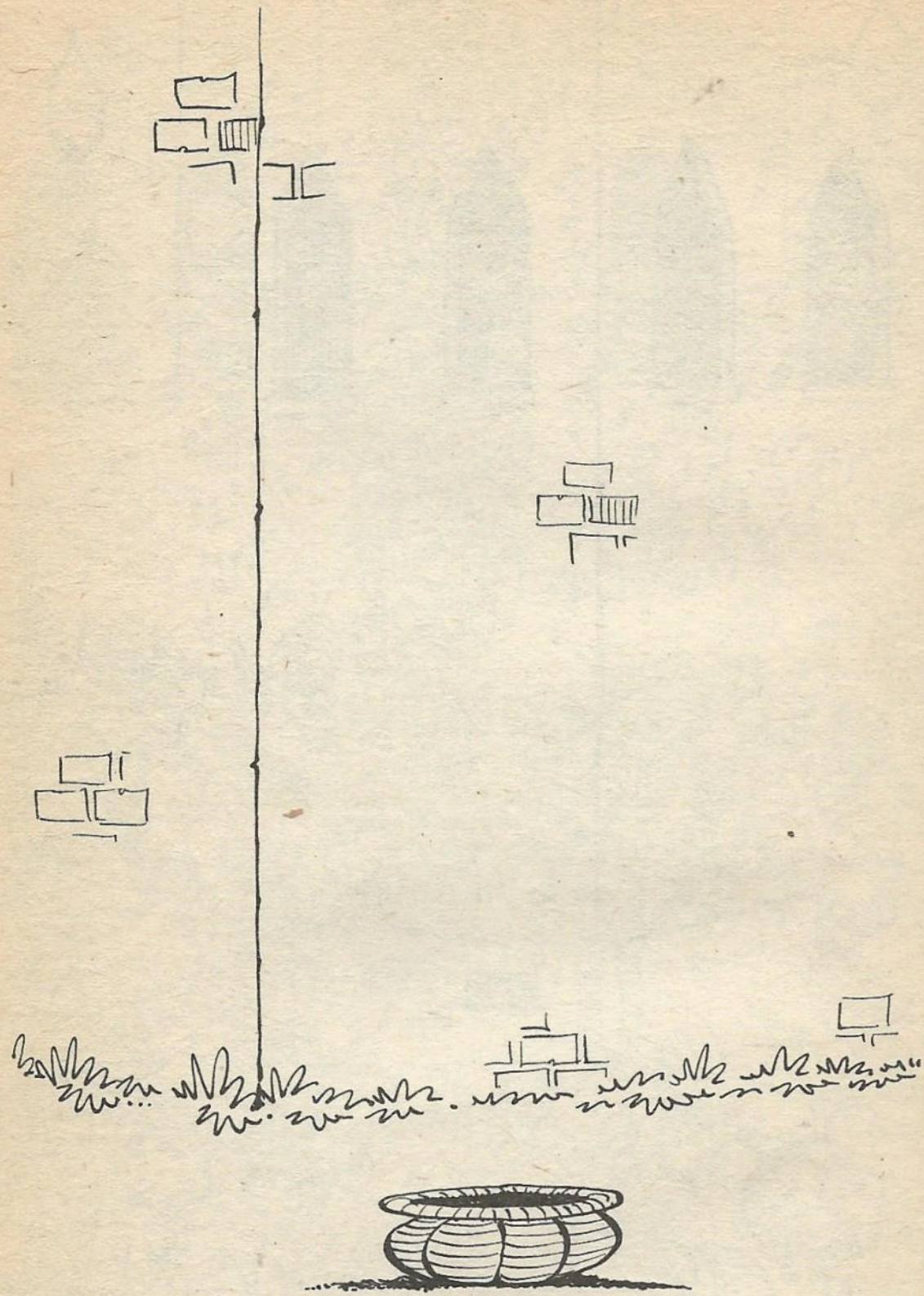

E
AP
ZBDE

ON A STREET CORNER IN BAGDAD

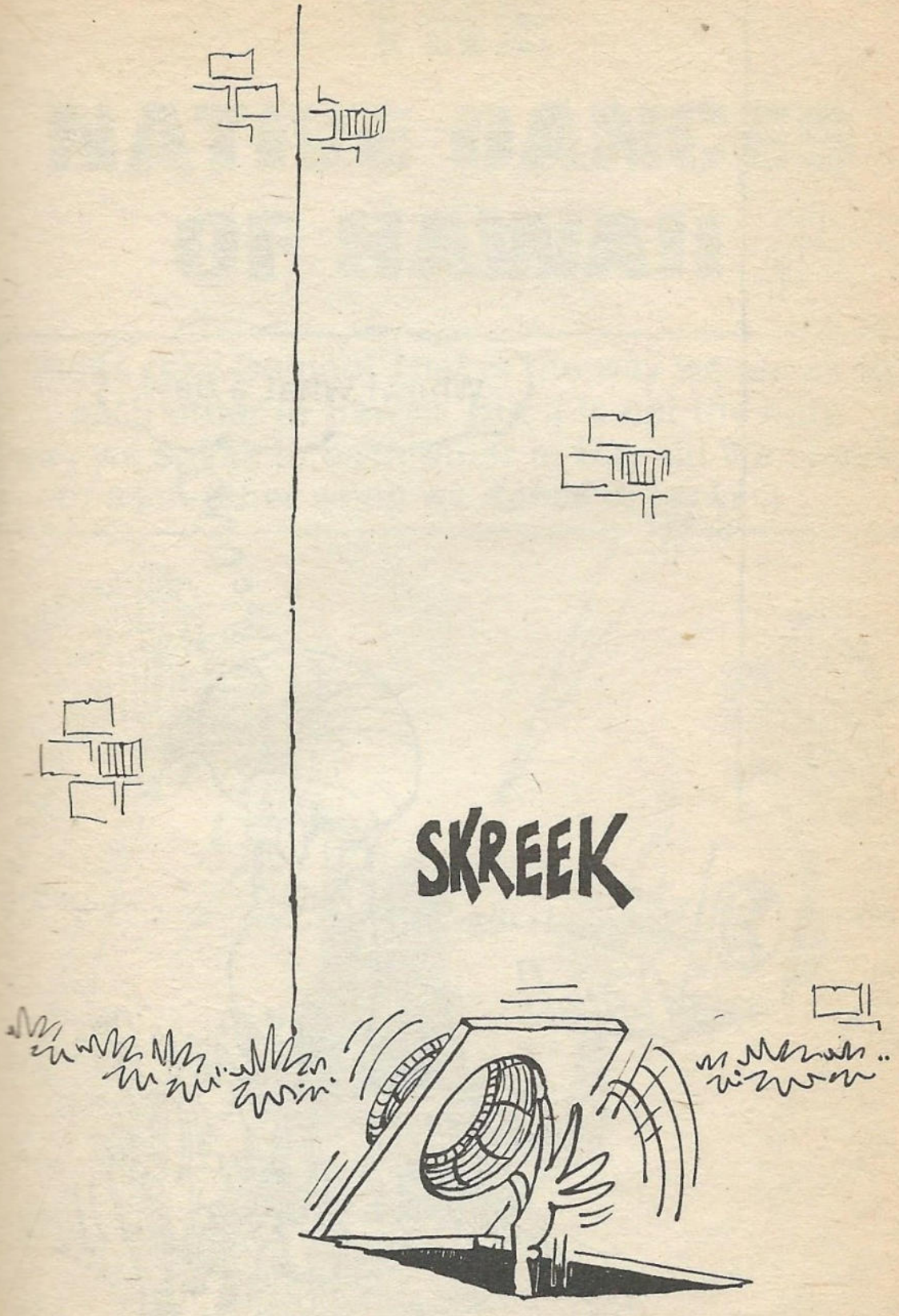


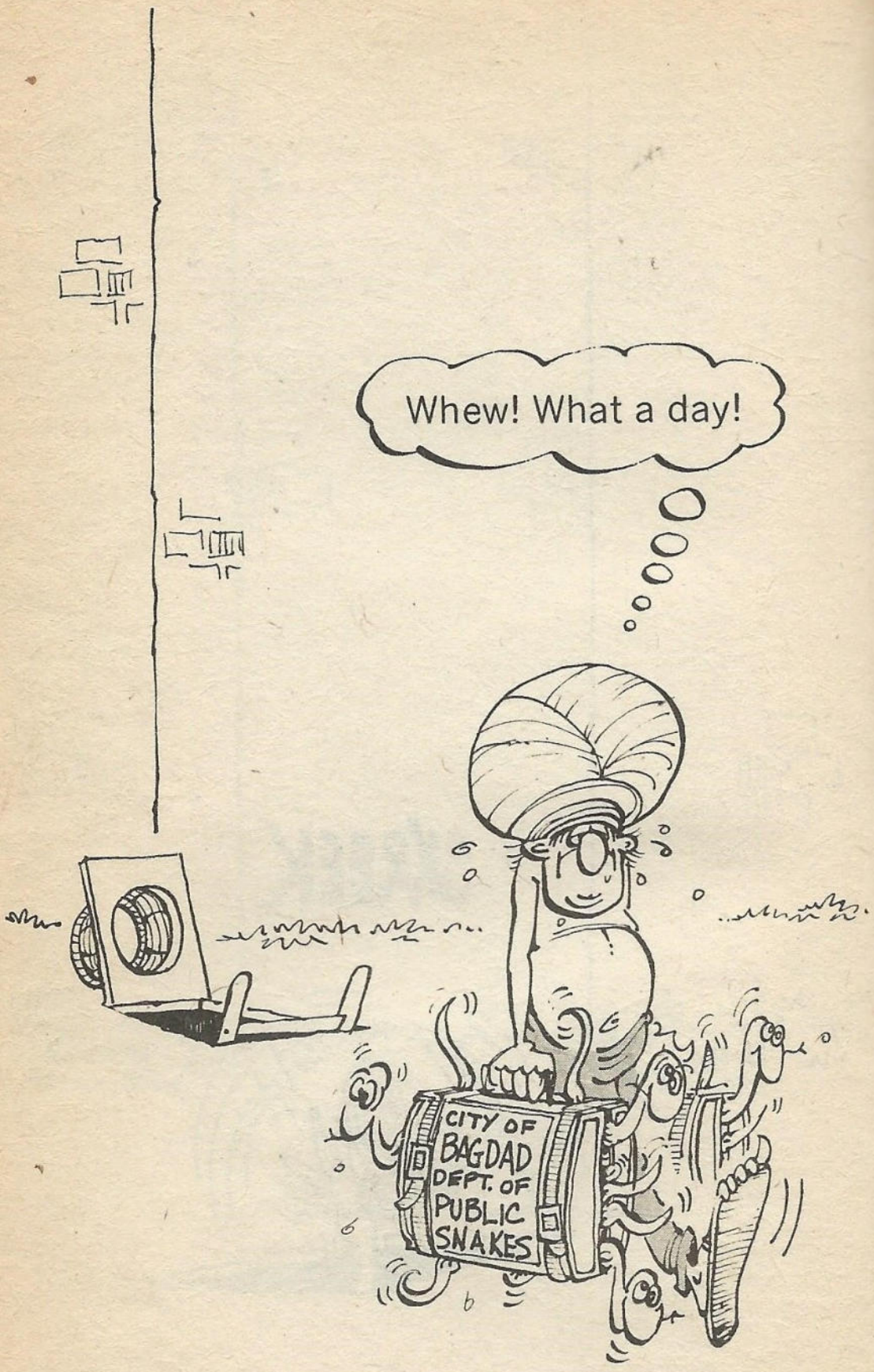






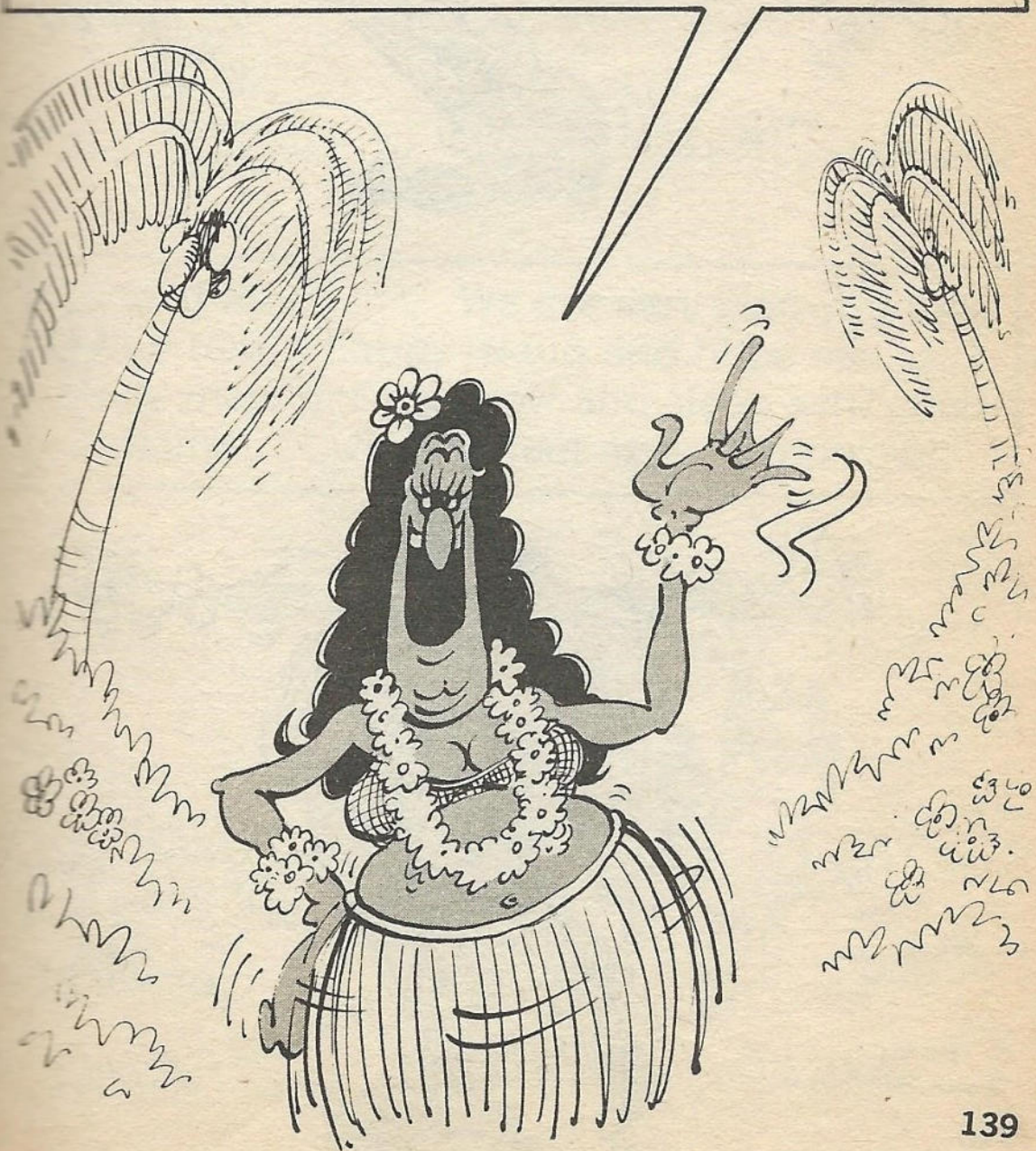


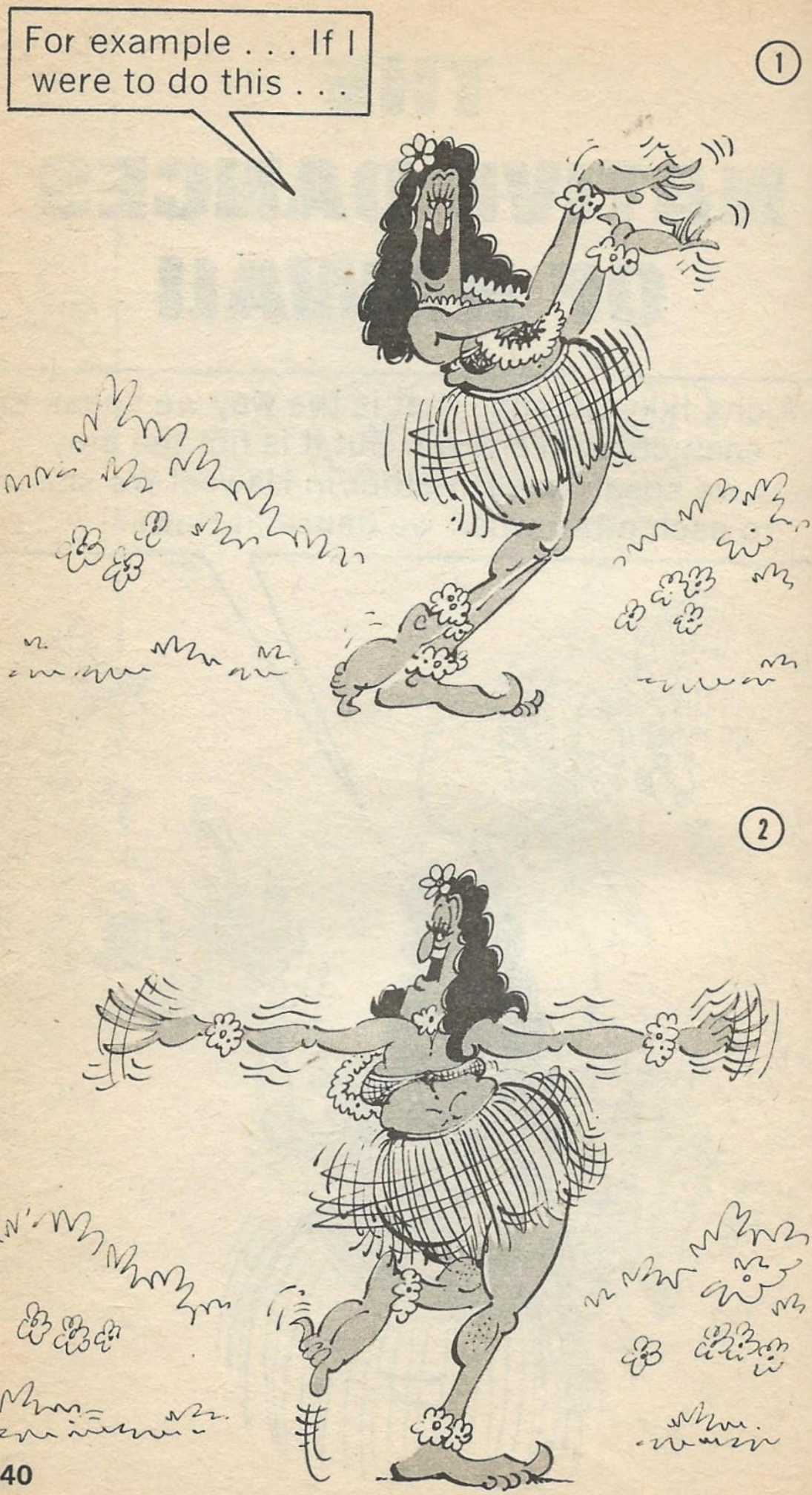

SKREEK


Whew! What a day!
CITY OF
BAGDAD
DEPT. OF
PUBLIC
SNAKES

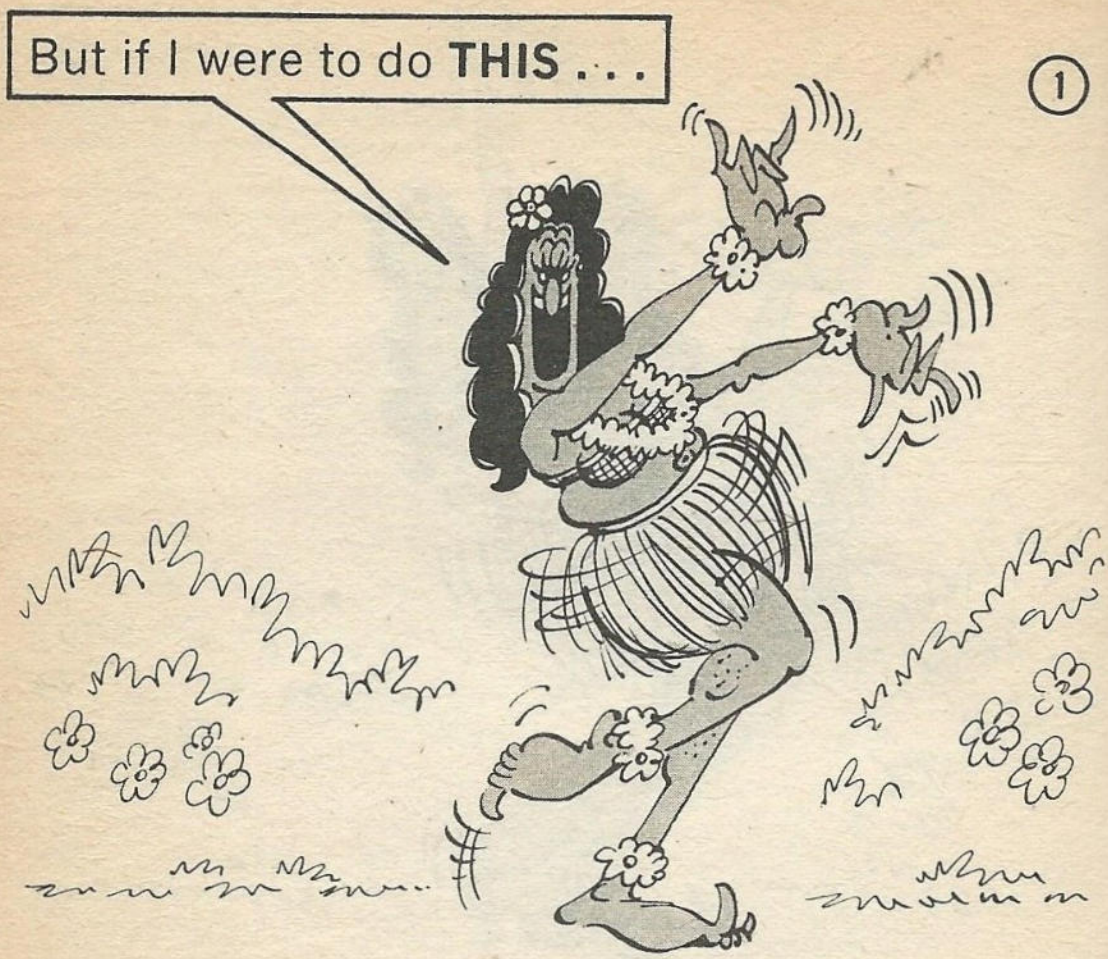
THE NATIVE DANCES OF HAWAII

Aloha-Ikky-Oomoo! That is the way we speak to each other in Hawaii. But it is not the **only** way we speak to each other in Hawaii! We speak to each other when we **dance** in Hawaii! . . .

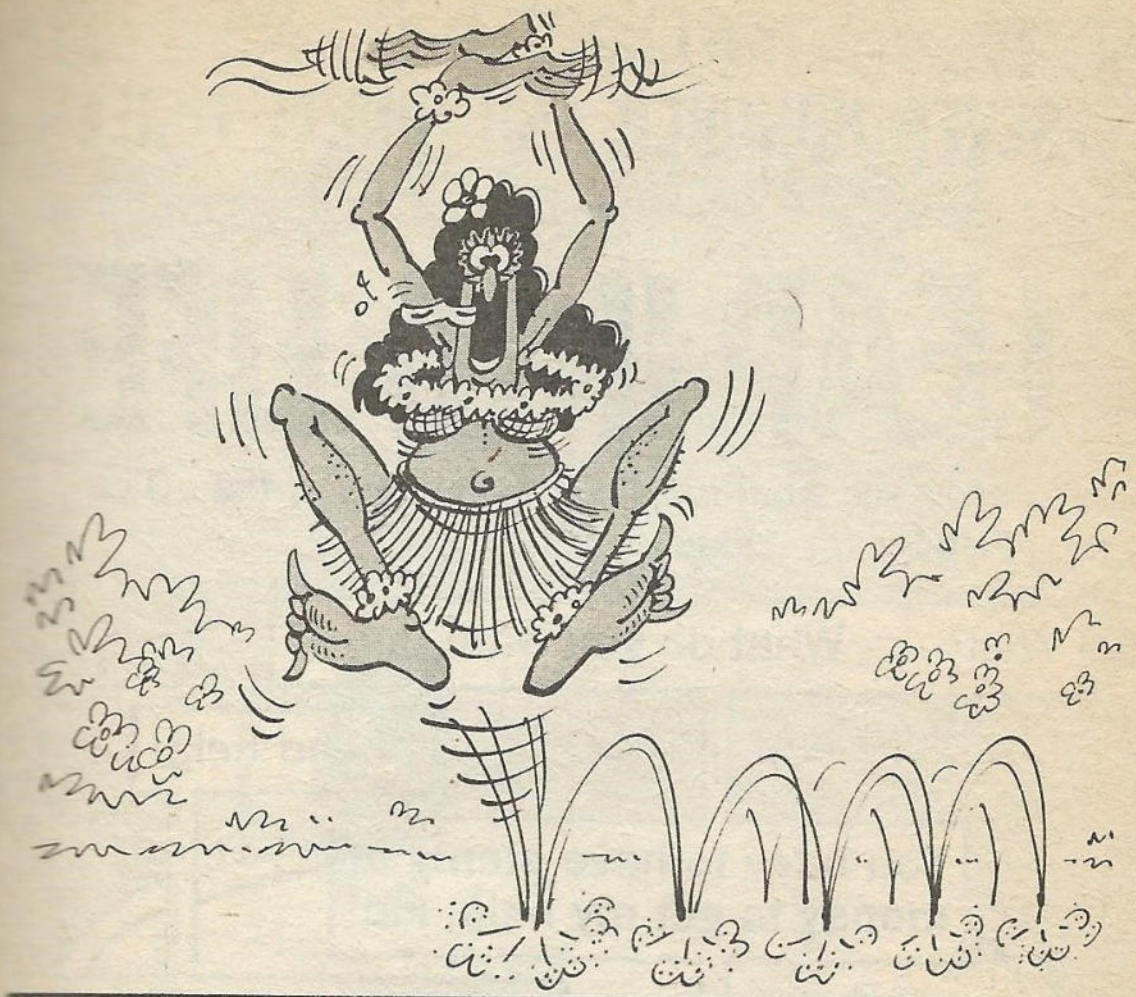



For example . . . If I were to do this . . .
1
2

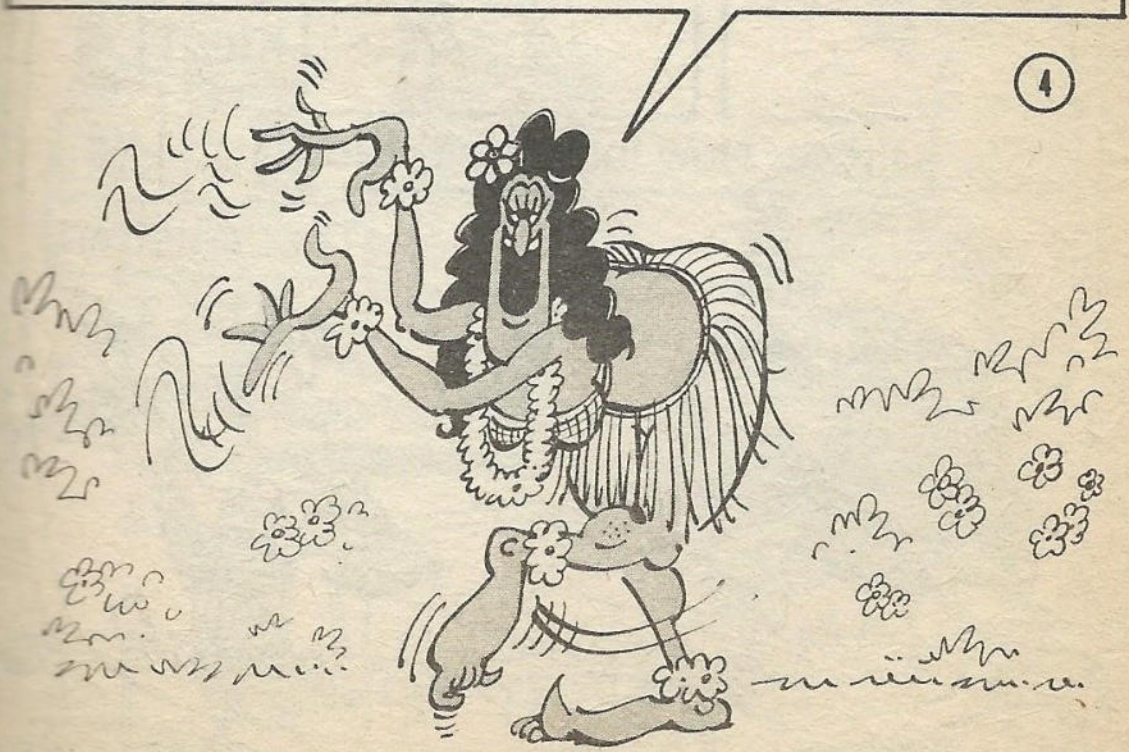
It would mean . . . "We are very glad you have come to our happy island and hope you stay many moons. Feast now and sleep with good dreams . . . we will meet again tomorrow."


But if I were to do **THIS** . . .
1

2



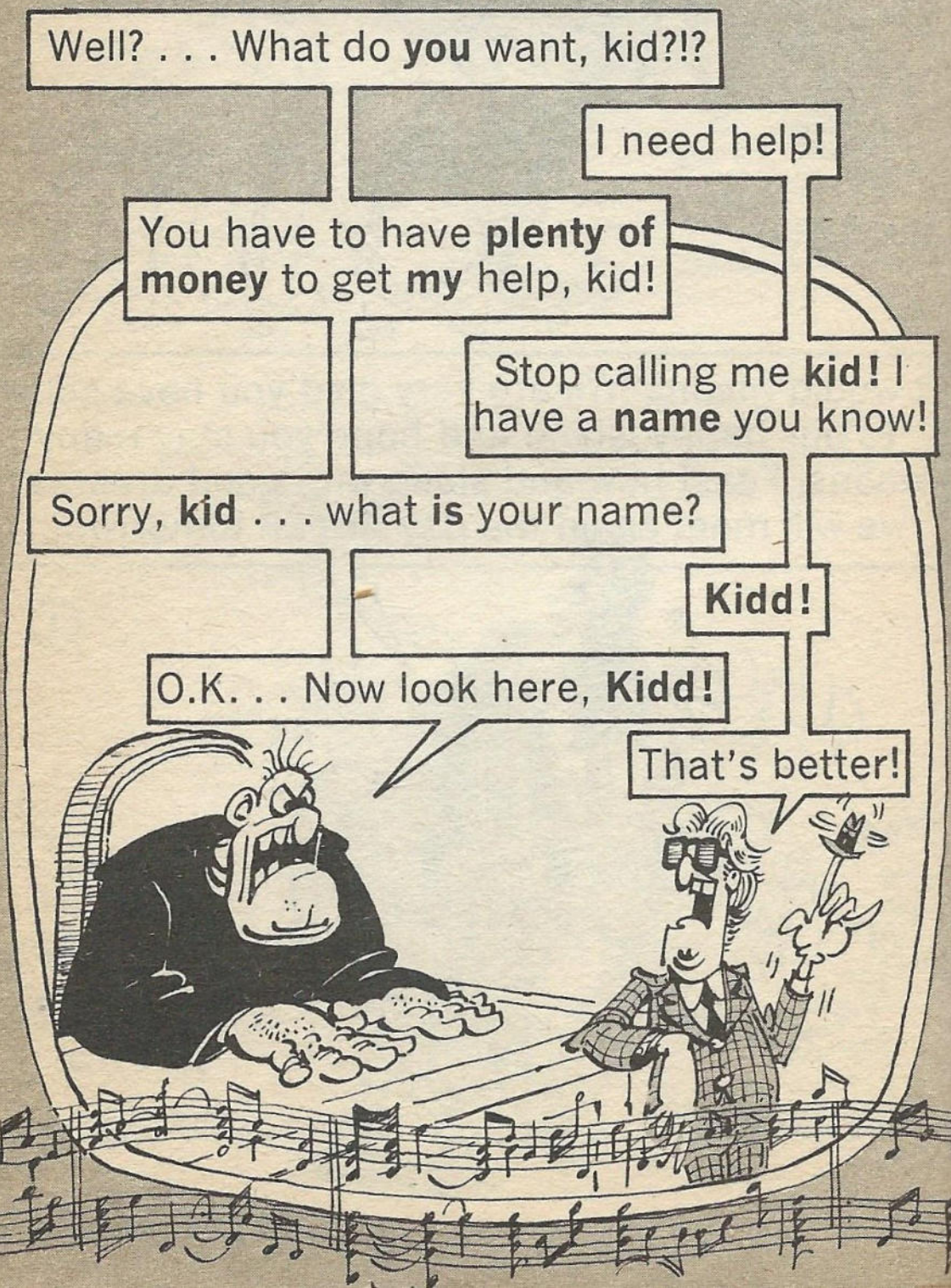
It would mean–"We are very glad you have come to our happy island and hope you stay many moons. Feast now and sleep with good dreams we will meet again the day **AFTER** tomorrow."



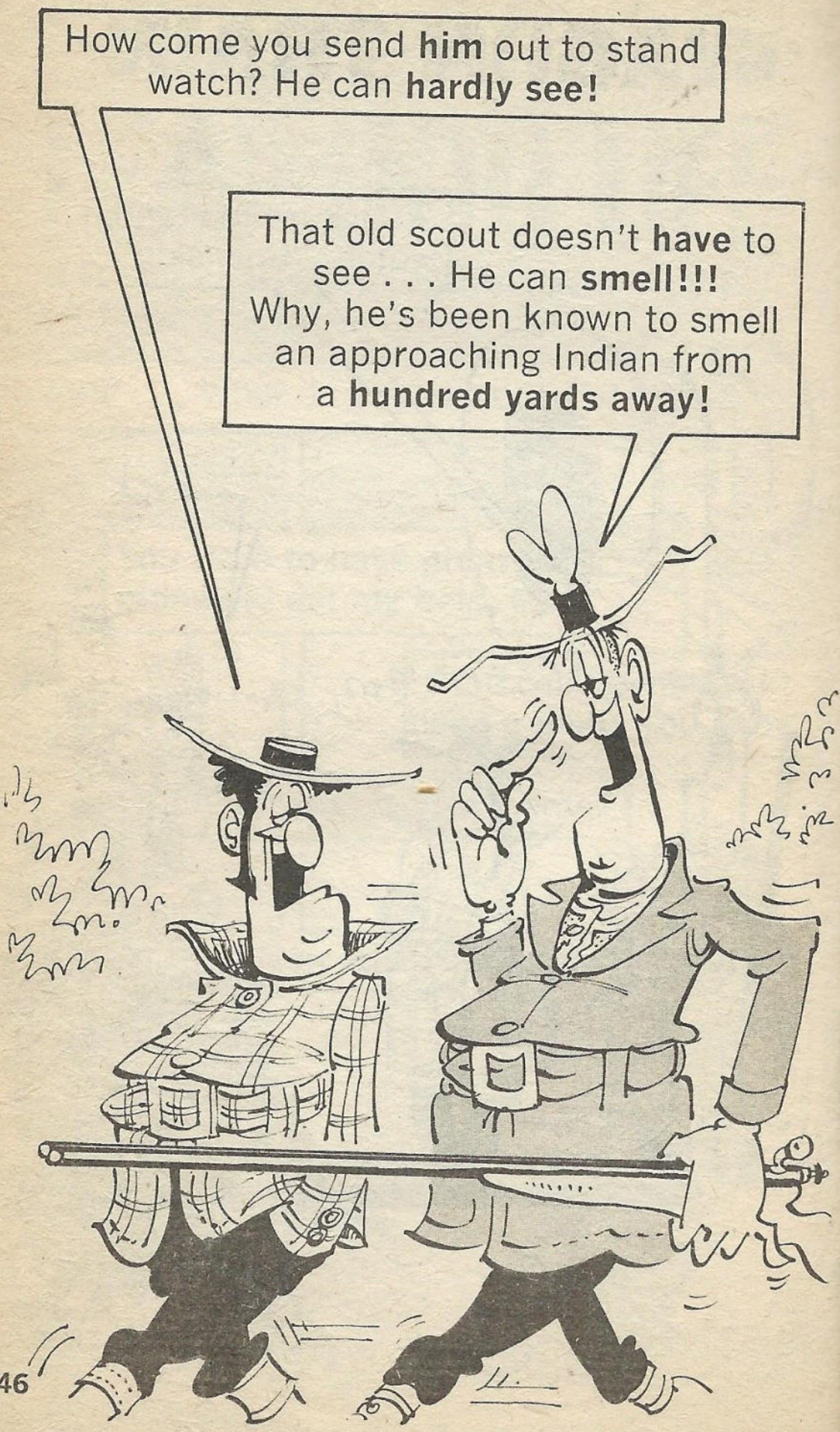
CHAPTER SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINETY THREE OF...

LEAP INTO LIFE

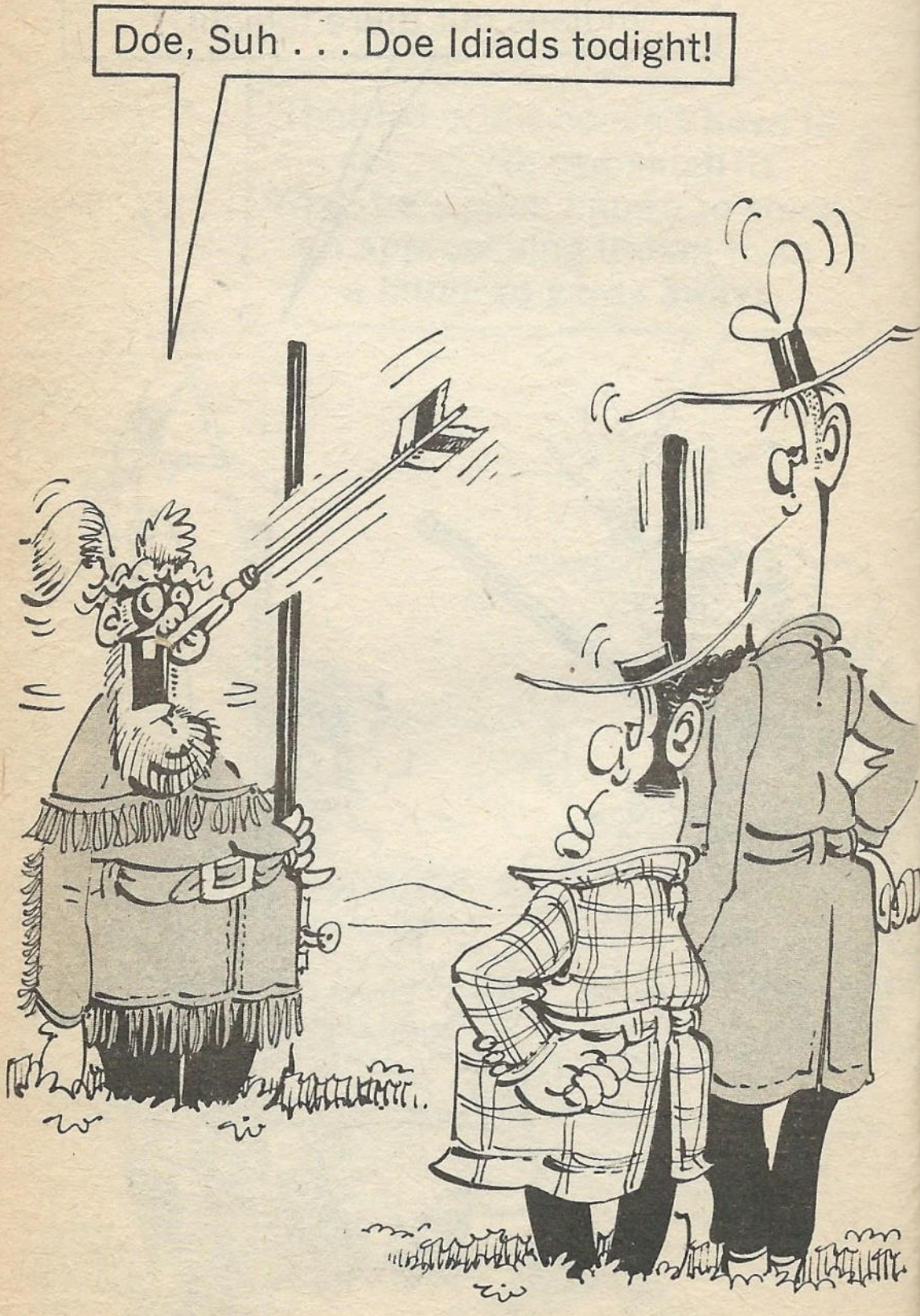
Let us see what has been happening in the office of Judge Trueblue . . .


Well? . . . What do **you** want, kid?!?
I need help!
You have to have **plenty of money** to get **my** help, kid!
Stop calling me **kid!** I have a **name** you know!
Sorry, **kid** . . . what **is** your name?
Kidd!
O.K. . . Now look here, **Kidd!**
That's better!

WAGON TRAIN


How come you send **him** out to stand watch? He can **hardly see!**
That old scout doesn't **have** to see . . . He can **smell!!!** Why, he's been known to smell an approaching Indian from a **hundred yards away!**

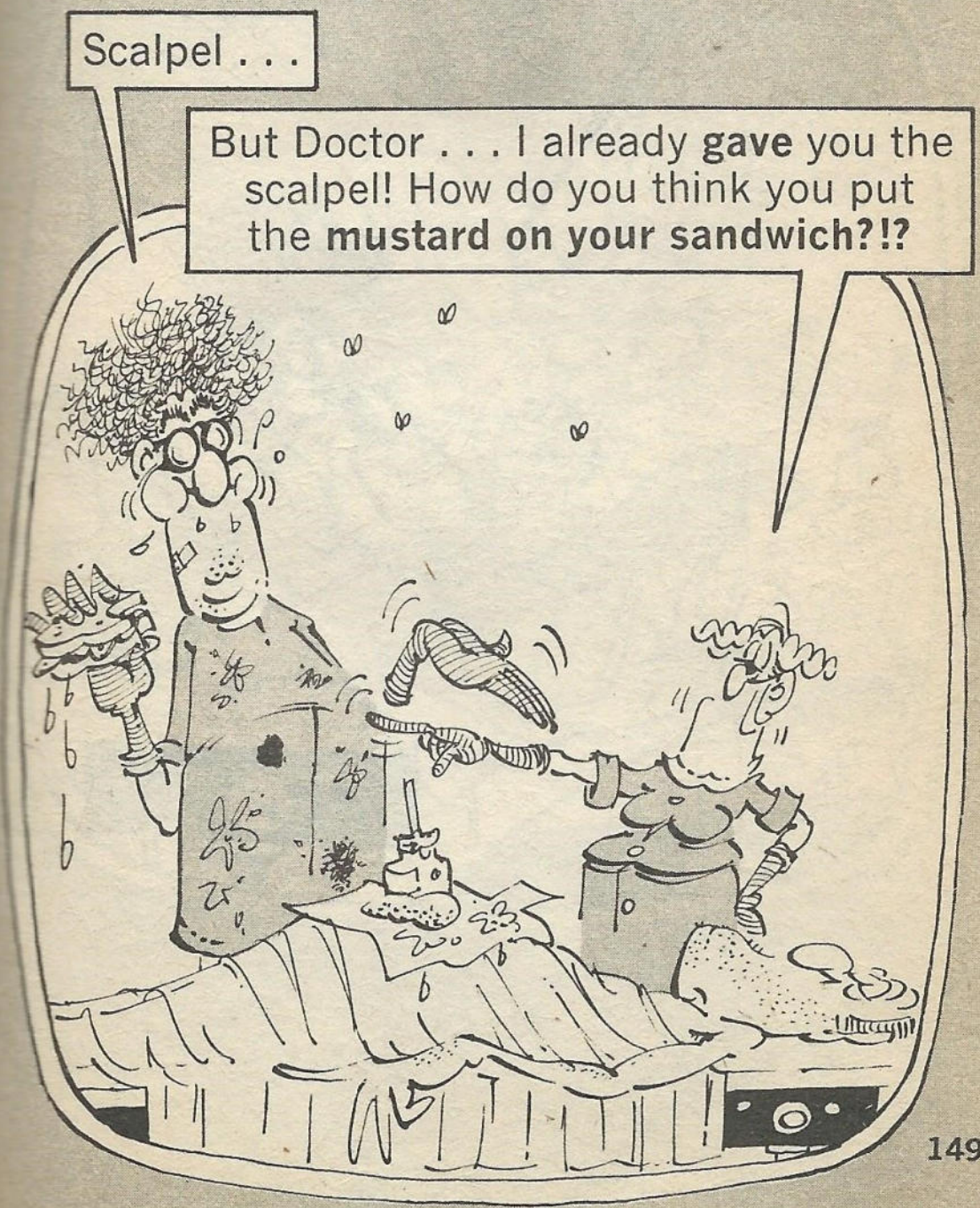
How about it, "Coonskin" . . . Any Indians out there tonight???


Doe, Suh . . . Doe Idiads todight!

CHAPTER EIGHT HUNDRED AND TWELVE OF...

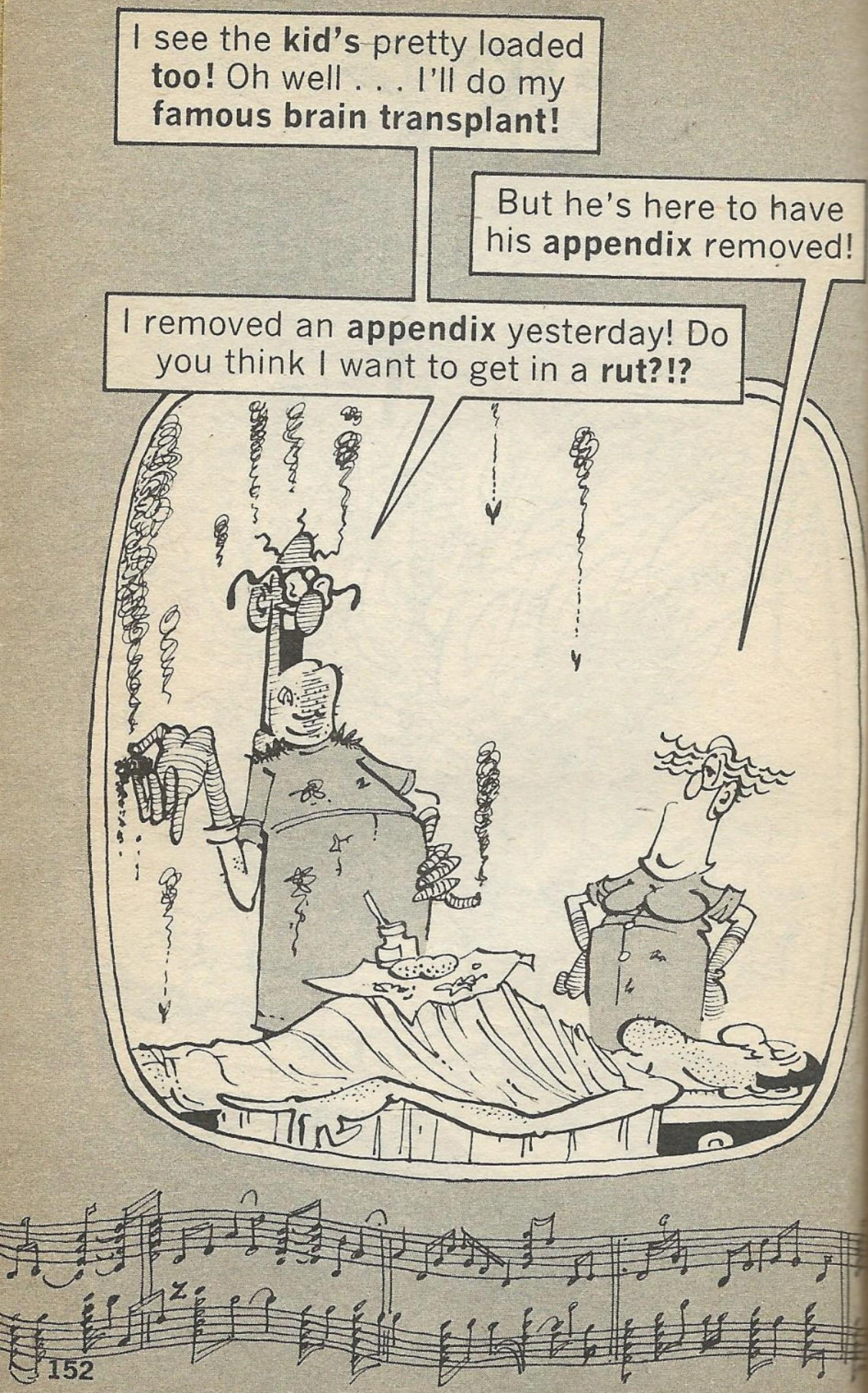
LEAP INTO LIFE

As we return once again to City Hospital and Doctor Belch as he prepares for surgery . . .

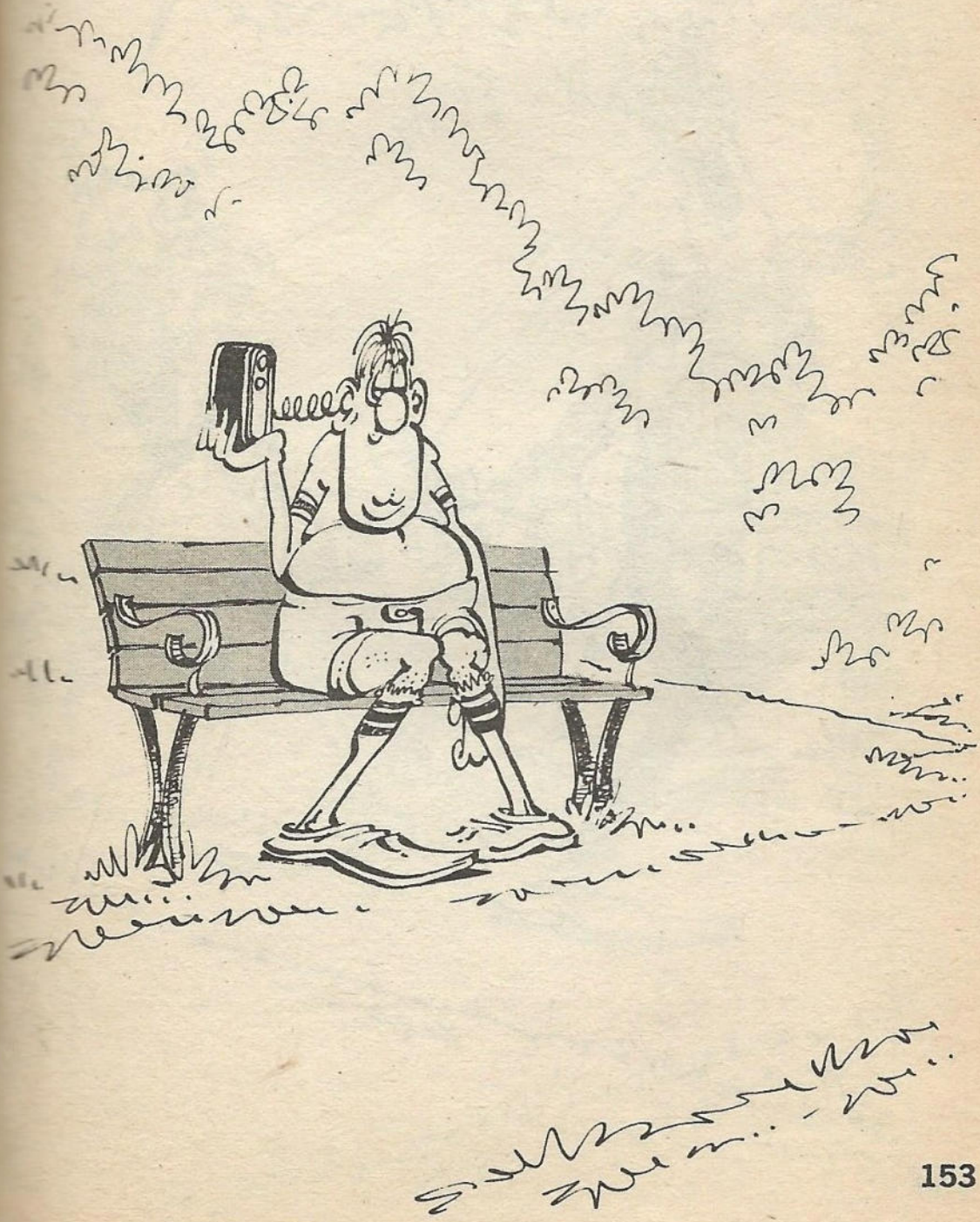


Well, hand me something **else** then! By the way . . . Who **is** this man?
That's the rich playboy, Timothy Farkquard! His family is **loaded!**

URP-
TSTFOOF!


I see the **kid's** pretty loaded **too!** Oh well . . . I'll do my **famous brain transplant!**
But he's here to have his **appendix** removed!
I removed an **appendix** yesterday! Do you think I want to get in a **rut?!?**

ONE DAY IN THE PARK



Shoo-be-doo!
Yeah, yeah! . . .

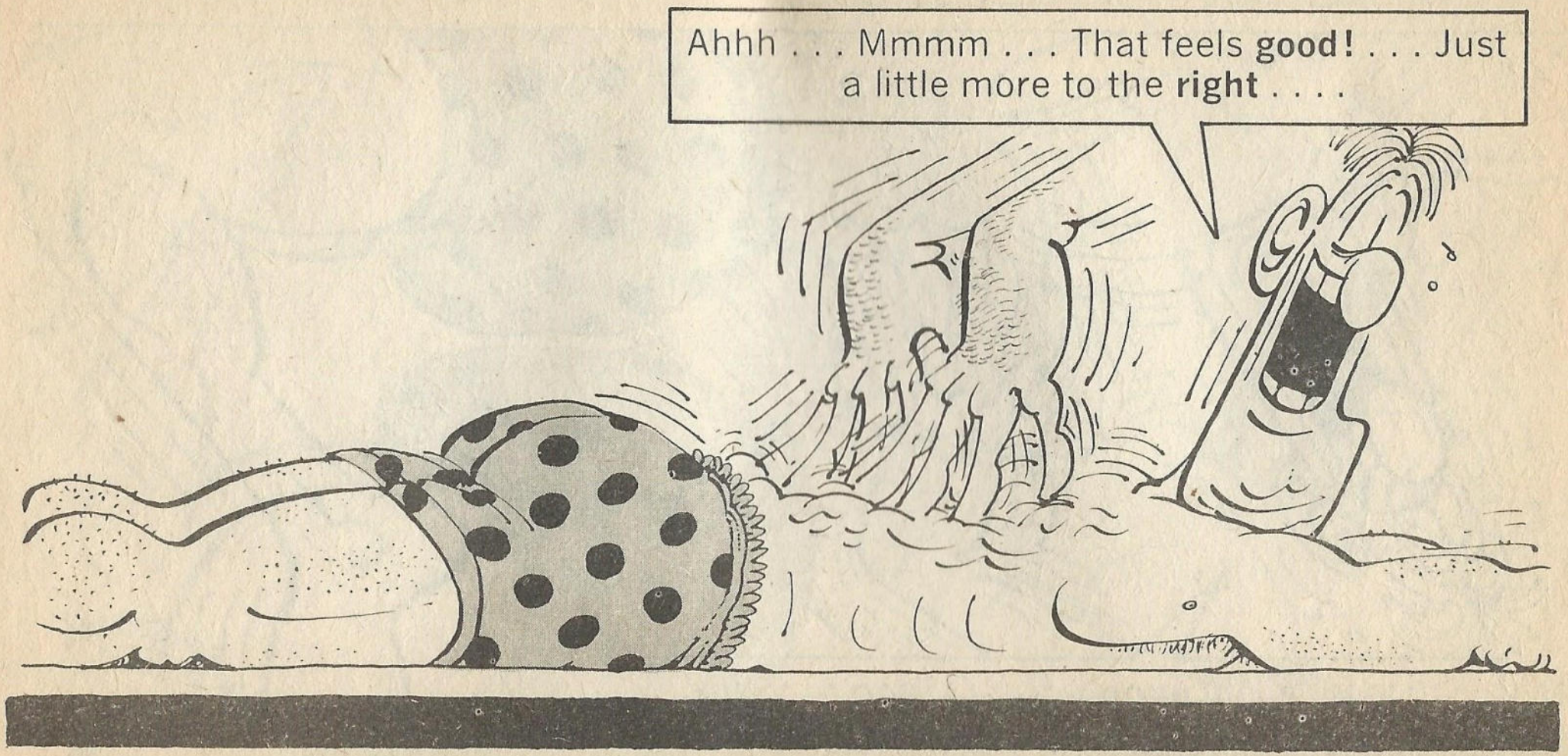
Bap-de-bow . . .
Yeass . . . yes! . . .

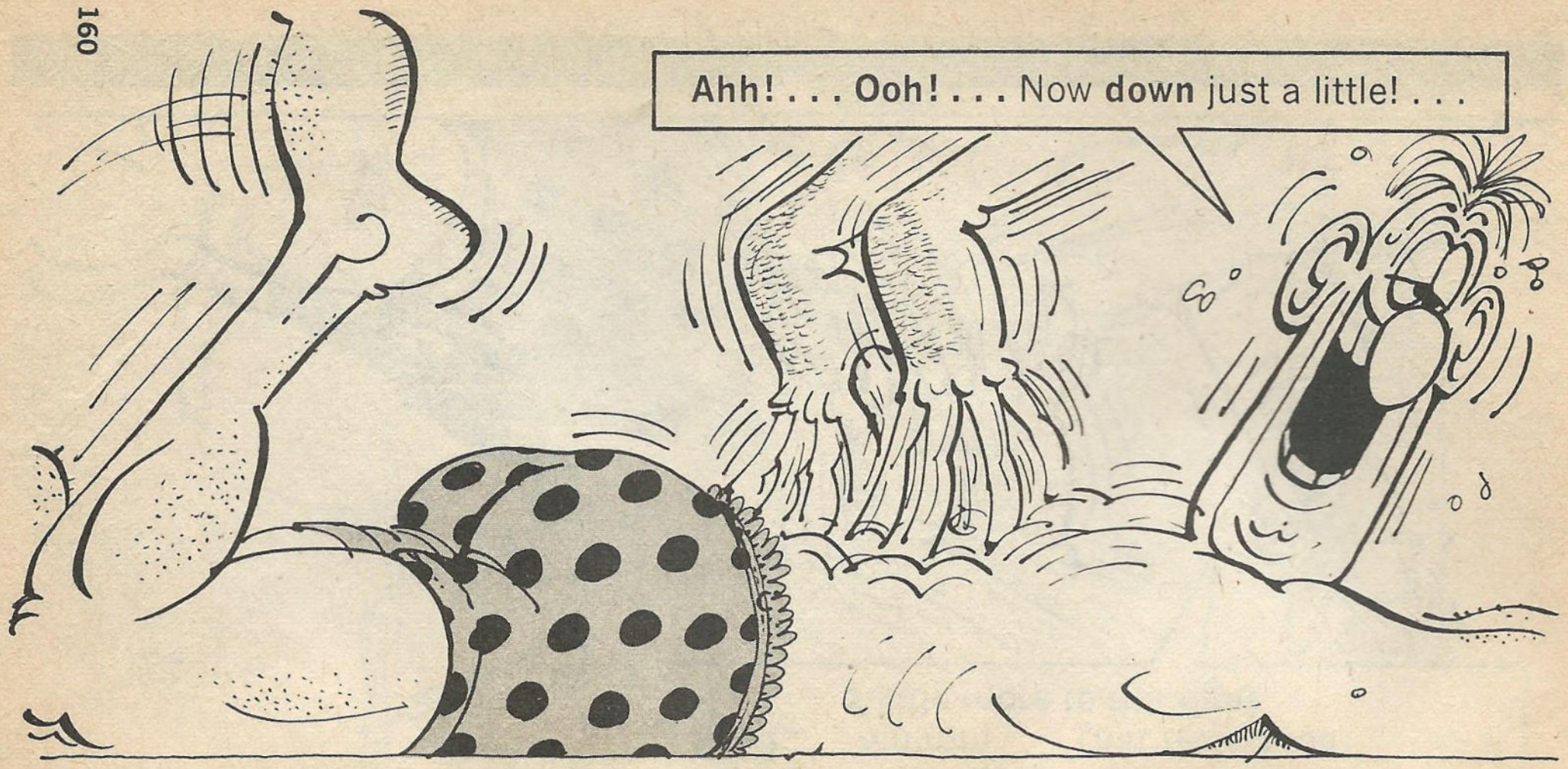
Mmm-Hmm! . . .
Zap . . . pow! . . .

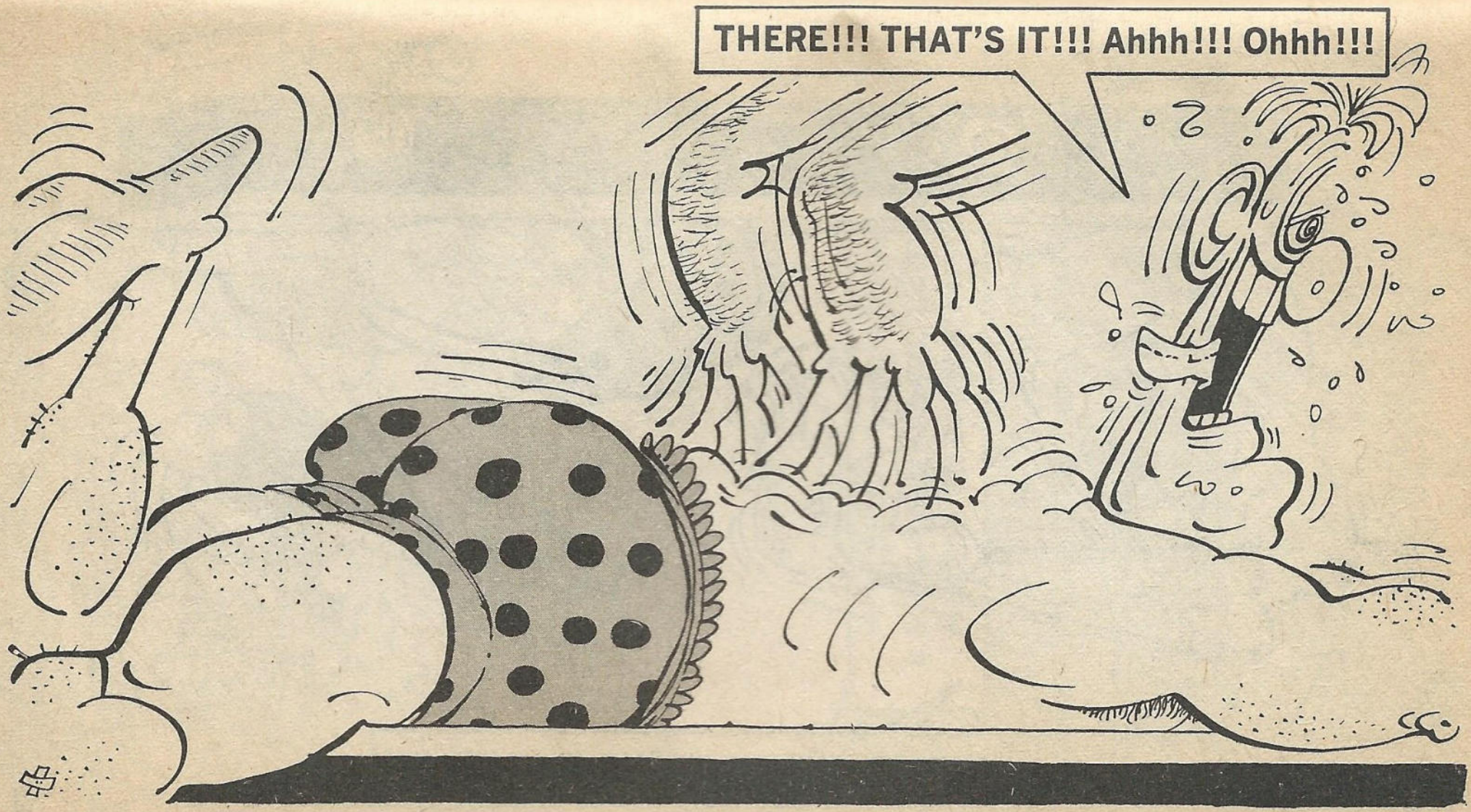
Pardon me sir, but would you mind telling me what station you're listening too?

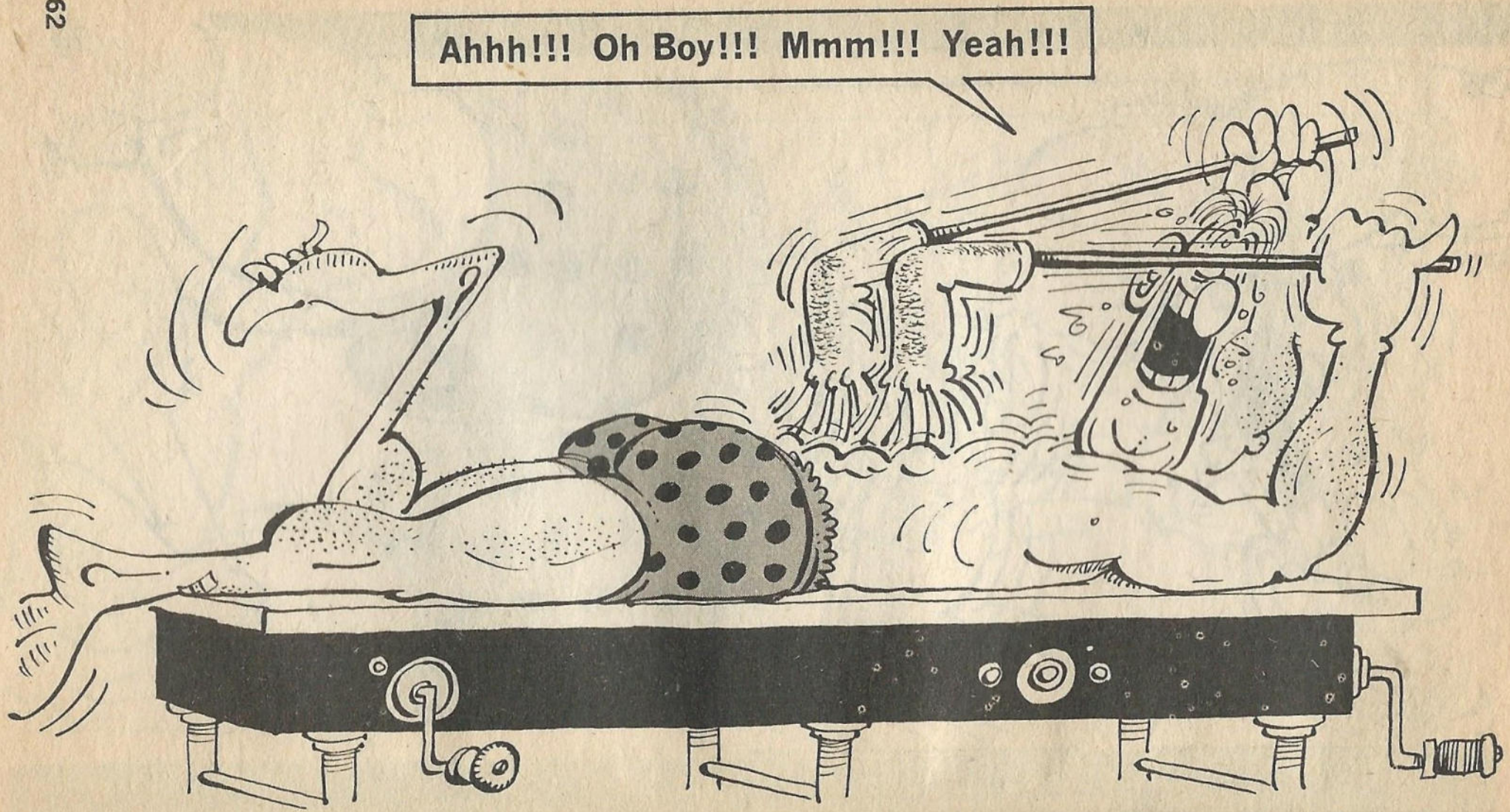
No station, baby . . . This is a **hearing aid!** . . . shoo-boo . . . dah-be-dah! . . .

THE MASSAGE




Ahh! . . . Ooh! . . . Now down just a little! . . .


THERE!!! THAT'S IT!!! Ahhh!!! Ohhh!!!

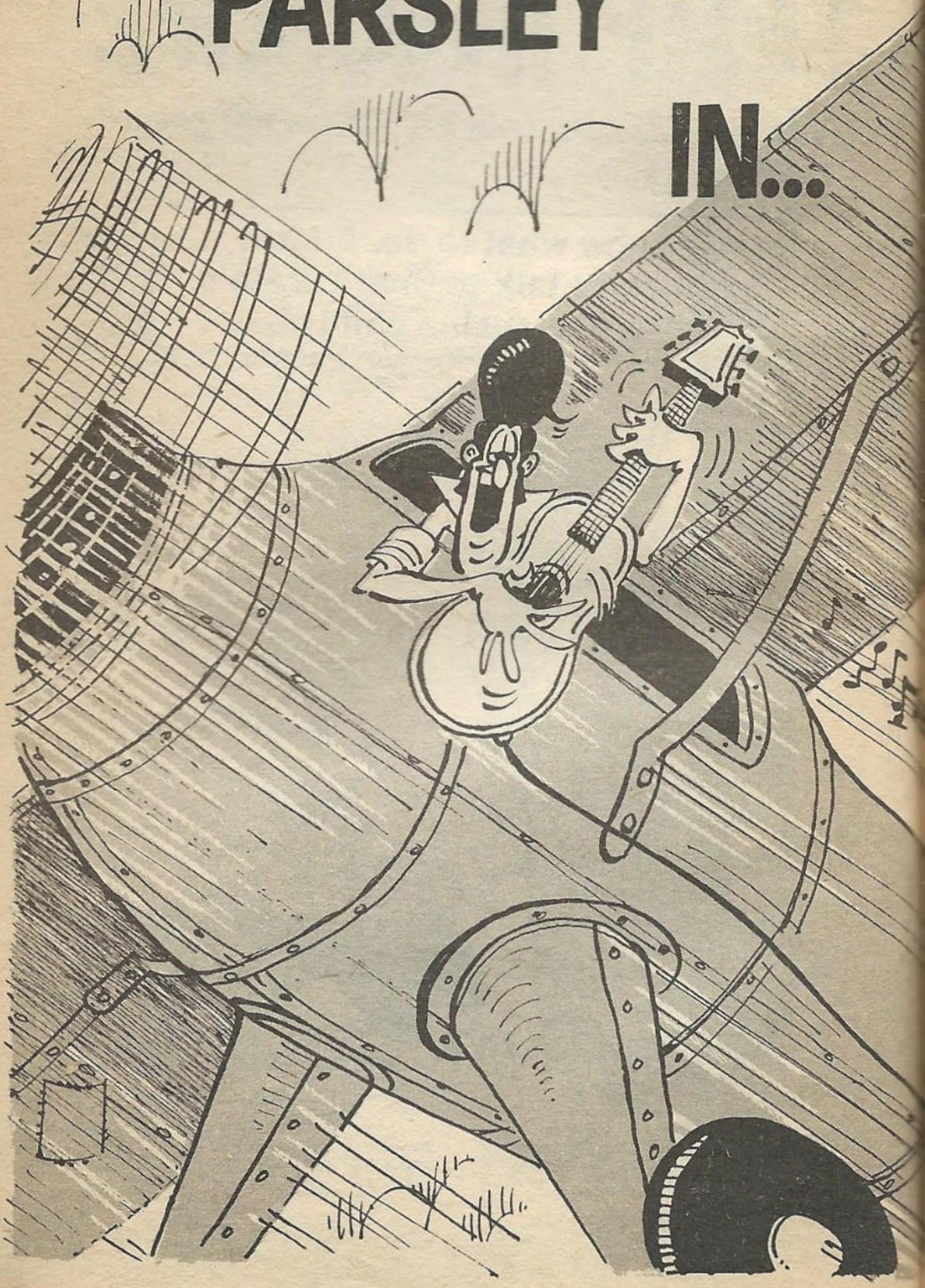

Ahhh!!! Oh Boy!!! Mmm!!! Yeah!!!

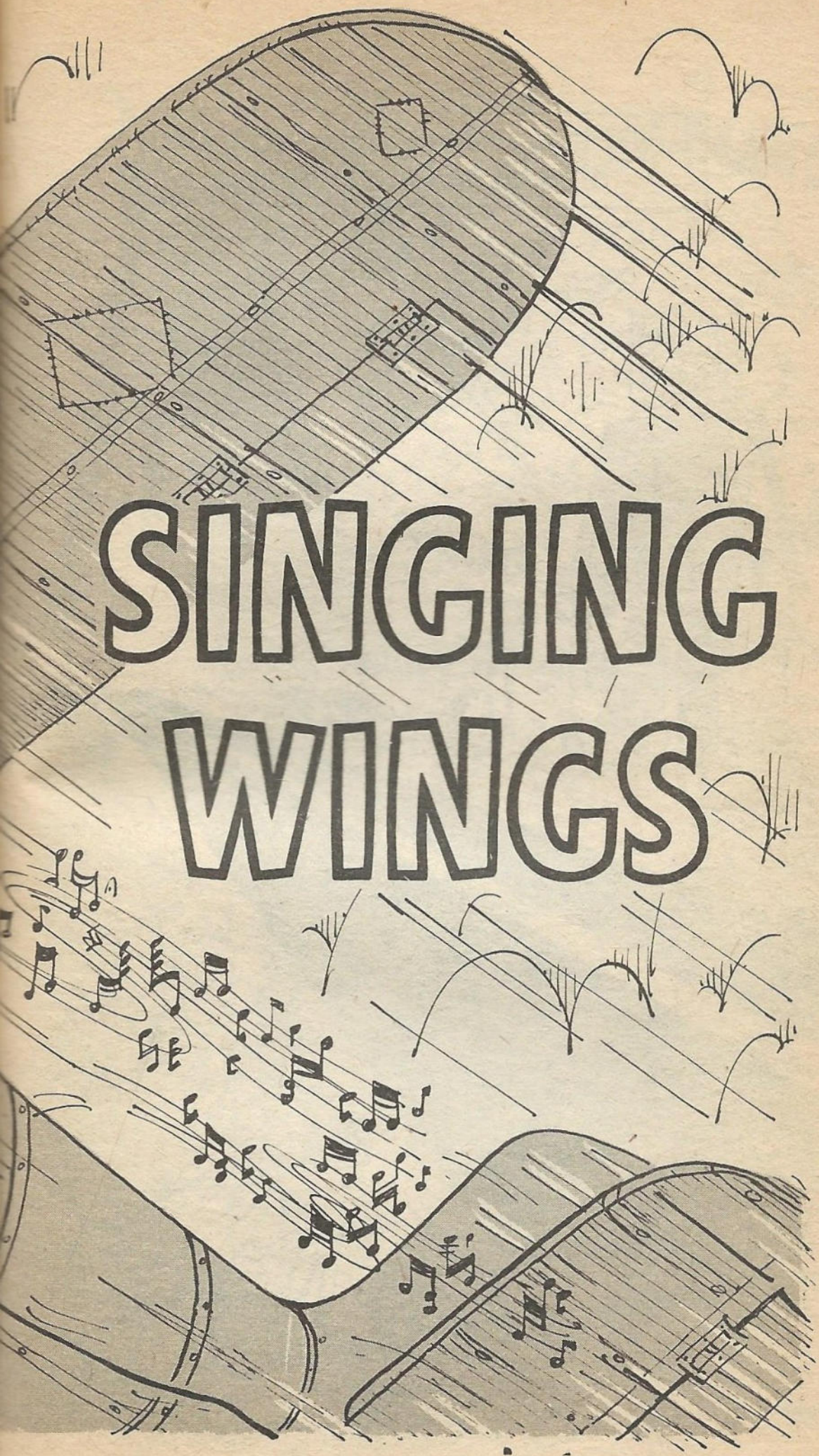
CHAPTER NINE HUNDRED AND ELEVEN OF...

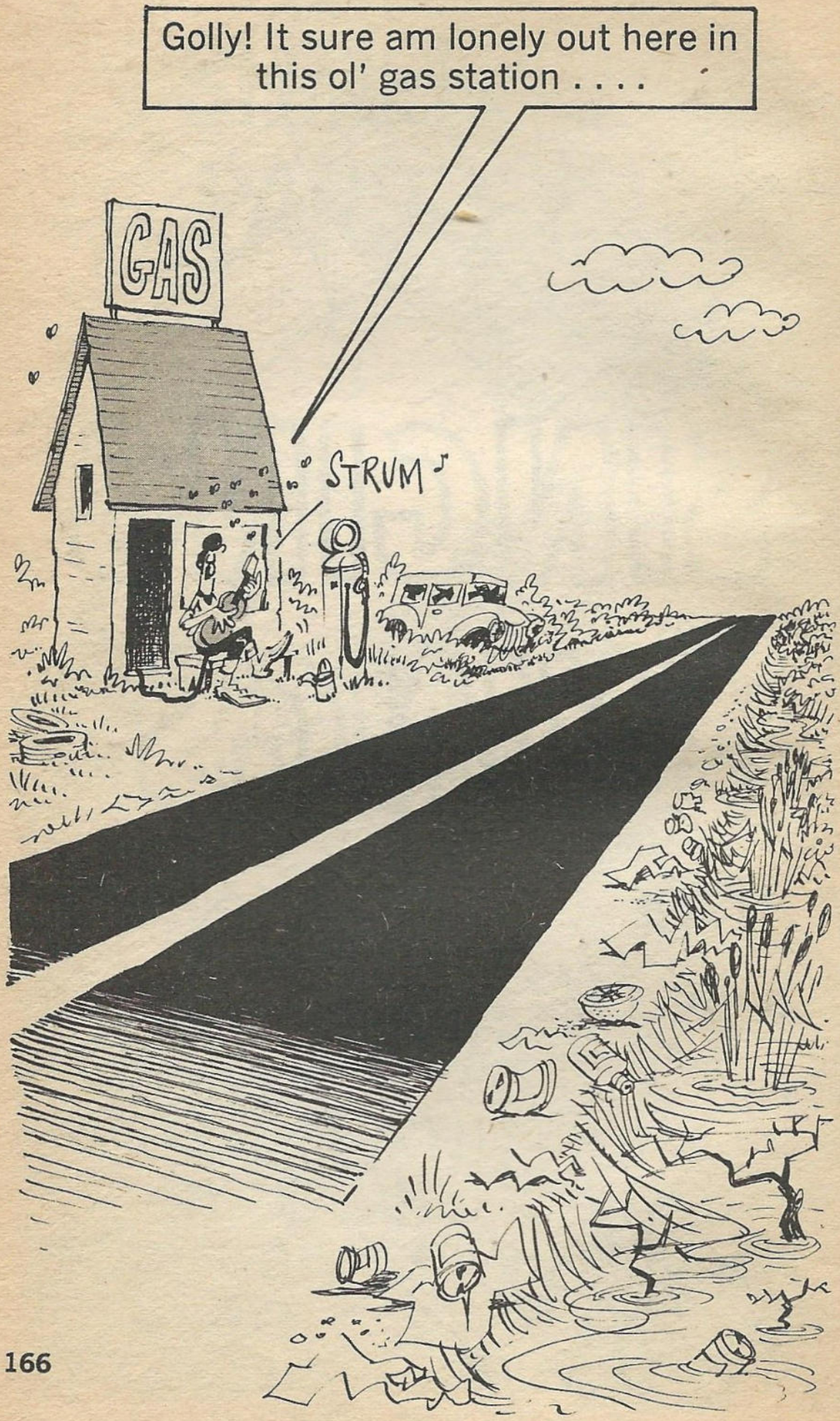
LEAP INTO LIFE

As you remember, Lola Pikpik has just phoned Juanita Vowmp . . .

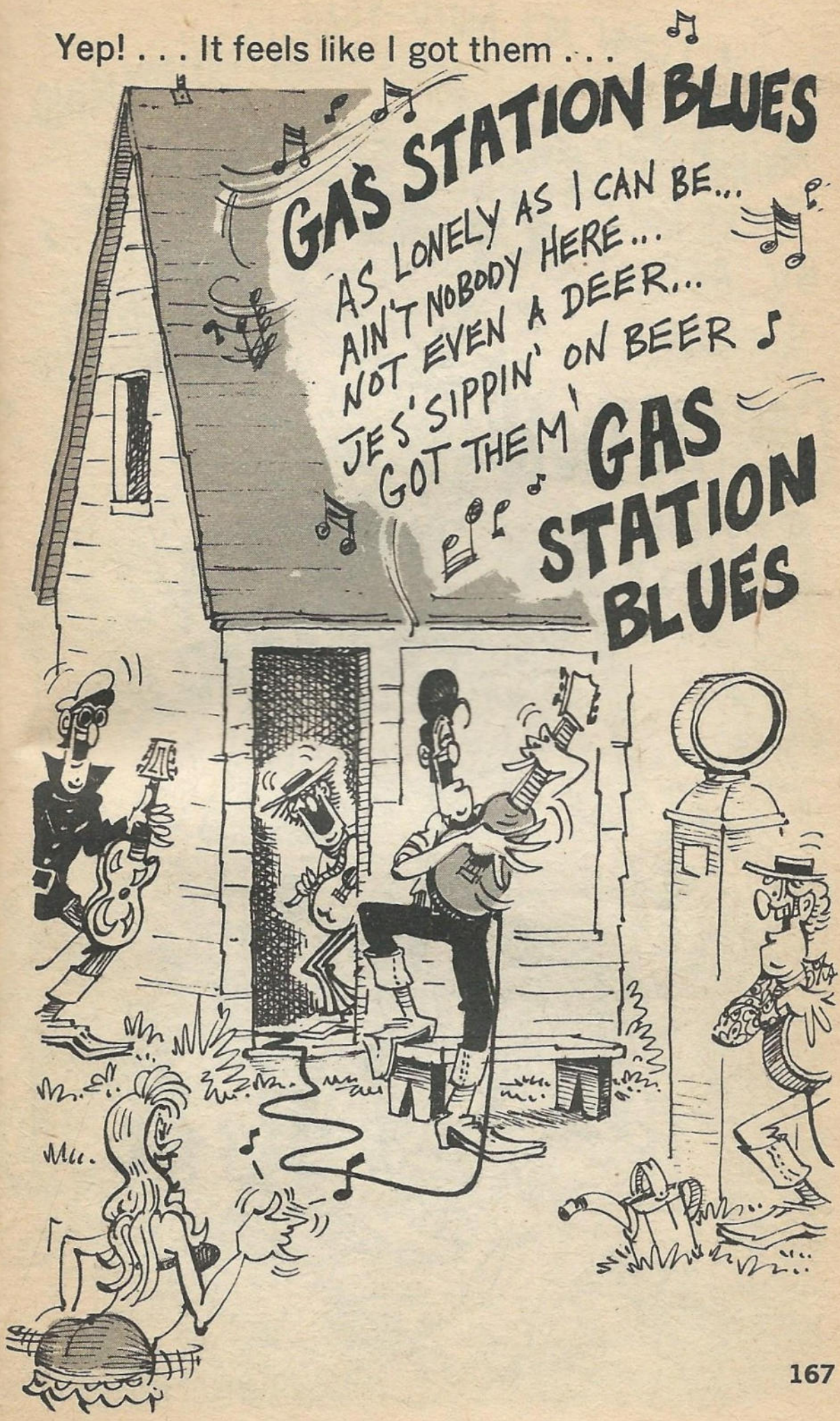
SHMELVIS PARSLEY IN...



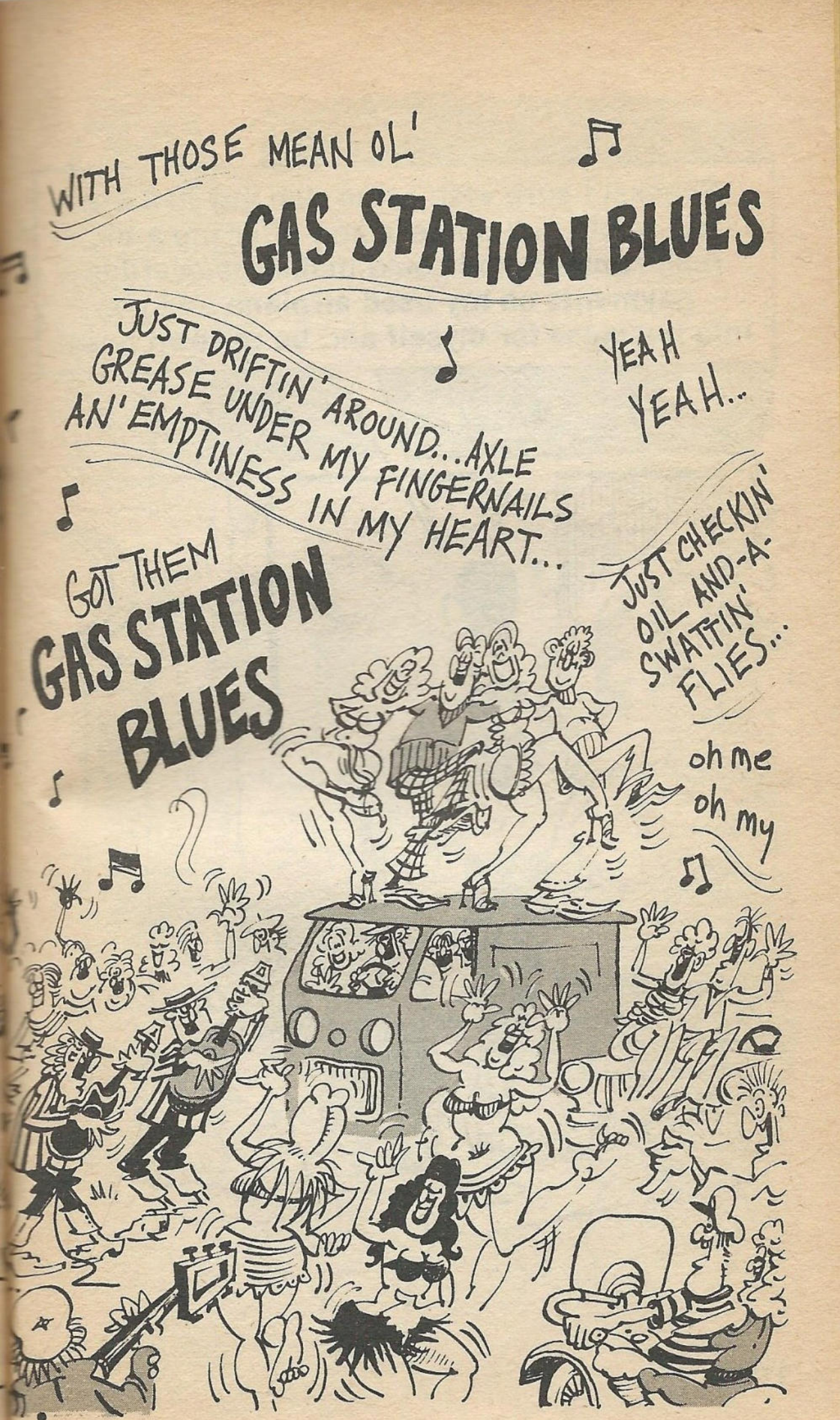

SINGING
WINGS

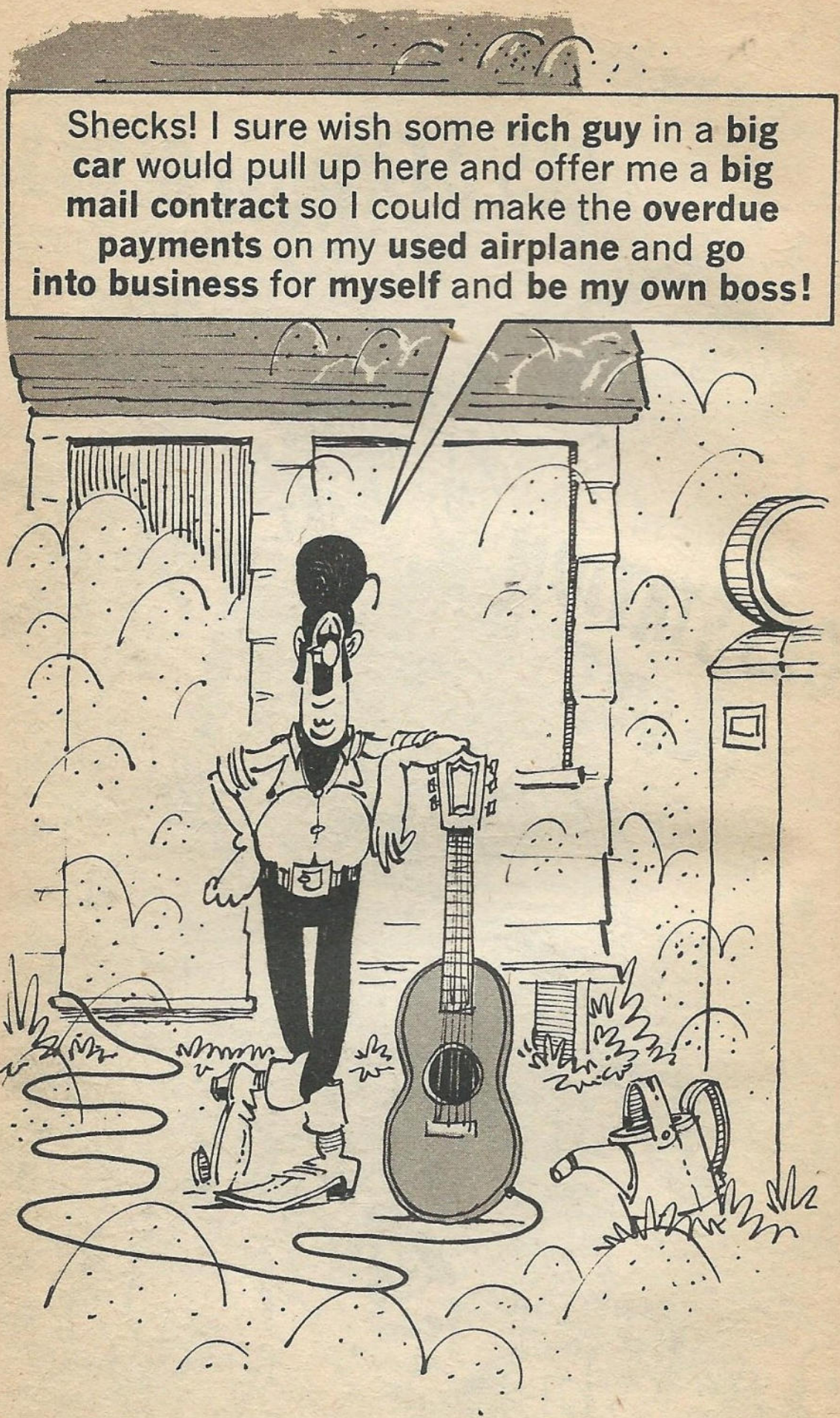

Golly! It sure am lonely out here in this ol' gas station . . . .
GAS
STRUM

Yep! . . . It feels like I got them . . .



I'M LOSIN' MY MIND--YEAH--LOSIN' MY MIND..
WATCHIN' THE TRUCKS ROLL BY... GETTIN' NOWHERE....
LOSIN' HIS MIND.. GROOVIE-GROOVIE LOSIN' HIS MIND
GAS STATION BLUES
YEAH YEAH!
GROOVIE GROOVIE


WITH THOSE MEAN OL'
GAS STATION BLUES
JUST DRIFTIN' AROUND.. AXLE GREASE UNDER MY FINGERNAILS AN' EMPTINESS IN MY HEART...
YEAH YEAH..
GOT THEM GAS STATION BLUES
JUST CHECKIN' OIL AND-A-SWATTIN' FLIES...
oh me oh my


Shecks! I sure wish some **rich guy** in a **big car** would pull up here and offer me a **big mail contract** so I could make the **overdue payments** on my **used airplane** and **go into business** for **myself** and **be my own boss!**

SKREEEK

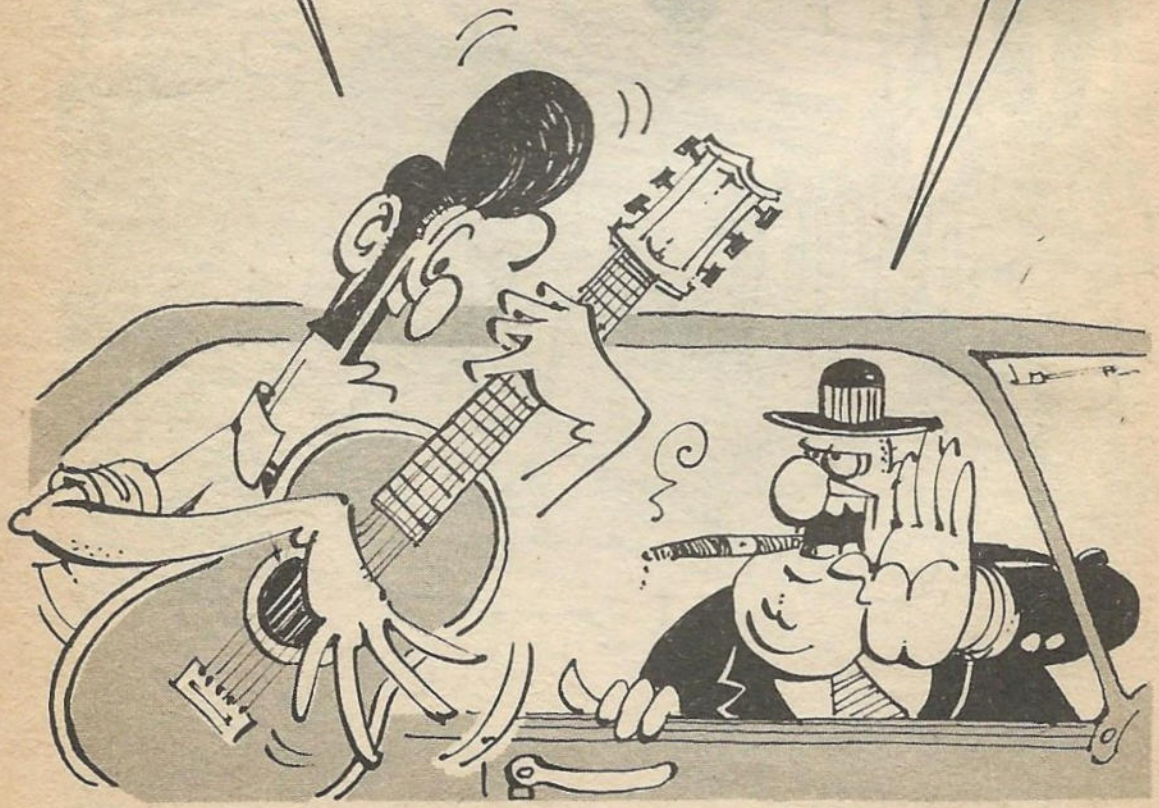
Hey kid!! Do you know where I can find a guy interested in accepting a **big mail contract** so he can make the **overdue payments** on his **used airplane** and **go into business** for **himself** and **be his own boss??!?**

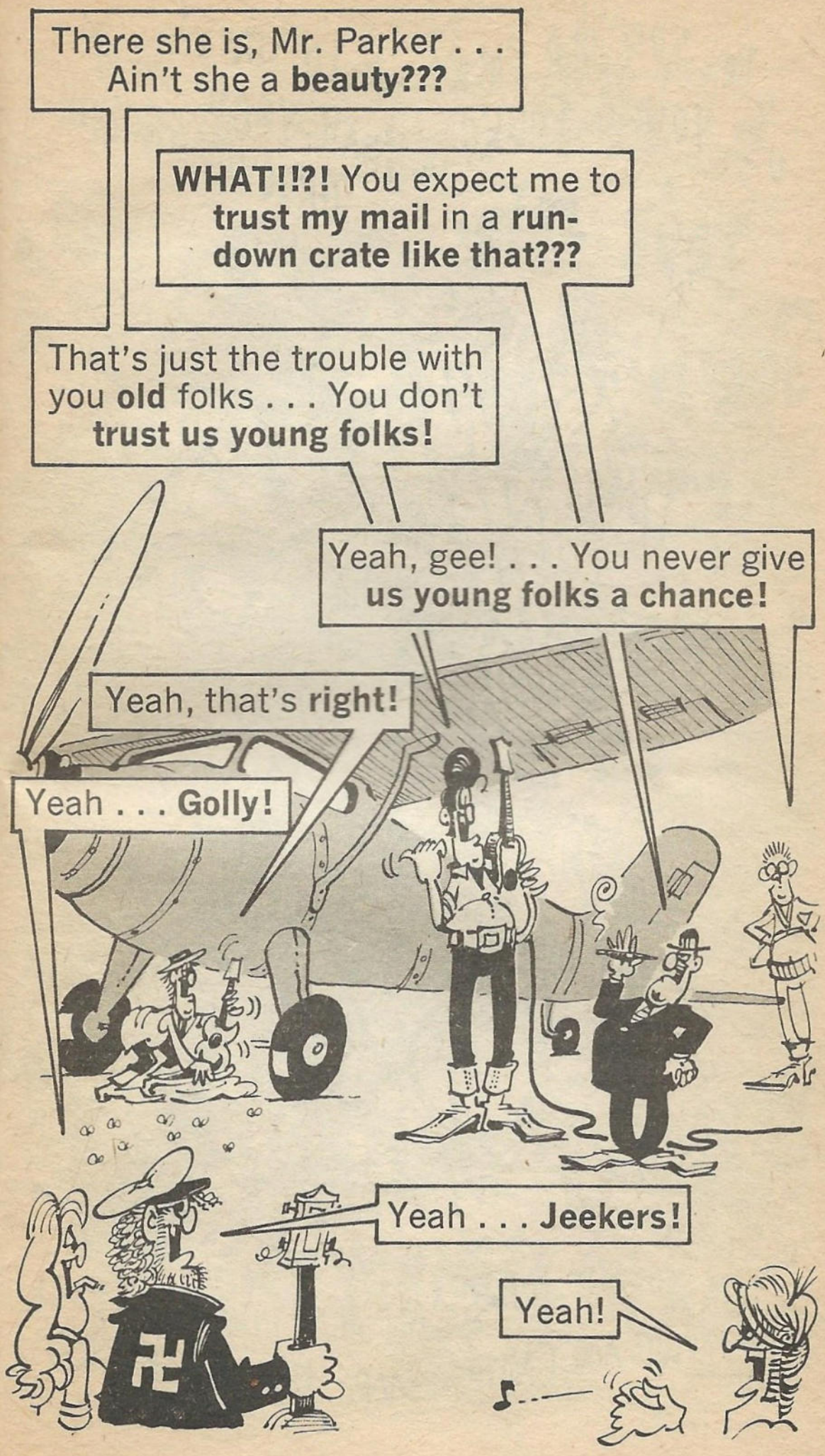
Wow!!! What is this, Mister . . . **ESP???**

No . . . It's actually a **Chevy.**

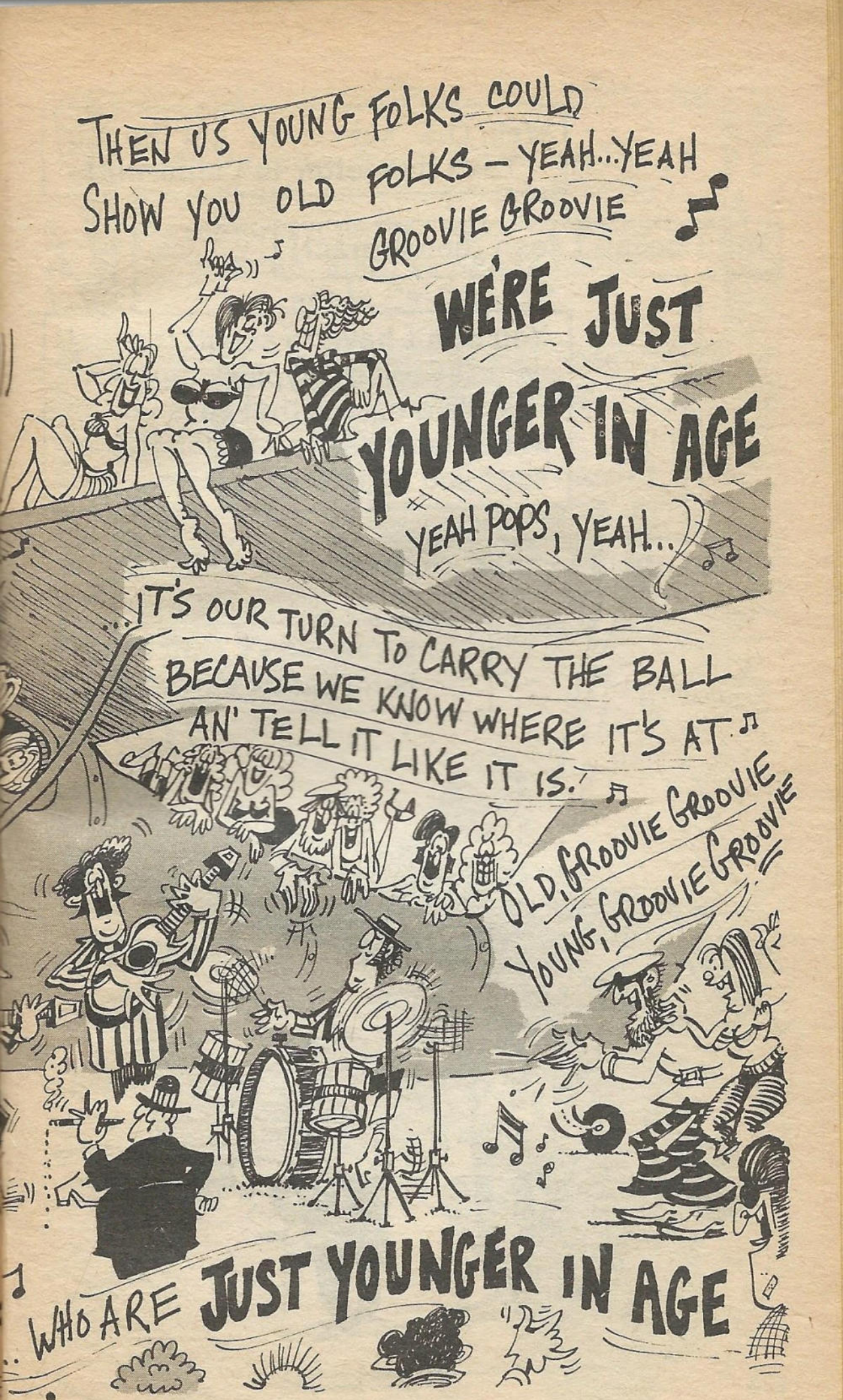
But aren't you Mr. **Parker?** The big **pen** manufacturer???

No—I'm **Parker** the **Pig Pen** manufacturer! "The Sties The Limit" is **our** slogan! Where's your plane?




There she is, Mr. Parker . . . Ain't she a **beauty???**
WHAT!!?! You expect me to **trust my mail** in a **run-down crate like that???**
That's just the trouble with you **old** folks . . . You don't **trust us young folks!**
Yeah, gee! . . . You never give **us young folks a chance!**
Yeah, that's **right!**
Yeah . . . **Golly!**
Yeah . . . **Jeekers!**
Yeah!

IF YOU OLD FOLKS WOULD TRUST
US YOUNG FOLKS... YEAH-YEAH
GROOVIE-GROOVIE
US YOUNG FOLKS CAN ACT LIKE OLD FOLKS
CAUSE WE AIN'T NOTHIN' MORE THAN OLD FOLKS...


THEN US YOUNG FOLKS COULD
SHOW YOU OLD FOLKS – YEAH...YEAH
GROOVIE GROOVIE
WE'RE JUST
YOUNGER IN AGE
YEAH POPS, YEAH...
...IT'S OUR TURN TO CARRY THE BALL
BECAUSE WE KNOW WHERE IT'S AT ♫
AN' TELL IT LIKE IT IS. ♫
OLD, GROOVIE GROOVIE
YOUNG, GROOVIE GROOVIE
...WHO ARE JUST YOUNGER IN AGE

Well, O.K. kid . . . Ya' **got the job!** Take this **letter to California!**
But I haven't seen the **contract!**
You don't **have** to see it! It's just your everyday, typical contract! There's a clause that says you fly in **rain storms,** and a clause that says you fly in **snow storms** . . . .
What about in **sand storms?**
I'm sorry, kid . . . but there **is no sandy clause.**

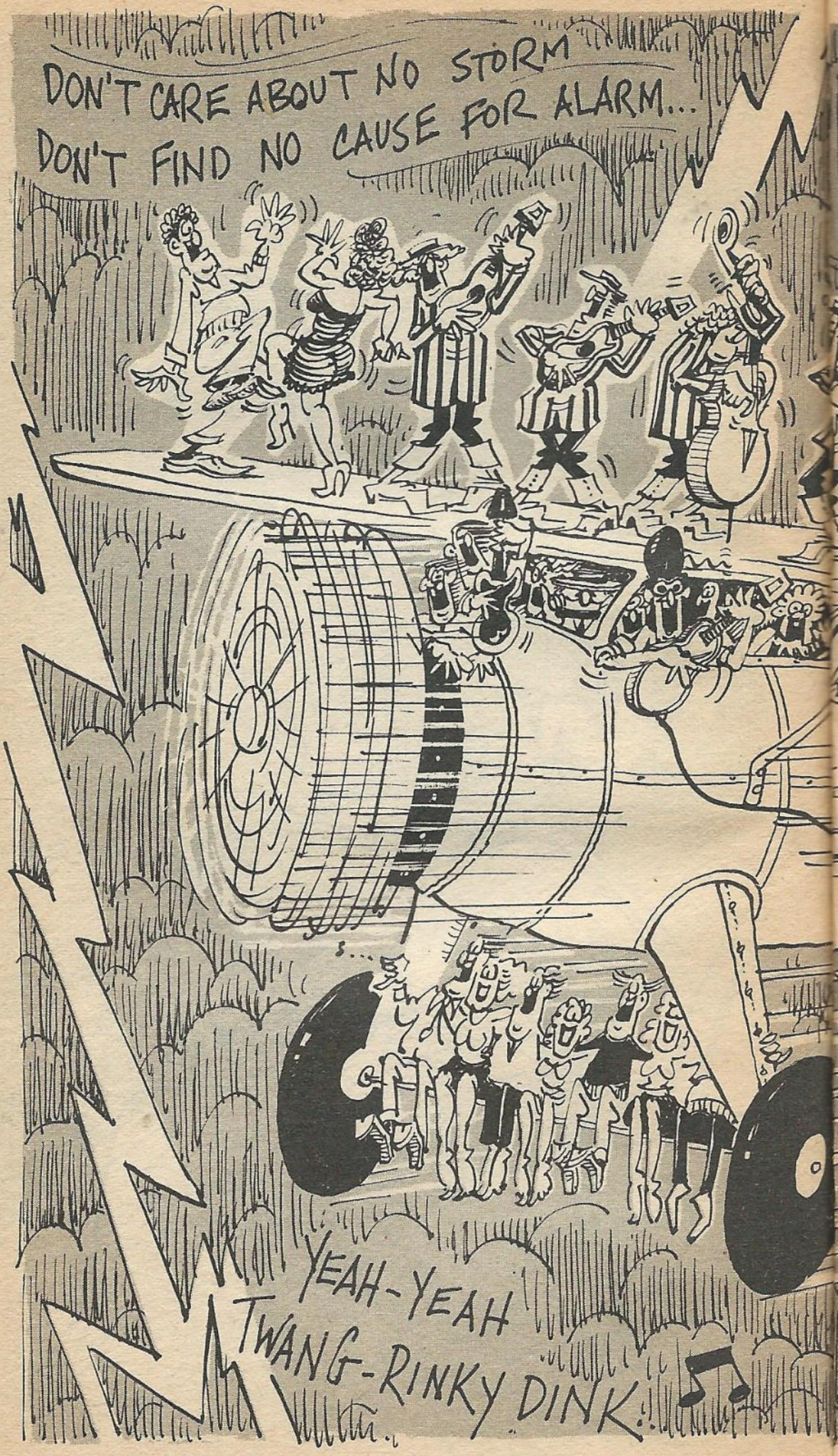
Well there's a **storm** comin' on but I'll get through 'cause I got a **job** to do . . . My **motor's a-perkin'** and my **wings are a-itchin'** and I'm **finally gonna' get to Californy!!!**
You know? . . . I think I hear **music!**
KIPUCKATA
SPOP
KIPUCKATA
SPOP

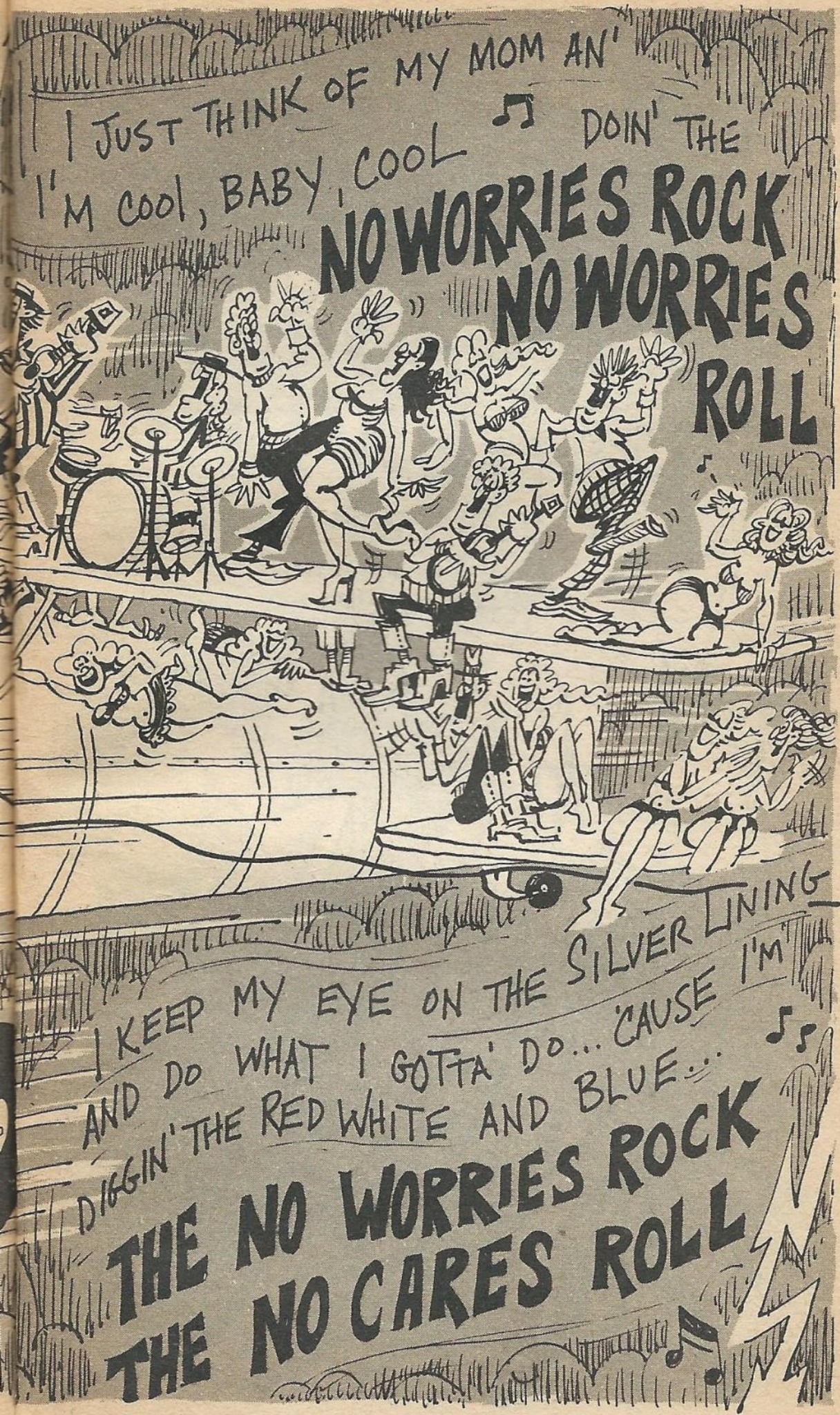
I'M ON MY WAY - DON'T CARE IF IT'S STORMIN'.... GOT THE STARS AND STRIPES IN MY HEART AN' LIPSTICK ON MY COLLAR... I GOT A JOB TO DO
YEAH, BABY... A JOB TO DO...
I JUST FIGHT FOR WHAT I BELIEVE IS RIGHT, AND LOVE MY MOM AND DADDY
FIGHT GROOVIE GROOVIE LOVE GROOVIE GROO

JOB.. GROOVIE, GROOVIE...
DO.. GROOVIE GROOVIE...
I'LL GET IT DONE FOR ME AND EVERYONE...
I'LL STICK TO MY WORD AN' DO MY BEST NO MATTER WHAT THE ODDS ARE...
HIS BEST.
GROOVIE GROOVIE
ODDS. GROOVIE
GROOVIE

Goodbye, mister . . . and don't worry about your letter . . . . .
Goodbye . . . Goodbye . . .

AIN'T GOT NO WORRIES... I'LL GET THROUGH THE STORM... I THINK OF MY MOM AND I'M Cool, BABY, Cool...
I'M DOIN' THE NO WORRIES ROCK
NO WORRIES ROLL

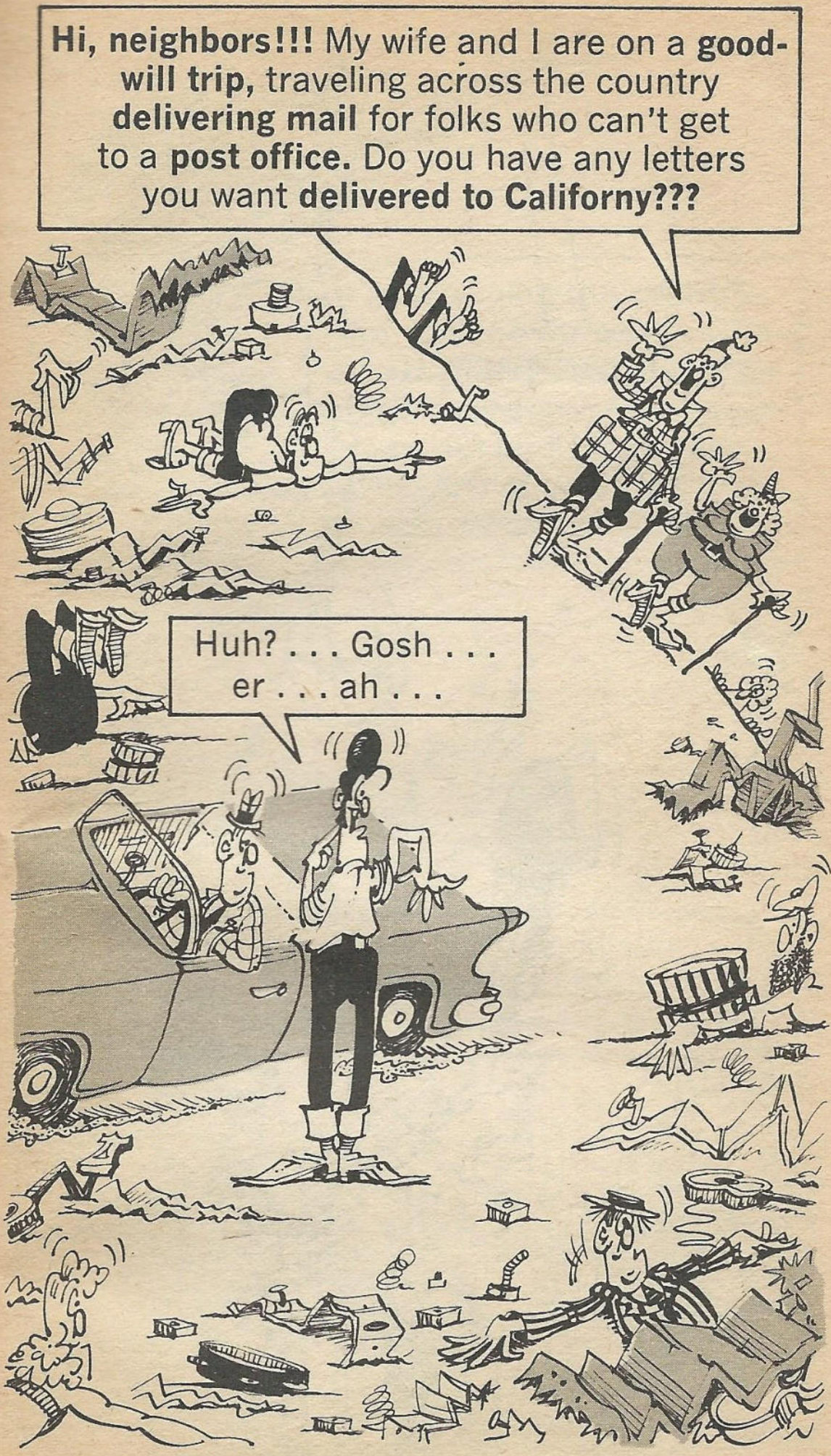

DON'T CARE ABOUT NO STORM
DON'T FIND NO CAUSE FOR ALARM...
YEAH-YEAH
TWANG-RINKY DINK!


I JUST THINK OF MY MOM AN'
I'M COOL, BABY, COOL
DOIN' THE
NO WORRIES ROCK
NO WORRIES
ROLL
I KEEP MY EYE ON THE SILVER LINING
AND DO WHAT I GOTTA' DO... 'CAUSE I'M
DIGGIN' THE RED WHITE AND BLUE...
THE NO WORRIES ROCK
THE NO CARES ROLL

CRASH
RIKKI TIKKI-RIKKI TIKKI

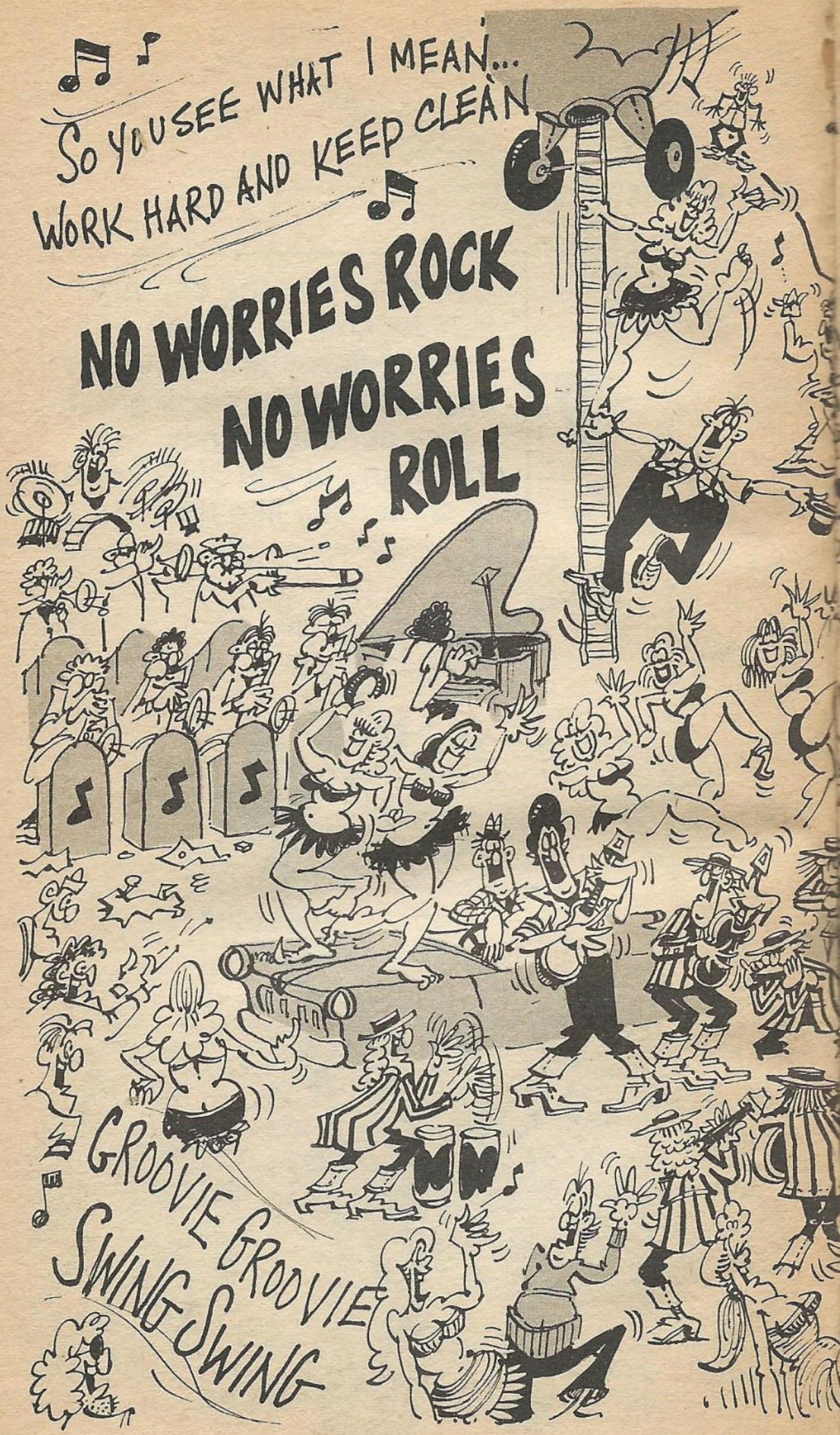
Some "No Worries"! . . . My **plane is wrecked,**
my **letter's not delivered** to Californy,
and my **arm is broken in four places!!!**

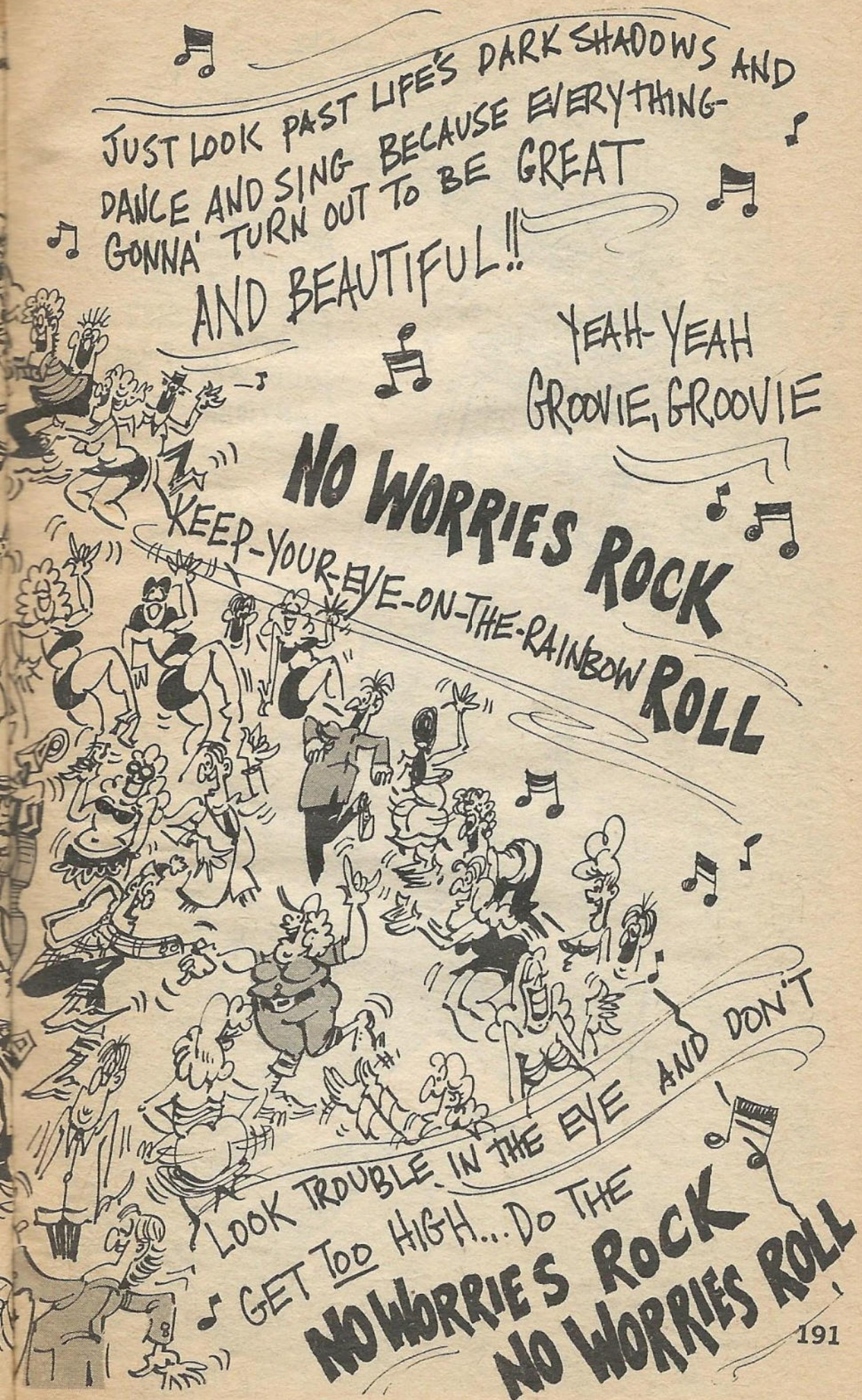
Hey, Mac!!! Do you know where I can buy a plane wreck for $10,000???
SKREEEK
What? . . . Oh . . . er . . . ah . . .

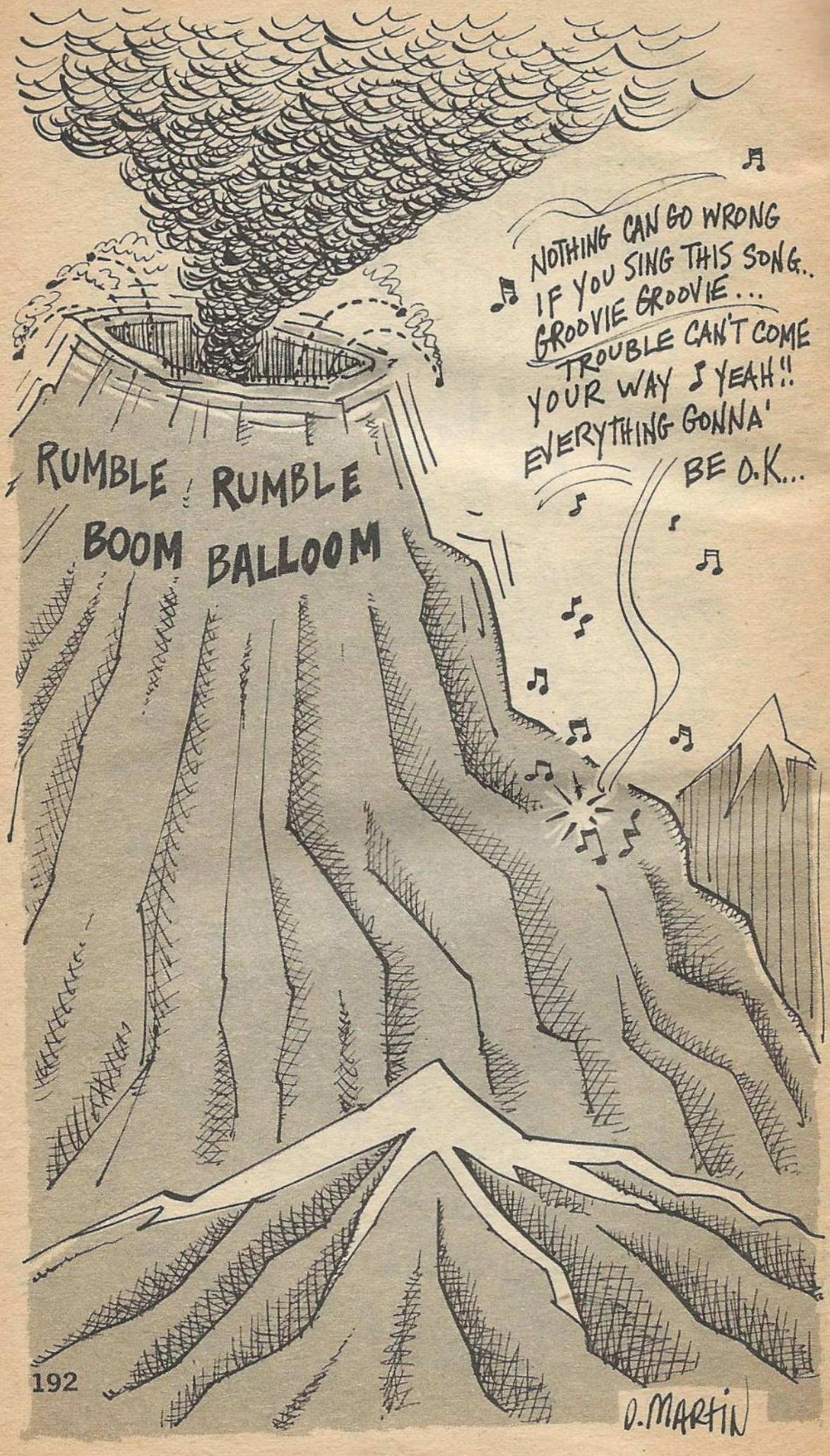

Hi, neighbors!!! My wife and I are on a **good-will trip,** traveling across the country **delivering mail** for folks who can't get to a **post office.** Do you have any letters you want **delivered to Californy???**
Huh? . . . Gosh . . . er . . . ah . . .

HELLO DOWN THERE!!! . . .

★★★★
FONE-BONE'S FREAKSHOW
EXOTIC ACTS....
I'm scanning the countryside looking for a man with a **four-jointed arm** who can **sing!** I need him for a **great new act** and I'll **pay any price!** Any of you guys **know** somebody like that???
er . . . ah . . . gee, Mister . . . I don't mean to brag . . . but . . . I mean . . . er . . .


So you SEE WHAT I MEAN...
WORK HARD AND KEEP CLEAN
NO WORRIES ROCK
NO WORRIES ROLL
GROOVIE GROOVIE
SWING SWING


JUST LOOK PAST LIFE'S DARK SHADOWS AND
DANCE AND SING BECAUSE EVERYTHING-
GONNA' TURN OUT TO BE GREAT
AND BEAUTIFUL!!
YEAH-YEAH
GROOVIE, GROOVIE
NO WORRIES ROCK
KEEP-YOUR-EYE-ON-THE-RAINBOW ROLL
LOOK TROUBLE IN THE EYE AND DON'T
GET TOO HIGH... DO THE
NO WORRIES ROCK
NO WORRIES ROLL


RUMBLE RUMBLE
BOOM BALLOOM
NOTHING CAN GO WRONG
IF YOU SING THIS SONG..
GROOVIE GROOVIE...
TROUBLE CAN'T COME
YOUR WAY ♪ YEAH!!
EVERYTHING GONNA'
BE O.K...
D. MARTIN

MAD'S MADDEST ARTIST

(. . . and a master of bad taste)

GOES TO POT

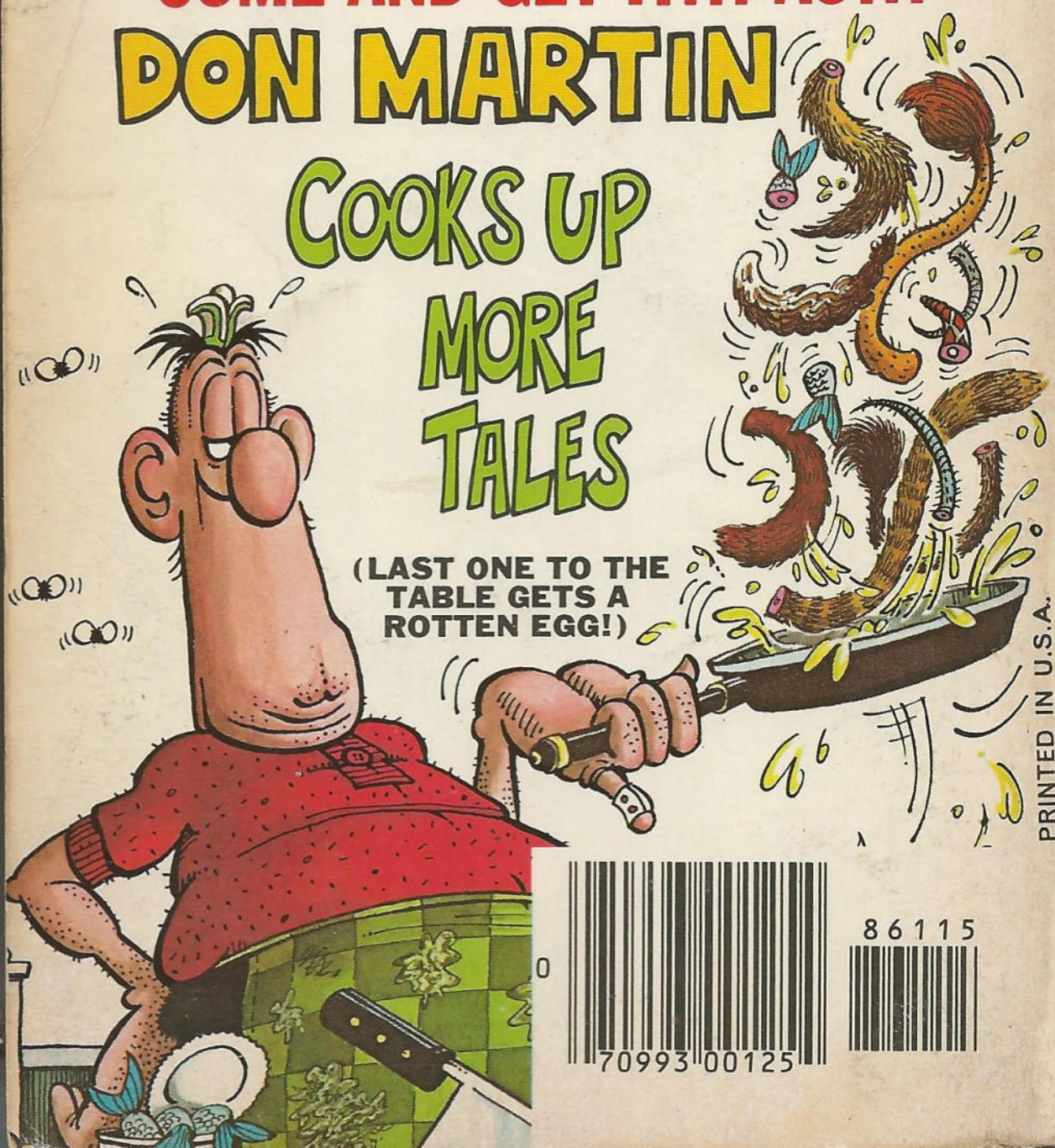
. . . and reaches a new "high" with this feast for sore eyes, sick minds and strong stomachs! So if you can swallow this sort of stuff . . .

COME AND GET IT... AS...

DON MARTIN

COOKS UP MORE TALES

(LAST ONE TO THE TABLE GETS A ROTTEN EGG!)



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